THE REVIEW

FALL NUMBER

1929

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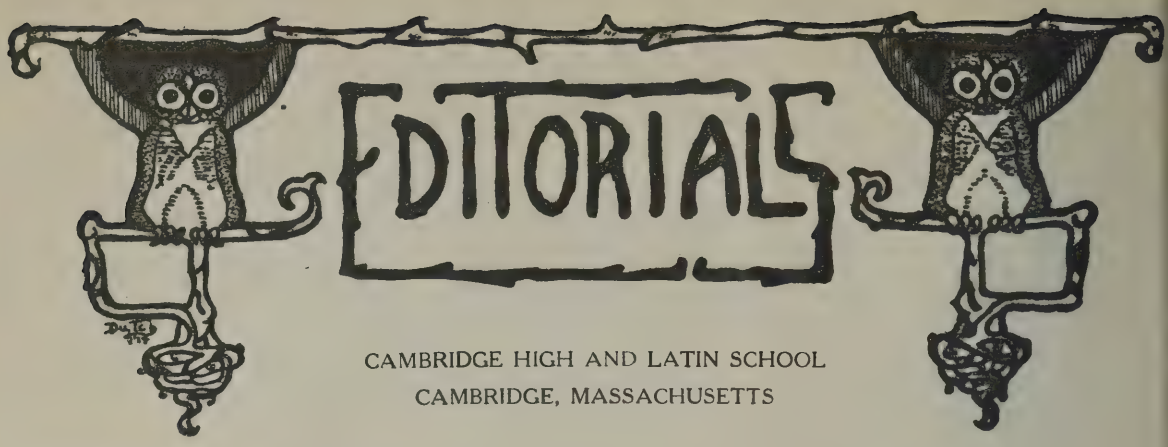


CAMBRIDGE HIGH AND LATIN SCHOOL
CAMBRIDGE, MASSACHUSETTS

THE High and Latin School welcomes you, the Class of 1933. Your coming has seemed a great event in your lives — it is an important and critical step for you.

Why have you come? Few of you have made any attempt to answer that question. You have come as a matter of course believing you needed at least a high school education. You have chosen your course with considerable care, but your first year must of necessity be more or less of a tryout. Endeavor this year to test your powers, discover your desires, and get ready for a continued effort along a definite path the remaining years.

A large high school is a cross section of life outside of school — you will meet boys and girls sprung from different nations than your own, of different ideas, and of different habits of life. You are all aiming to become fine American citizens, to learn how to live and how to make a living. This common aim will more and more bind you together with loyalty to the school and what it stands for. That school stands for loyalty to high ideals of character, for high scholarship, for freedom from petty prejudices, for work that brings the joy of accomplishment. You are now a citizen in that school — you enjoy its many opportunities, but you must also assume certain duties. If you fail to do your part, your school as well as yourself will suffer. Be honest with yourself and you will be honest with the school. Give yourself a fair chance. Do not quit any task because it is hard. Make school work your business. Do not measure your study time by the clock, but rather by what that study needs — you know best when the task is done.

Do not try to fool yourself for you cannot do it. Excuses may explain your failure, but can never make the failure a success.

The school can do much for you — it desires to — but its success must be governed largely by your honest and active co-operation.

LESLIE L. CLEVELAND.

FRESHMEN

BECAUSE the Freshmen are new to the surroundings of the high school, and so little opportunity is given them to participate in school activities, we are inclined to disregard them, we who were ourselves Freshmen once and will be again classed as such in a short time. Yet when we consider that they form about one third of the student body, that they bring with them new thoughts and ways, that they will one day add to the credit of Cambridge High and Latin School, then we should be prone to take a keener interest in their presence.

To ponder over their present state would indeed be rather interesting and instructive. They have just graduated from various elementary schools where their surroundings were familiar through long acquaintance, and their duties were simple because of the immaturity of their intellect. Their activities were confined to insignificant affairs under the close surveillance of their superiors.

When, however, they enter high school, they are thrown more or less upon their own resources. Gone are the familiar features of neighborhood comrades; in their stead they see children from other schools and other neighborhoods, who differ outwardly and inwardly. Home influence becomes less potent, while teachers are more instrumental in shaping the newcomer's course. Slowly, but impressively, this fact becomes apparent: high school demands seriousness and study; success depends on individual effort and preparation. Thus our high school, as every other high school in the country, admits mere children and molds them into thinking youths.

Here in C. H. L. S. there are about eight hundred Freshmen who come from Cambridge's public, parochial, and private schools, and about fifty more that have come from elsewhere. Among the public schools Webster has the largest number of graduates, seventy-five in all, who are members of the class of 1933. Russell is next with seventy-three, while Ellis is third with

fifty-one. And so on down the list, we find that every school in Cambridge, is represented in our Freshman class. Moreover, we have pupils that come from other towns and cities of Massachusetts, as from Everett, from Newton, from Quincy, from Salem, and so on. We have four that represent the Wyman Open Air School, and one that was sent from the Perkins Institute for the Blind.

Also every state of New England, with the exception of Rhode Island, has some representatives among our Freshmen. From the wild woods of Maine we have three pupils; from the hills of New Hampshire there is one, one hails from Vermont, and one from Connecticut.

Singular and interesting it is also to note that some pupils come from distant sections of the country. We have one pupil who hails from palmy Florida; another comes from Ohio; while a third comes from California, the state where everything is sunkissed.

Thus we see that our school is often heard of, through communication, in distant sections. We wonder, though, what is said about C. H. L. S. in those letters. It is up to us upper-classmen to make sure that the impression that others get of us is one that we desire them to form. Freshmen look up to us for guidance in conduct, in scholarship, in sociability, in activities. It has been said that "imitation is the sincerest flattery." Therefore let us see to it that our actions and standards are such that we will be proud to have our Freshmen copy them.

G. M.

ANNUAL PRIZES AWARDED IN THE SCHOOL

Hopkins Prizes. These prizes are awarded for excellence in Latin. In order to compete, juniors and seniors are required to have an average of eighty-five; while freshmen and sophomores must have an average of ninety per cent. For the former, the prizes are monetary; to the latter books are given.

Caroline Close Prizes. These well known awards are offered to pupils who have done honor work for the year in English. The fund for these prizes was founded in memory of Caroline Close, a former head of the English department.

Washington and Franklin Medal. This prize is open to pupils whose work in American History has been honor grade for the year. It is offered by a post of the "Sons of the American Revolution."

Martha Smith Prizes. Five mathematics prizes are offered each year in memory of Martha R. Smith. Four are awarded to pupils excelling in Algebra or Geometry for the year; the other to the pupil who excels in the entire course.

Jennie S. Spring Scholarship. This scholarship of $100. is offered to a senior who will enter college next year. "Scholastic achievement, character, future usefulness, and financial need" are considered. Jennie S. Spring was a former head of the Latin department.

Webster Thierry Prize. This prize, the fund of which is established in the memory of a member of the school who died before graduating, is offered to the boy who has excelled in history and debating.

Liberty Prize-Speaking Contest. Anyone is allowed to compete in the first trials of this contest which takes place in April. An equal number of boys and girls who have excelled in rendering their selections are chosen, and medals are awarded to the boy and girl that have excelled among these.

Winners of Last Year's Prizes

Hopkins Prizes in Latin

Latin I 1st—Francis Procito.
2nd—Flora McLain.
Latin II 1st—Anne Southard.
2nd—Constantine Panunzio.
Latin III 1st—Grace McGlinchey.
2nd—Elinor Rowe.
Latin IV 1st—Elizabeth Tracy.
2nd—Anthony De Vito.

Latin Prize for Entire Course.
Elizabeth Tracy
Jennie S. Spring Scholarship Award
Elizabeth Tracy

Caroline Close Prizes in English

English I —Anna Claflin.
English II —Marion Mader.
English III—Elinor Rowe.
English IV—May Sarton.

Washington and Franklin Medals
American History
Elinor Rowe

Webster Thierry Prize
History and Debating
James Totten

Winners of Debating Medals
William Hogan James Ford
Carl Alpert

Durrell Debate Winning Team
Carl Alpert—Rebuttal
Ned McKenney Milton Segel

Liberty Prize Speaking Contest
Winnifred Shaffer Eldon Murray
Honorable Mention
Carrol Waite Anthony De Vito

Prizes in Mathematics

Algebra I —Charles Haskings.
Algebra II—Richard Bickford.
Geometry I —Helen Cannon.
Geometry II—Joan Hocking.
Advanced Mathematics—Edward Walsh.

THE REVIEWER

HERE we are again, ready (some of us) to go through a period of nine months of hard study and an enjoyable year of school activities. At any rate, the "Review" wishes the best of luck to all pupils of Cambridge High and Latin School, and hopes that the year of 1929-1930 will be one of success and progress for everyone concerned.

Doubtless, all are acquainted by now with the new regulation that the School Committee has passed concerning the leaving of the school grounds by pupils during recess. The ruling is so recent in Cambridge that the pupils feel somewhat over-restricted and abused. Nevertheless such a law has been in force in other high schools in and around Boston. So we see that in this respect we were more privileged than those in other schools. The reasons for this ruling are obvious. Yet it creates a rather crowded condition in the lunch room because pupils can not be served quickly enough. Let us hope this defect will be remedied.

After we have passed our first year, we do not seem to bother much about the Freshmen. Now and then we solicit them to support a school enterprise, we crack jokes about them, and we comment on the smallness of their stature. As a matter of fact, we have noticed that each year our Freshmen come in shorter and shorter, a condition which will deeply grieve Mr. MacDonald; for we have a suspicion that he still is old fashioned enough to prefer the sturdy, bold, rough men of years gone by. We sympathize sincerely with our esteemed coach for this sad fact. However, we have faith that this year's Freshmen are as fine as any other year's, and that they will prove a credit and an honor to C. H. L. S.

We have discovered that it is mighty difficult to arouse the proper interest towards the "Review." Of course, we realize that literary activities, outside of classes, do not appeal to the average pupil. However, the "Review" is a medium of keeping the pupils informed with what is going on in the whole school, and of displaying the literary talent of its pupils. It must be realized by the pupils that the "Review" is their own publication. It is managed by them; it is maintained for them; it belongs to them. Yet we find it rather difficult to secure enough good material to make it a worthy, meritorious periodical and a credit to C. H. L. S. This would indicate that our scholars lack either ability, ambition, or courage in literary pursuits, whereas we know that there are many talented pupils who, either through indifference or modesty, neglect to express their ideas and comments. "The Review" extends its plea to every pupil, whether Freshman or Senior, to submit some form of writing for publication in the school's magazine. No matter what the contribution is, whether poetry, short story, article, essay, or classnotes, the "Review" will be greatly pleased to utilize it.

It has been brought to our notice that Miss Anne Cleveland, Mr. Cleveland's daughter, of the class of 1931, has gone abroad with her mother and sister for a year in study and travel. They intend to stay in Paris for several months. C. H. L. S. extends to them its heartiest wishes for an enjoyable sojourn.

Miss Joan Hocking, a member of the senior class, has left our school to attend a boarding school in Virginia.

We have noticed that in football games our cheering section is rather poorly conducted. It seems to us that a school as large as ours should have a very effective showing in the home games at least. The attendance is large enough, indicating that our school is interested in athletics. But there should be someone with life, pep, and voice to lead our students in their cheers. Usually there are one or two young men with megaphones, who do nothing but watch the game. And if they do try to lead a cheer, they do not know themselves what to do or how to do it. Now if we had a few more students like "Tommy" Ryan and "Gertie" Burns we would have cheer leaders who would know how to manage affairs at the games. Let us see if we can not organize for that sort of thing.

The results of this year's senior election are as follows; Edward Lynch was elected President by a small margin over George McInnis. Thomas Morgan was chosen Vice-President. Eleanor Gray is the Senior Secretary and John Lundergan, Treasurer. Mary Groden, Lester Hershon, Ned McKenney, Sally Muldoon, and Marie O'Connell are the members of the Drama Committee. Charlotte Cox, Agatha Crowley, Wm. Fitzgerald, Margery Flynn, John Scully, and Frances Segel have been elected members of the Reception Committee.

We feel that the above officers will be worthy representatives of the Class of 1930. The Review extends its heartiest congratulations and best wishes to these officers.

G. M.

HOLIDAY CUSTOMS

I KNOW of no people whose holiday customs are so lovely as those of the Chinese, nor of any nation which enters so completely into the spirit of holidays as does the "Flowery Kingdom." Perhaps the fact that nine-tenths of the Chinese people are farmers explains in part why the natives as a whole are the most childlike in the world; why they are the most simple, friendly, and whimsical people on earth. The grown-ups as well as the children in China believe very solemnly in fairies. The average Chinese like the immortal Peter Pan "doesn't ever want to grow up. He just always wants to be a little boy and have fun." Consequently, his festivals are fascinating, for holidays are fundamentally children's days.

There are three main Chinese holidays: New Year's, Lantern or Candle Festival, and Dragon Boat Festival. Of these three, New Year is the most important, but Dragon Boat Day is the most beautiful.

New Year's Day comes, according to our calendar, sometime in February or March. The Chinese celebrate it for fifteen days, closing it with Little New Year. Early New Year morning, gongs and drums begin beating all over the country. Processions start in all the city streets. Everywhere red banners are flying and people are wearing their holiday best. Everybody is on the city streets to watch processions and visit friends. Everybody is beaming. The good cheer with which we celebrate Christmas cannot compare with the happiness that the Chinese find in their New Year. All China is one broad grin. New Year is doubly a festival, since it is the universal birthday of all Chinese; everyone celebrates his birthday on New Year's Day. Many natives do not even know their real birthdays! On New Year's Eve all the people in China paste on their doors bright, new red paper posters inscribed with shiny black characters to bring good luck during the coming year. As soon as the posters go up, no one is permitted to enter to collect debts; cheerfulness and good feeling are rigorously enforced; the entire night is spent in feasting. When Little China New Year's Day finally comes marking the end of the holiday, everyone heaves a huge sigh of well fed content and eats nothing for a week or two.

Lantern day is the festival which we foreign children enjoyed most. It is a holiday which comes at seed planting time and is devoted to the gods of growing things; it is a day when the farmers pray for their crops. The festival begins at twilight, but long before the sun goes down, all the children are running from their homes to the city wall carrying elaborate paper lanterns ready to be lighted at the first hint of darkness. I always bought an ornate lotus bud lantern with rose and pink shaded petals and gold tassels, while my sister was usually wavering at the last minute between a green frog and a plump, purple speckled rabbit that could be pushed on wheels. As soon as the first shades of dusk begin to settle, we can see the farmers, like busy bugs, far below us outside the walls, lighting the four candles that are set in the corners of each little field. Soon the country is a sea of friendly stars winking roguishly up at us, who are proudly showing off our richly various standards. Presently we hear the sweet, high, shrill of many flutes accompanied by sonorous gongs and rhythmic drums; and from around the corner of a far away hill appears the head of a magnificent dragon. The gorgeous animal can be completely seen now, blazing with the flames of many candles inside its paper hide, and swaying majestically as it twists it way almost up to the very wall. Suddenly a flame shoots down its long frame and with a slow shiver the first of many beasts, some even more glorious, is sacrificed to the goddess of harvests. We watch, entranced, until all the dragons are heaps of burning embers and the last of the little candles has winked a cheery good night.

Dragon Boat festival comes in June. I have seen it celebrated but once, since it can only be observed on bodies of water. Its purpose is to appease the wrath of the God of rivers, to pray that the water spirits snatch no more living men, and to bless the souls of all those who have never returned from the great deeps. All the day of this holiday, boat races are held. The

boats are very long and slim in body, are brilliantly colored, and are cunningly carved with dragon heads and scaly forked tails. There are sometimes as many as fifty rowers in one boat, all directed by a drum and gong beater in the stern. The color and rhythm of the spectacle is simply breath taking. Three or four boats manned by two hundred rowers, their gleaming golden bodies bending forward at the same instant, then pulling back to the same drum beat; two hundred strangely carved oars flashing out of the water as if at one stroke; four vivid serpents shooting forward side by side; and pervading everything the staccato beat of drums, the harsh vibrancy of the gongs; all these things are unforgettable.

But the loveliest part of Dragon Day and one of the instances proving the sublimely childlike imaginations of the Chinese people is yet to come. For the evening of Dragon Day is called the Festival of the Flower Boats. At dusk, then, the families of the city go out to the river banks and there set afloat candles burning in flower shaped paper lanterns. Thousands of lanterns of every imaginable shape and color are sent slowly drifting down the current. Clusters of delicate flowers gently sailing by twos and threes and hundreds once a year make the treacherous river a fairy garden, radiant with light and happiness and beauty too exquisite for description. They must indeed be gods of stone who are not warmed by the prayers which each glowing flower represents.

I am glad that the Chinese have never grown up. Only people of eternally youthful spirit can celebrate so beautifully, so joyously their holidays.

CATHARINE WAKEFIELD.

GIFTS

BIRTHDAY gifts are my abomination. Perhaps you will consider my viewpoint prejudiced when you learn that I was born on Christmas, thus neatly eliminating birthday presents. But although sour grapes may ncrease my antipathy, I maintain that it would be there, perhaps in a milder form, if I had been born on June 25th instead of December 25th. Birthday presents are easily recognizable. There is always a batch of fancy handkerchiefs or attractively-bound, undesired books, or useless decorative little knick-knacks, each with its brief, trite note about a "little token of remembrance." Then there are useful articles such as blotters that don't match your desk, cheap letter-paper that you don't need, and silk stockings that don't go with any of your shoes. There are, too, of course, prearranged gifts from the family, but the element of surprise, so essential a part of a birthday, is lacking. Each present is plainly stamped with the word "duty" in large letters. You can almost see the look of relief on the face of the person who sends it, as he slips the little parcel into the mail box, almost hear his muttered, "Well, that's over with. My, won't she be pleased!"

There are certain definite things to do with these unwelcome donations. The handkerchiefs you put away in a top bureau drawer, and keep for parties. When the parties come, you never find them, and have to take one of your father's stiff, two feet square ones. The books which by the way, are usually duplicated, are given to your smallest sister to sit on at the table, and your consternation when she spills gravy on it is always sham. You can generally find some use for the stockings and the blotters, but the decorative knick-knacks are impossible. They clutter up your desk for months, until in a moment of wilful bravado, you cast them into the waste basket and hope the donor won't call. One of my friends saves up her presents to give away. Once, however, she sent someone the very pin-tray she had received from her the year before. That crucial mistake was never made again. Occasionally, you are able to dispose of all your gifts in various ways by your next birthday, but such a riddance is rare.

I always used to have a theory that gifts reflected personalities. Most people are conventional, and send conventional gifts with conventional notes at conventional times. This is, I have since decided, too wide a generality, and allows no subtlety of character drawing. Another thing that helped to undermine my theory was a recent period of self analysis. This practise is invariably fatal. In regard to gifts it proved disastrous. What sort of a person was I, anyway? Was I the kind that sent conventional gifts at eccentric times or eccentric gifts at conventional times, of beautiful presents at scarce intervals or twadry articles frequently? I really couldn't decide. I tried a little of everything, and came to the conclusion that psychology was not my forte. My experiences have increased my breadth of mind, however, I have become tolerant. The hand that once cast a green and pink lace handkerchief into the waste-basket with scornful ire, now drops it therein with tender solicitude. After all, perhaps the donor was analyzing himself.

MARGOT CLARK, '30

MODERN TRANSPORTATION

I am sure that you all remember that exciting game, "stage-coach," which we used to play in the days of our youth. I have often wondered since that time if this game was not invented by some railroad company, or perhaps by Henry Ford himself, to advertise the advantages in modern transportation. In any case, it certainly did not make me feel resigned to the disappearance of the older method of travel. In fact, I used to dream longingly of the exciting days of old, when to travel in a stage-coach, as I pictured it, meant one adventure after another. Consequently, I became somewhat like "Miniver Cheevy, born too late" who "mourned for what was not."

But with advancing years I have come to regard the matter of transportation philosophically. It is our duty to see the best in everything. Accordingly, I have bravely determined that modern transportation has its compensations. In the first place, although I am sure you will not believe me, it is my firm conviction that autos are not so entirely faultless as one might be led to think. Indeed, on the road I have frequently passed cars which have insisted upon halting far from any town, no matter what the plans of the occupants. It is truly thrilling to watch a group of long-faced people gathered about the wreck of their hopes. You may have observed that the enjoyment of this sort of excitement is always marked by long faces. But the face of the chief adventurer cannot be seen, for he is underneath the car, and is wallowing in gas and oil to his heart's content. How romantic to be sprawling on one's back, pretending to know just how to fix the trouble!

Even in the subway you can find excitement if you are alert. For instance, you cannot deny that it is a wonderful experience to ride in a tightly-packed car, while you see how long you can go without breathing. Also, there is a certain suspense until you find out whether you have left one leg on the platform. Again, take a night-trip on any train. If you cannot afford a sleeper, you spend an adventuresome night trying to keep your head off the shoulder of some podgy, snoring neighbor, or else in keeping his head off your shoulder. Perhaps you do go in a sleeper. If you are in an upper berth, you feel terribly brave because you are suffering, without complaint, the bruises which you received in climbing up. If you take a lower berth, you have the harrowing experience of thinking that the berth overhead, as well as its inmate, is going to descend upon you if you take your eyes off the creaking bed-springs above your head.

I do not know whether my thirst for excitement has diminished with advancing years, or whether the chances for adventure have increased lately. I do know, however, that I find modern transportation quite exciting enough.

LETTY FIELD, '30

THE DESK BOOK'S TRIALS

"OH, I say, this is too much," remarks "The Hound of the Baskervilles," in an Oxford voice as it is jammed between a dictionary and a novel. "First I lie in an attic smothered with dust; then I am brought down, down into the light, thoroughly cleaned, pummelled by curious fingers, and now I'm jammed into a space between a wordy creature and a flighty person whose hero shocks me by openly raving of his love. By Jove! that person who owns me just poked me with her inkstand, as though I wasn't being squeezed enough. Wouldn't it be jolly if that chap who was looking at me yesterday would come and give me an airing?"

"Why, you speak as if you were the only one between these book ends! Just imagine how *I* must feel, penned in on either side by such uncongenial people, when I'm more used to being left in some soft place, in a hammock or on a sofa, where I can hear people talking, sometimes about how good I am. From this you can see it is much harder for me to stand this atmosphere," the querulous tone was very evident in the novel's voice.

"It is with a profound sense of ennui that I have hearkened to your dialogues. It devolves upon my illustrious person to censure your ignorance of magniloquence. It is indeed most disheartening to one who has attained such literary oratory as I," quoth the "Handy Dictionary, Illustrated," in a sonorous tone.

THELMA ARTHUR, '31

A FASCINATING BOOK

THE lowering skies frowned upon a wet and dismal world. It had rained for perhaps three hours, but each one of those hours seemed to me a week of inactivity and restless idleness.

I wandered disconsolately from room to room, trying vainly to find something to occupy my mind. Chancing to pass the huge book-case in our library, I saw a book with a bright new binding standing out from all the rest. "The Beloved Vagabond" was its title.

"I guess he was a wanderer too,'" I mused. I wonder what he did to amuse himself?" Then choosing a comfortable chair, I sat down to read.

I had hardly read a chapter when I seemed to slip into the story, to become one of its fascinating characters. The old and familiar library faded away, and I was in that untidy, shabby, but comfortable room gazing at the bed on which reclined that incurable egotist, the "beloved vagabond." I moved into a corner when the boy entered, and saw the blush of embarrassment that stained his face when his tattered manuscript was discovered. Each morning I was present at those readings, for I had learned to love them as the boy did and to have the same thirst for knowledge. I heard the music from Paragot's violin, sometimes jolly, sometimes strange and mournful as of sighing for a lost love.

Together with these two I traveled through all the strange and marvelous countries and quaint hamlets from the charming Latin quarter to moonlit Spain.

It was with a start of surprise and disappointment that, having turned the last page, I found myself still in the same old library, listening to the same old rain instead of wandering through sunlit meadows hand in hand with the "Beloved Vagabond."

C. F. McCarthy, '31

THIS IS MY DUTY

TO use what gifts I have as best I may
To help some weaker brothers where I can;
To be as blameless at the close of day,
As when the duties of the day began.
To do without complaint what must be done
To grant my rival all that may be just
To win through kindness all that may be won
To fight with kingly valor when I must.

S. E. Kiser

This poem was dedicated to Captain George Fried of the S. S. America of the United States Line by a passenger. Captain Fried is very proud of it. In his cabin it hangs near the golden key given him by the City of New York. It was Captain Fried, you remember, who took his command, the "President Roosevelt," to the rescue of the "Antinoe" a few years ago. Last winter he made another great rescue when he took his present ship, the "America" to the aid of the "Florida," Italian freighter. For these heroic deeds Captain Fried was decorated by Congress.

THE FATAL QUEST

IN the year 1911 Captain Robert Falcon Scott, R. N., planned his expedition to the South Pole, basing his preparations on his previous voyage in the "Discovery" in 1904.

Barely had the "Terra Nova" embarked with its load of ponies and few sled-dogs and supplies before it ran into terrible storms which nearly sank the ship. When the party reached the Antarctic, the Terra Nova was frozen fast in the ice. Long, hard days followed. After the long Antarctic night had set in, the men amused themselves by reading, writing, studying, or singing, and sometimes whistling on deck to attract the penguins. Music is said to charm these birds.

As soon as the ice broke up Scott sailed to the barrier where he established "Safety Camp," "One Ton Camp," and "Slaughter Camp," which were to be the main bases for the final dash to the pole. The next months were spent in making surveys and geological maps, that years afterward helped Commander Richard E. Byrd in his exploration of the South Pole.

All the while that Scott was preparing for his final dash, the Norwegian, Roauld Amundsen was making his attempt to reach the South Pole. His main base was one hundred and twenty-eight miles nearer the Pole than Scott's. Amundsen was using only dogs in his expedition.

In January 1911 Scott started for the South Pole and after seventy-five days of hard going arrived within striking distance of his goal. When they were one day's journey away from their goal, they came upon sledge and dog tracks and the remains of a camp. This was a heart-breaking sight. Scott's only words were, "I am terribly sorry for my men."

Amundsen had reached the Pole a month before them, his success due largely to the fact that he had not had ponies to toil with and burden him. The trip back was a tragedy for Scott and all his men. The ponies died; the men gradually weakened and died until only four were left: Scott, Oates, Wilson and Bowers. Terrible storms swept over the barrier and the men suffered from weariness and the unbearable cold.

One night during a raging storm, Major Oates, realizing that Scott and his companions might be able to save themselves if they could be persuaded to abandon him, walked out into the night and perished.

Scott and his two men were too weak to go on in the terrific storm that was sweeping the land. They prepared to die true to the finest English traditions.

Scott kept his "Journal" beside him and wrote until the pen dropped out of his frozen hand.

Here a rescue party found the three men, eight months later. They were buried on the spot and a cross was erected over their graves bearing simply the inscription "To Strive, To Seek, To Find, And not to Conquer."

ROSE MORTIMER, '33.

OLD PLAN AND NEW PLAN

NOW and then Freshmen and Sophomores hear the words "New Plan" and "Old Plan" uttered by someone, and they wonder what they mean. We think that if a pupil knows about the facilities and opportunities that he has of entering college, he would strive harder to place himself within the standards of college requirements; and the earlier he understands these requirements the easier will be his high school course as a whole.

The definition of a New Plan pupil is this: "To be a New Plan candidate a pupil must have two thirds of his work honor grade." This means that if a pupil desires to receive the benefits of the New Plan, he must have an average of 75% or above in at least three of his subjects each year.

What are the benefits of the New Plan? The New Plan pupil takes only four major college entrance examinations at the end of his course, whereas under the Old Plan he takes two or more sets of examinations, one in the junior year and the other in the senior year.

Therefore it is obvious that the New Plan is much easier on the mind of the pupil. It helps him to concentrate on the four subjects of his senior year, thus avoiding the disastrous results of forgetfulness, and the strain of two or more sets of examinations.

With this knowledge in mind, more underclassmen ought to take their work more seriously and diligently. A little harder effort the first two years smoothes the road for the last two.

G. M.

How To Become a Football Fan

(By carefully following the procedure as listed below, we guarantee that in a few months you will be a hamburger-eating, deep-dyed, cowhide football fan.)

(1) Place a long narrow hardwood board between two chairs. Sit on this daily, gradually increasing the dose from fifteen minutes until you can endure the length of a full game. Be sure to have several nails protruding through the top of the board. Get someone to jump up and down on one end of it to get the effect.

(2) Practice rising quickly to your feet, at the same time emitting shrill joyful noises. (If you are a Freshman, you may learn the latter part with ease.)

(3) Get somebody to pound you on the back with a sledgehammer. This will harden you until you can actually enjoy another fan's merriment.

(4) Go into the silent, primitive forest and practice yelling, "Oysters, oysters, raw, raw, raw!" (Be sure to wear a good big hat for protection from the squirrels.)

(5) Enter the subway and repeatedly board trains without having either tickets or manners. This is excellent practice in crashing the gate, finding your seat, and generally protecting your person.

(6) Attend a Milton Sills movie and observe the star's facial expressions while overthrowing the villian. Then go home and practice it, meanwhile muttering, "Yuh big sap! That team can't take a rubber ball away from a baby."

(7) Memorize the popular football song entitled, "Five to two! I'se so blue, Can't anyone make a goal?"

JOE BLAIR, '30

Shows worth seeing:

"The Men Higher Up".....Seniors
"Two Sisters" .....Wyeths
"Dangerous Curves" .....Paul Dugan
"All at Sea".....Freshmen
"Alibi" .....Dick Luther
"Strange Cargo" .....Rumble seat passengers
"Our Modern Maidens" .....K. B. Members
"Sunnyside Up" .....Virginia Dillon
"High Voltage" .....Mary Rita Phelan
"Drag" .....P. G. Class
"The Greyhound Limited" .....Hoffman's flivver

"LAMENTATIONS OF AN ATHLETE"

WHY I must learn Latin
Is more than I can see;
For that ancient language
Was never meant for me.

It's just the same with French.
(What is the verb "to be"?)
All those strange unknown words
Are just like Greek to me.

I yearn for a football,
Not a teacher's frown.
I would much rather try
To make a touchdown.

Alas! I must study
As well as I may.
For oh! if I flunk,
They won't let me play.

DOROTHY HENDERSON, '31

A college student wrote home to his father thus:

"No mon
No fun
Your Son"

His father wrote back:

"Too bad
So sad
Your Dad"

Mr. S—said that if Eddy D's brains were T. N. T., and they doubled every second for fifty years and then exploded, they wouldn't blow his hat off on a windy day.

Cail: "Cal, what is love?

Cal: Love is a feeling, a very funny feeling, a feeling that you never felt before, its a feeling you feel, when you feel you want to feel, when you feel you can't feel any more."

Cail: "Oh!"

History IV

Miss D: "John, why did you put a double line for the seacoast on the map?"

Sherman: "You see that's for the high and low tide!"

The youth bent closer—
Her warm breath made him dizzy,
For he was putting on a tire,
Near the exhaust of his Lizzie.

Teacher: Name a product made from milk.

Tansey: (Who was gazing out window) But-but-er! !

Teacher: Right, for once!

If you are ever startled by a blinding glare while walking in the corridor, you may be sure its McInnes' tie!

Kendall: (In Scotch restaurant) "Say, my plate is wet!"

Doyle: (Wise to Scotch!) "Shhh! that's your soup!"

Teacher: Please explain the nebular hypothesis, Conley.

Eddy: (Smiling brightly) Er—what is it you don't understand about it, teacher.

E. Gray: "They say a kiss shortens one's life three minutes."

Kendall: "Well, er-ah-how about killing off a few days."

Mr. F. in a rage after test: "And besides, the writing was wretched. (glares around) Specter, come up here!"

Spec: "Yes, sir."

Mr. F. tears off a corner of Spec's paper — "Here, take this to your Chinaman and get your laundry!"

Patient: (About to be operated on for seventh time) "Say, Doc, wouldn't it be handier to put in a zipper?"

Heard in French I

Teacher: "What does 'bon ami' mean?"

Bright Child: "Hasn't scratched yet."

First Pupil: "How did you break your tooth?"

Second Ditto: "Shifting gears on a lollypop!"

History Teacher: "Why has the world been topsy-turvy since 1918?"

Dan MacKillop: "I haven't noticed anything wrong with it."

Abe Cohen says that if you are troubled by floating kidneys try swallowing a set of water-wings.

Mr. Haley: "What were the Elizabethan "Sea Dogs?"

Bright Senior: "They were ferocious beasts of whom Columbus and his men were afraid."

Close harmony, in T. Snows' estimation, is a dozen Scotchmen playing bagpipes.

MacKillop (translating) "With their loosened joints."

Mr. D: "Whose loosened joints?"

Mac: "The men's."

Mr. D: "No, they didn't have rheumatism."

Miss F: "Won't you please look at me; you'll have to get used to it."

History Teacher: "I have a piano that goes back to Louis XIV."

Pupil: "That's nothing, my dad has one that goes back to Jordan Marsh next week."

English Teacher: "Bill, I think your father wrote this theme."

Bill: "No ma'am, he botched it and mother had to do it all over again."

1929

Helen Gately is a freshman at Emmanuel College.

Helen Madden, Blanche Wetmore, Mary Altimas, Ethel Hedman are freshmen at Framingham Normal School.

Louise Hodder is attending the Faelten Pianoforte School.

Winifred Shaffer is a freshman at Kirksville Medical College in Missouri.

"Bill" Hogan is a freshman at Boston College.

John O'Neil is attending B. C. Night school.

May Sarton is attending the Repertory School of acting in New York.

Anne Doherty is a freshman at Radcliffe.

Harold Browning has entered Lake Forest College, Lake Forest, Ill.

Hugh Curry has entered Northeastern University.

1928

Rozella Senders and Grace Mills are freshmen at Radcliffe.

Anne Clapp, Ruth Cutter, and Frances Overlock are freshmen in Mt. Holyoke College.

"Jack" Hughes and "Cass" Harris have entered Harvard this year.

The following boys are on the Dean's list at Harvard: Herman Field, Israel Kazis, Gilbert Mottla, Milton Talent, and George Foley.

"Freddie" Hamilton is at Williams College.

1927

Miriam Berkman has received a scholarship of $300 at Radcliffe given by the Cantabrigia Club for excellence in work.

Julie Nelligan is on the Dean's list at Radcliffe.

"Dot" Groden is a Junior at Emmanuel College.

1925

Le Roy Anderson graduated from Harvard in June 1929, taking his degree magna cum laude. He is a member of the Phi Beta Kappa Society. This year he is in the Graduate School at Harvard, and is leader of the Harvard Band.

Edward Carleton received the degree Bachelor of Business Administration at Northeastern University.

Howard Grace also received the degree of Bachelor of Business Administration. While at Northeastern, he was very active in school activities. He was vice-president of junior and senior classes, Editor-in-Chief of the Handbook; ticket manager of the musical comedy in his junior and senior years; member of Student Council; and publicity chairman of Student Union in senior year, also on staff of the "Cauldron," the year-book, in his senior year.

ROSE MUCKJIAN
SAY, FROSH, ARE YOU TAKING DRAWING COMPUSORY?
NOSIR--- I'M TAKING MECHANICAL!
SENIOR
Again!
BUG-HOUSE FABLES!
NO, MOMMA, IF I GO TO THE STORE FOR YOU I'LL BE LATE FOR SCHOOL!
~Joe SAME!
TAKING A TEST--
OOH!
The OGRE Teacher
EXIT BOY & OGRE
MORAL' DON'T CHEAT DURING A TEST --SWANSON
EXPLAIN THE PROBLEM, KENDALL!
WELL, ER-ER-YOU SEE HE WAS BORN THE SAME DAY HE WAS 21 YEARS OLD!
SWANSON
OOO-OOF!
WHOSE TH' LADY FRIEND?
-AIN'T NO LADY-- ITSA HIGH SCHOOL GIRL!
SWANSON
IF THE SMOKING RULE CONTINUES HOW ABOUT CHEWING?
OOW! M-M-OUCH
SWANSON

Officers

Pres.—Gertrude Burns
Vice-Pres.—Phyllis Grace
Sec.—Ruth Hibbard

Executive Committee

Gertrude Danis
Barbara Farwell
Ann Goverman
"Jimmy" O'Rourke

Well, fellow members, here we are again! We hope to make this season a "banner year." Under the supervision of the above officers, some of whom have already proved their efficiency, and of Miss Brown, our beloved Faculty Advisor and Coach, our hopes should be more than fulfilled.

For the sake of the newcomers, we would like to say a few words about the Girls' Athletic Association as a whole. Membership is open to all the girls of the Freshman and Sophomore classes, and to any upper class-man who enjoys basketball, baseball, tennis, or swimming. The dues are only twenty-five cents a year, so we want you all to join us in our good times. If you do enter our "fold," you will be amply repaid, for the season includes many delightful social events and plenty of fun for all.

The annual Tennis Tournament is now under way. Under the clever guidance of Ann Goverman, it is sure to be a success. We hope that all you "Helens" and "Suzannes" have signed up.

The Freshman Party, the first social activity of the year, will take place soon. A Play will be given, as usual, and I'm sure it will be a good one. As you probably know, the Sophomores annually give this party for the incoming Freshmen, and everyone has a "grand old time."

A little bird has whispered in my ear that Initiation, that most horrible ordeal (for Freshmen) is rapidly approaching. If it's as good as it has been in previous years—Watch Out! !

Basketball, the chief fall sport, has already begun. The Freshmen have fairly swarmed out. From the 147 candidates (Bravo!), Miss Brown is confident that she can produce "one of the best teams ever."

The Sophomores under the able leadership of Helen Kenney, are going strong. Although they have a rather small number, they have some very fine material, and should get along famously.

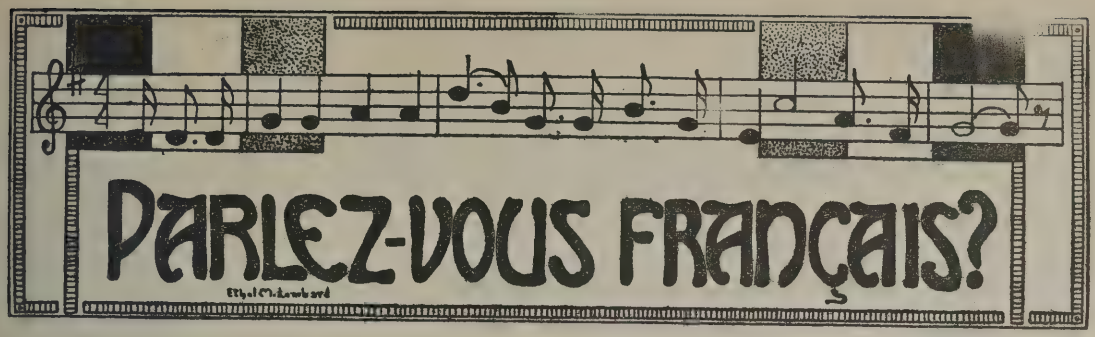
Ruth Hibbard, last year's Sophomore captain has been re-elected. She is determined to lead her Juniors to victory. This class, by the way, should be duly commended because it has hung on to practically all of its original aspirants.

Our Seniors are extremely proud to announce that they have a great many more out for the team than they had their Junior year. This is a most extraordinary state of affairs, so we are very proud of them! With "Marge" Parker as captain, they hope to wipe out last year's "black mark" by getting out a champion squad. Their spirits have been dampened not a little by the fact that Bradley Britt, who has always been an enthusiastic and much loved player, has been absent since the beginning of the year because of sickness. They all join in an earnest urge for her to get better and join them again! !

This term a new plan has been attempted in the matter of basketball team managers. Instead of electing a manager from the team candidates, any girl who wishes this position must put herself unreservedly at the service of the team and Miss Brown for a probationary period of one month. At the end of that time, the girls who have worked the most whole-heartedly, and seem to have the best executive ability, will be chosen. It is rather amusing to see the "would-be's" struggling at the practices — sweeping up after the players, opening and closing windows, and putting out lights!

The officers would appreciate it greatly if any of you who might have suggestions to offer as to entertainment would come down to the Locker Room some Monday after school, and talk to them. You see, this Association is primarily for *your* enjoyment, so be "good fellows," and help them out! !

NOTE:—We are very happy to be able to tell you that we have not yet lost our last year's President, "Bunny" O'Hearn, from our ranks after all. Fortunately, she has registered as a P. G.



AVANT HUIT HEURES DU MATIN

J'AIMERAIS l'école beaucoup mieux si je n'avais pas a me lever de si bonne heure le matin. J'aime a dormir, et il est très dur pour moi de quitter le lit, qui est si chaud, surtout quand il fait très froid en hiver. J'essaye toujours de me coucher de bonne heure le soir mais je n'y réussis jamais.

Je mets le réveille-matin a sept heures et quart, mais il est si bon de dormir qu' il est déjà huit heures moins le quart quand je me lève. Avant de m'habiller il me faut réveiller mon frère et mes soeurs qui se trouveraient toujours en retard si je ne les réveillais pas.

Mon devoir fait, je commence à m'habiller, Quand je descends je salue mon père qui est encore au lit. Puis j'entre dans la cuisine où je trouve du café au lait chaud et du pain rôti tout prêt sur la table. Je crois que je ne me trouverais jamais de bonne heure à l'école s'il me fallait préparer mon petit déjeuner moi-même. Pendant que je mange, je regarde le réveille-matin beaucoup de fois, toujours craignant que je n'arrive en retard à l'école. Quand il est huit heures, je ramasse mes livres tout de suite, je me mets un habit de printemps, et je quitte la maison. En route pour le tramway, je rencontre un ami, qui se hâte aussi, plus que moi. Quelques matins, chauds et pleins de soleil, je marche à l'école, cousant, en route, avec des camarades, et quelques autres matins, qaund il est trop tard pour aller par le tramway, mon frère, qui va à l'école pas loin de moi, m'amène avec lui en auto.

Je suis bien aise de dire que je me suis trouvé toujours à l'heure en classe, cette année.

MANFRED E. CIANI, '31

MA PROMENADE

MA promenade favorite est le long d'un petit fleuve dans le coeur d'une grande forêt en Maine. Il est très beau ici—si tranquille, si calme avec les grands arbres et le murmure doux de la rivière. Bien loin des monts bleus s'èlèvent hauts contre le ciel sur lequel flottent entement des nuages floconneux. Sous des feuilles mortes poussent de toutes petites violettes abritées d'un grand rocher et plus loin encore se groupent des fougères auprès du ruisseau dans lequel on peut voir sauter des truites qui secovent l'eau étincelante en descendant le torrent.

ANNA LOCKE, '30

UN REVE

J'AI rêvé hier soir que j'étais à Paris, l'endroit, on dit, où vont tous les bons Américains quand ils meurent. Paris est une ville de plaisir qui attire les opulents et les habiles de toutes les parties du monde. Pensez à Paris et à ses théatres, à ses opéras, à ses beaux parcs, à ses larges avenues, et à ses grands boulevards! Comme centre des beaux-arts, elle attire bien des élèves et bien des artistes.

Dans mon rêve, c'était le beau printemps. Je me promenais dans les Champs-Elyssées. Tout le monde était glorieusement heureux. De la Place de la Concorde jusqu' à l'Arc de Triomphe, c'était sans cesse une série de révélations charmantes.

Apres avoir eu ce rêve, j'éspère que c'est vrai que les rêves se realiseront.

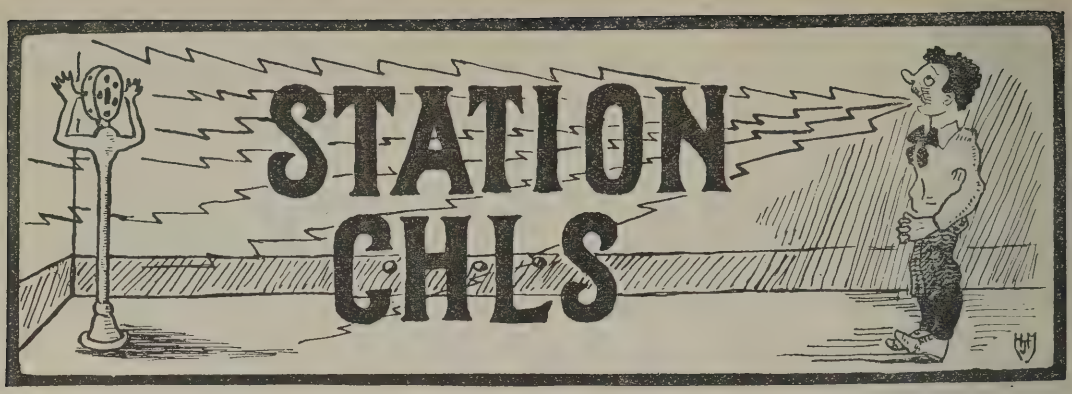
ELINOR ROWE, '30

UNE PROMENADE

UNE nuit à huit heures, je me suis décidé à faire une promenade par las rue parce que j'étais ennuyé d'etudier. J'ai pris un habit et un chapeau et je suis sorti de la maison. La rue Royale était très déserte comme je suis allé à pied ver la place de la Concorde. La nuit était belle et claire, le ciel étoilé, le temps froid, la terre sèche. Je fredonnais gaiment un vieux refrain, respirant la vie à pleins poumons, et savourant la solitude. J'ai vu en passant deux braves agents de police qui, les mains croisées dans leurs manches, le talon e leur lourdes bottes frappant le sol, causaient tranquillement de leurs petites affaires. Apres avoir visité la place de la Concorde, je suis rentré plus heureux.

EDWARD CHRISTOPHER, '30

Continued on Page 20



THIS is station C. H. L. S. Brainstown opening its first broadcast of the year while operating on a fluency of nine hundred motorcycles under the authority of the Federal Reverse System with sending asparagus located on the Charles River. You are all cordially invited to drop in when going by.

This is Fuller Hooey at the metronome denouncing the following program which will be rendered today.

8:30 B. C. Hoping that you scholars have arisen this grand morning to greet the great Prof. Welland Strong of the C. H. L. S. physical agitation department because I am going to turn the metronome over to him in a minute. He will begin as usual with his morning setting down executions. Immediately following this hard work he will give his usual monthly speech on health. At this period he will talk of the physical exercise which is necessary for coming athletes on all teams. Listen Freshmen!

Dr. Strong.

My deah pupills of this heah school I am arbout to give a talk on extrasize. Where ah come from in Alabaama we do not have ways of exercising thar human body. We have as you know up heah in the Nor'th bettah climate. I know mah Southern dialect is verie hard to understand but ah hope you shall get wise to what ah is saying befoh ah stop. We have in this heah school great matereal for our teams. The tall stewdents of this heah school can easily play out in the fielding positions of the football team while we have some promising humans for the back field and line positions of the baseball team. Ah sincerely hope that ah will not be distrusted with the matereal which will be presented to me. Ah shall have to bid farwell now as theer are other intelligent persons on this program.

We shut up until 10:06 as you had better start off the first two periods right.

10;06 B. C. At this hour we have a talk given to us by Mr. O. B. Quick a high-powered salesman of the new automobile the "Flying Cold Molasses distributed by the Littlefield Automotive Corp. I don't take any pleasure in presenting to you Mr. O. B. Quick.

As the announcer has just told you who I am, I need not tell you again. This car has many fine feetures. It is different in this respect—that it is not run by gasoline. It has four wheel breaks, which seem to break right on the street when you supply them. We have steal wheels which are handsomely plated with lenolium. This car has no windows as we firmly believe in the Health Puncture Magazine motto which is "plenty of fresh air because it is free." It has the new Dumpco finish which will not wear off unless it rains. Accidentally I wish to sanction this is a car for fair weather only, as it is built by the most fair minded concern in the automobile world. Now to tell you about the mechanical parts of the automobile built under the careless superstition of the great engineers Dolittle and Steal. These two men put fruitless efforts in making this a wonderfull car. It has no generator as it costs too much. It has eighteen cylanders with a Fewgo carbureter. Its rear end is disposed of three deportment gears namely; headgear, footgear and nosegear. One cannot move without the other as they are all of one body. The differental of this car is different from any other car as it has none. The time you have a clutch on this car is when you clutch something to keep you from falling. I mentioned at the beginning of my oration that the car required no gasoline. The reason for this is that the car does not go. In closing I cordially contend an invitation to visit our compartment store located at 742 Motion Street, Speedless, Mass., where this renowned automobile can be seen.

10:30 B. C. We have with us at this time the great dietician Miss I. M. Fedwell of the C. H. L. S. domestic science class and deportment. She has with her the musical trio from the deportment which is called The Three Maids. They will open the program with the overyoure "Lostagain" by Bustinsky. I now take a great pleasure in introducing Miss Fedwell.

Good morning everybody. I am going to speak

about how to eat compounded foods. After they are cooked go and get a drill and bore a hole into them so you can allow the gas to escape. Be sure to stand aside quickly as they have been known to explode. If they do not explode you can eat one. If it tastes quite bad discard it and try another. If this does not satisfy you notify me and I shall gladly lend any assistance that I can give. Now about the interior decorating of the house which is very important. As you enter into your home you should be able to fall right onto a couch and go to sleep. Your kitchen should be nearest the front door, and then you won't have to walk far to greet household goods salesman. Your bedroom should be outfitted with a device by which you can go to sleep with your windows opened, and when you awake in the morning the windows will be closed with the heat on for this time of the year. Your dining room should be made so that you could reach to the kitchen from where you sit. I know you are sorry to have me leave you now, as I have to return to classes. The trio will conclude the program with many classical selections including parts of Bizet opera "Motorman."

11:16 B. C. We now have with us a representative of the Undertaker's Union a Mr. Graves who will speak on "The Comforts of Death." I take great plasure in reducing Mr. Graves the great mortician.

Brutus	"Bob" Creel
Tom Thumb	"Ed" Crane
The Red Terror	Gertie Burns
Caesar	Francis Cahill
Portia	Mary Phelan
The Singing Fool	"Eddo" Lynch
The Vagabond Lover	Paul Dugan
Napoleon	"Tommy" Ryan
Little Emmy	Helen Galvin
Evangeline	Vera Johnson
Little Lord Fauntleroy	"Bill" Fitzgerald
Hamlet	John Lundergan

As we can't give the dialogue over the radio because it would take too long I am going to give a brief summary of the playlet. The first and only scene is in the assembly hall between classes. Here it is.

Brutus and Little Lord Fauntleroy are on their way to chemistry followed by their servants. The Red Terror and Napoleon are servants of Little Lord Fauntleroy while Little Emmy and Tom Thumb are servants of Brutus. The work of these servants is to carry their master's books to and from classes. They were also told to prompt their bosses when necessary. Caesar, a lawyer of great wisdom, is seated in the hall working on a hard case of French. The Singing Fool is in a corner crooning a lullaby to Venus who cannot defend herself against this agony as she cannot talk nor make motions with her arms. The Vagabond Lover is entering the hall engaged in a heated discussion with Evangeline about who will win the game as he is going to attend it. morning. The Vagabond Lover says that Latin will win the game as he is going to attend. Evangeline says that Latin will win because she is going to attend the game. As they both can't be good luck charms to the team they both decide not to go but to listen to it over station C. H. L. S. While this is going on, an another argument is taking place between Brutus and Little Lord Fauntleroy over the reason for letting Portia borrow the homework for today. Little Lord Fauntleroy said that he didn't know that Portia was going to keep it. Brutus says he did. Just then Portia walks into the hall. They stop her and ask her for the homework but she had lost it. Brutus is inclined to misbelieve her when in walks Hamlet with a paper in his hand. Little Lord Fauntleroy seeing the paper claims it as being the homework. Hamlet refuses to give it to him stating that he had found it. Brutus then makes threats to take it away from him. Caesar comes forward and says that Hamlet can keep it as possession is nine points of the law. Brutus and Little Lord Fauntleroy seeing that they are defeated shake hands and promise they would never lend their homework to women again, as they are fickle. Exit the players with the Singing Fool singing "Until We Meet Again." The players thank you for your kind attention. This is still Fuller Hooey denouncing.

12:45 A. D. At this time the Corn Musical Stores presents to the radio audience spicy songs by our artists.

Pagan Love Song	Elenor Gray
Song of Solomon	Solomon Isenstein
Kansas City Kitty	Sally Perkins
Melrose Will Shine Tonite	John Hoffman
Am I Just a Passing Fancy	John Sherman
Last Rose of Summer	"Willie" White
Am I Blue	"Pete" Dorherty
Mean to Me	Kay Hough
Carolina Moon	"Ed" Conley

Eeeeeeeeeeeeeeezzz, rmrmrmrmrmrmrm Blam! My dear people the station has decided to quit for some unknown reason. So seeing we can't make it go we shall have to close up. Good afternoon all.

Compliments of the season and all other expressions of endearment from,

HUGH F. O'ROURKE

FOOTBALL CANDIDATES CALLED OUT

FORTY youthful, aspirant, football candidates responded to head coach Leander MacDonald and his assistant coach, Jack Sheehan. The coach will build his eleven around eight veterans, namely, Reardon, Dugan, Ross, Lekahas, Seymourian, Muello, Cohen, and Brown. Of the new boys the most outstanding are; Barry, Leahy, Powers, and McCarthy.

Coach Leander MacDonald's hope for a championship team were knocked into oblivion because of the new three year ruling of the headmasters' Association in this state. Lynch, White, Coady, MacFachyen, and Favreau were lost to the team because of this.

B. C. HIGH 13 CAMBRIDGE LATIN 0

Cambridge High and Latin's eleven went down to defeat at the hands of a heavy aggregation representing Boston College High in the first interscholastic game of the year at Russell Field, North Cambridge.

The Latin team, although outweighed in all positions put up a smashing attack but were handicapped by their loose handling of the ball and their inability to make yardage on their punts.

After getting their wind between the halves, B. C. High opened up with one of its best marches down the field. Cronin got away for 15 yards to the four-yard mark. It looked like another score but Latin got too stubborn and held. She then forced a fumble which she recovered herself. Latin kicked and got the benefit of a penalty for running into the punter and kicked again.

Being unable to gain by rushing, Latin opened up a flashy forward passing game in the last period. Lekakas featured with his forward passing and heaved one to Leahy for a 25 yard gain, it might have gone for a score but Ott chased up from behind to tackle Leahy. Another pass to Barry planted the ball on the four yard line and the next went for a touchback into the end zone.

Harvey, Moran, Ott, Kelly, and Cronin were the outstanding players for B. C. High while Cohen, Seymourian, Muello, Lakakas, and Barry featured for Latin.

One casualty was turned in during the game when Nicholas Morris, the center, got a broken collar bone while diving to make interference. He wanted to continue but was taken out by Coach McManus. Later, Morris reported at the Boston City Hospital to have his shoulder fixed up.

Summary:

B. C. HIGH	CAMBRIDGE H. & L.
McCann, le	re, Cohen, Welsh
Harvey, Morris, c	rg, Seymourian
Burns, Walsh, rg	c, Brown, Reardon
Kelly, rt	le, Reardon, Sheehan
Hackett, Curran, re	lt, Ross, Spinelli,
Ott, Morris, Burns, qb	rt, Buckley
Walsh, lt	le, Powers, Leahy, Sheehan
Harvey, lg	qb, Dugan
Morris, Ott, lhb	rhb, La Ronde,
Stapleton, rhb	lhb, Muello
Cronin, fb	fb, Lekakas

SALEM 31 CAMBRIDGE LATIN 0

Making the best of every break that popped up a smart and powerful Salem High eleven crushed Cambridge Latin 31 to 0. The Cantabs were going at a steady enough pace through most of the first half and were holding Salem to one touchdown when Rand, the evasive right halfback sneaked away from a punt formation and ran 80 yards for a touchdown. This was really a crushing blow to the Cantabs. It demoralized them. They could not rush and pass and the snapbacks from center got them into trouble on more than one occasion. In the early part of the game Latin showed loads of strength in the line and it was no cinch for Salem to gain yardage by rushing. It had to depend on trick plays and especially forward passes to run up such a gigantic score.

Rand, Rybichi, and O'Donnell played a sterling game for Salem, while Reardon, Ross, Swisher and Cohen put up an exceptionally good game for the Cantabs.

Summary:

SALEM HIGH	CAMBRIDGE LATIN
Antos, le	re, Leahy
Ezmunt, lt	rt, Ross
Gracyzk, lg	rg, Cohen
Koslowski, c	c, Brown
Hefferman, lhb	lg, Seymourian
Rand, rhb	lt, Buckley
L'Italien, fb	le, Reardon
Pszenny, rg	qb, Barry
O'Donnell, rt	rhb, Dugan
Johnson, re	lhb, Muello, Swisher
Rybicki, qb	fb, Lekakas

CAPTAIN ELECTED

A few minutes before the start of the Salem game Ross, a one hundred and seventy-five pound linesman, was elected to Captain the football team. Here is wishing Captain Ross a lot of luck.

NEWTON 13 CAMBRIDGE LATIN 6

Newton High defeated Cambridge Latin, 13-6, at Claflin Field, Newtonville. In the first period Swisher received Elrod's kickoff on his twenty-yard line, and made a spectacular 80-yard run for the first touchdown of the game. Newton staged a steady march being halted on the 35-yard line. Then Elrod and Furdon pulled a series of forward passes which brought the team within scoring distance, and Elrod skirted the right end for a touchdown.

In the final period after several successful attempts at line plunging combined with equally good passing, Elrod went through left tackle for the count.

Elrod, Furdon, and McCarthy played a superb game for Newton while Cohen, Swisher, and Seymourian starred for the Cantabs.

Summary:

NEWTON	CAMBRIDGE LATIN
Bankhart, Bosworth, le	le, Leahy
Rensala, Hamilton, lt	rt, Buckley
Boughan, Childs, lg	rg, Seymourian, Goode
Schipper, c	c, Brown
Moore, rg	lg, Cohen
Lindbergh, rt	lt, Ross
McCarthy, re	re, Lekahas,
Stromborn, qb	lhb, Swisher
Elrod, lhb	qb, Barry
Norton, Litchfield, Shorten, rhb	rhb, Muello, La Ronde
Furden, fb	fb, Dugan, Sweeney

RIVALS ARE FRIENDS ON EVE OF BIG GAME

The intense rivalry that exists between Cambridge Latin and Rindge Tech. was forgotten by both schools when they held their annual dance at St. Mary's Gymnasium, Cambridge.

The hall was crowded with more than two hundred and twenty-five couples. The guests were Mr. Cleveland, Miss Driscoll, Miss McElroy and Miss Murray. A goodly time was enjoyed by all.

RINDGE TECH 12 CAMBRIDGE L. 0

The most powerful team Rindge Tech. has had since 1922, overpowered its rival, Cambridge Latin, 12-0 at Russell Field, Cambridge.

The carrying power of Boyle and Giligan was a tremendous factor and Rindge's lateral pass worked like a charm. But most outstanding was the defensive work of Sauraski.

Barry, the Cantab quarterback, took a lateral pass from Swisher and ran for a 30-yard gain. This was the best yardage Latin made in the entire game. After this Rindge nailed Latin's every effort to use this pass and Sauraski made most of the killings.

Boyle, Giligan and Sauraski were the outstanding players for Rindge while Reardon, Cohen, Seymourian, Ross and Barry played well for Latin.

Summary:

RINDGE TECH.	CAMBRIDGE LATIN
Anderson, Alberin, le	re, Leahy, Sheehan, Welch
Galligan, Shea, lt	rt, Buckley
Malisiniski, Harrington, lg	rg, Cohen, Feeley, Lekahas
Burgess, DeYamp, c	c, Reardon
Beloruski, Faxon, rg	lg, Seymourian, Brown
Corlin, Stokes, rt	lt, Ross, Goode
Harris, McCue, re	le, Galvin, Muello
Wyche, Cadveno, qb	qb, Barry
Boyle, Reddick, lhb	rhb, La Ronde, Swisher
Gilligan, Dugay, rhb	lhb, Swisher, MacSween
Sauraski, Annis, fb	fb, Dugan, Swisher

J. H. O.

AS it is necessary for the contents of our magazine to go to print at an early date for mid-November publication, we have not yet received any Fall Exchange numbers from other schools. Therefore, we are reviewing some late Spring Numbers of 1929. We hope for a great improvement in the material for our exchange department, in quality as well as quantity.

We wish to acknowledge the following:
The Enfield Echo, Thompsonville, Conn.
The Blue Owl, Attleboro, Massachusetts.
The Aegis, Beverly, Massachusetts.
The Red and the Black, Newport, Rhode Island.
The Jabberwock, Boston, Massachusetts.
The Chronicle, Wallingford, Connecticut.
The Haskellog, Cambridge, Massachusetts.

The Blue Owl appeals to us very much. It is an exceedingly neat, compact paper. Your literary department is especially well written. We like your very business—like looking title page, because, at a glance, you get a synopsis of the contents. This credit goes to your Editor.

The Aegis. We want to comment you for your poems. Good poetry always adds to the value of a magazine. We think that the general appearance of your paper would be improved by limiting advertisements, to the back and front of your magazine.

The Haskellog. You appear to have an Exchange Editor but, where is her department?

The Red and the Black, has very good cuts. We think it's a good idea to encourage these drawings, because it gives the students in our art classes an opportunity for contributions.

FRENCH PAGE—Continued

MON AMIS FRANCAIS

MON ami, qui habite une maison près de la mienne, est un vieillard très amical, Quoiqu'il ait presque quatre-vingt-cinq ans, son esprit reste encore très fin. Tous les beaux jours il s'assied dans un fauteuil sur la piazza ou fumant de la pipe ou lisant le journal. L'après-midi quand je reviens des classes, nous nous rendons à l'un l'autre des plaisanteries et des nouvelles. Par exemple, un jour je lui dis, "Bon jour, Monsieur B—, il fait bien chaud, n'est-ce pas?"

Le vieillard, parlant trop couramment pour moi, me dit en réponse, "Oui, mon fils. Et il se fait plus chaud."

"Oui," je me mis d'accord faiblement parce je ne le comprends jamais tout de suite ni tout à fait.

Alors, il me demanda, "Est-ce que vous avez une allumette?"

Je fus perplexe; mais, ayant regardé sa pipe pas allumée, enfin je trouvai des allumettes dans la poche, et je les lui donnai. Ensuite je repris ma route.

F. CAHILL, '30

L'ARRIVEE DE L'HIVER

L'HIVER arrive généralement avec une tempete aveuglante de neige. Le temps glacial rend re pavé très glissant et charge les branches des arbres d'un fardeau lourd de glace. Dans bien des rues les grands amas de neige blanche s'entassent de sorte que les petits enfants puissent à peine les traverser. Les glaçons dégouttants pendent du bord du toit de toutes les maisons. L'air est refroidit beaucoup et les visages des passants deviennent roses. Un vent orageux souffle des particules piquantes dans la figure.

On semble être plus disposé à rire pendant cette saison que dans les autres. Peut-être c'est qu'on associe l'arrivée de l'hiver avec les fêtes et les vacances. Certainement l'îdee des vacances de Noël apporte des pensées agréables, les cadeaux, l'arbre de Noël orné d'oripeau étincelant, les chants rythmiques, toutes les belles choses aux quelles l'on pense à la mention de cette fête. Malgré ses dévantages nombreux, les vents froids et les orages lourds, l'hiver fascine par son meme caractère variable.

GRACE MCGLINCHEY, '30

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The Cambridge Review

Christmas Number

1929

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and

A Happy New Year

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Vita sine litteris mors est.

VOLUME 44 **NUMBER 2**

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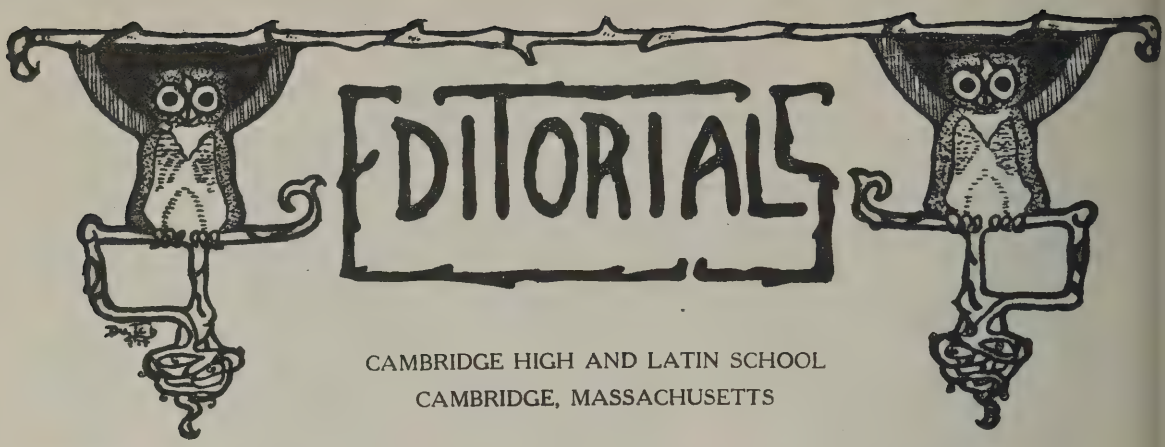


CAMBRIDGE HIGH AND LATIN SCHOOL
CAMBRIDGE, MASSACHUSETTS

"OUT of a class of one hundred pupils in a modern high school, ninety-nine were found to have lost their faith in Santa Claus; the one hundredth student had not been given any neckties the preceding Christmas."

Bulletin of the Inconsequential Statistical Society

Fellow students, these figures are positively alarming. Somebody whose name we can't remember, it would make this look intellectual if we could, has said that there is no sight more appalling than the man who has lost his faith. Are we, too, to discard Old Santa and become mocking sceptics, scornful cynics, and other -ics? Are we to become hardened to such a degree that, on Christmas, we eat chocolates instead of Christmas candy on the grounds that we've always hated the blooming stuff and anyway it's too sticky?

Never! Let the world be snowy and the bells ring loud; let the stars outshine man's attempts at light; let the air be fragrant with greens, mistletoe, and holly; let the same old songs and carols be sung in the same old way.—

The Review wishes everybody the merriest Christmas that there ever was.

E. R.

OUR ORCHESTRA

WE have been wanting for some time to express our appreciation of our school orchestra. How often have we been caught keeping time with our fingers, our feet, our heads? (Indeed, one pupil was seen keeping time by wriggling his ears!) The strains of "The Black Prince," "Your Land and My Land," and "The Pagan Love Song" have become familiar to the whole school by now.

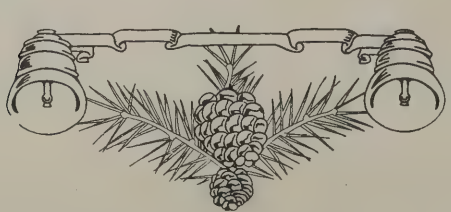
However, isn't it a fact that we neglect to appreciate the merits of our orchestra? Its members are a hard-working, conscientious group of boys and girls. On all occasions they are present to entertain us — at class assemblies, or parents' nights, on special programs, at the senior drama. On the day of the Armistice exercises they played for five periods. You try blowing an instrument, or thumping the ivories, or hammering the drums for three or four hours and see how you feel at the end.

A great deal of the credit for the orchestra's splendid performances belongs to Mr. Whoriskey, our genial Musical Director. He takes great pains with the talent that our school possesses, and the results are gratifying.

G. M.

A CORRECTION

IN our first issue we forgot to name the winner of last year's French Award. This was May Sarton.



THE REVIEWER

SINCE the results of the Junior elections were somewhat late to be printed in the first issue of the "Review," we take great pleasure now in introducing the officers of the class of 1931. Edward Barry was elected President; Evelyn Cummings, Vice President; Marion Mader, Secretary; and Daniel Doherty, Treasurer. The following Juniors were chosen as the Pin Committee: Elinor Bradley, Ruth Cleverly, Bernice Gilman, Elizabeth Grant, and Gertrude Welch. The Reception Committee is composed of the following students: George Curtin, Paul Dugan, Frank Davy, Effie Perkins, and Catherine Pray.

The school extends its congratulations to the elected officers, and wishes the class of 1931 a most successful year.

On Friday, November 8, exercises were held in the Hall in observance of Armistice Day. For some days previously, the students of the Art Department, under the direction of Mr. Doyle, had labored incessantly and had produced on the stage a beautiful scene representing the tomb of the Unknown Soldier and the Mausoleum that stands behind it.

The opening number of the exercises was "Roses of Picardy," beautifully played by the C. H. L. S. orchestra under the direction of Mr. Whoriskey. Then Mr. Cleveland read an extract from the Bible. The school orchestra rendered a few appropriate selections; after which Senior President Edward Lynch led the salute to the Flag. Dr. Walter L. Cronin, representing the Cambridge Post, No. 27, of the American Legion, gave a speech pertaining to the occasion. Then a one act play, an adaptation by Elinor Rowe of Charles O'Neil's story "Camaraderie," was performed by the following students:

FIRST SENTRY ..... Kenneth P. Daly
SECOND SENTRY ..... James Dugan
UNKNOWN SOLDIERS OF:
Belgium ..... John Scully
Italy ..... James Falese
France ..... Paul Brennan
England ..... Joseph Eisner
United States ..... Ranlett Ross
MARSHALL FOCH ..... Henry Pratt

The various parts were ably acted by the above students; particularly effective were Joseph Eisner as the English "Limey," and Ranlett Ross as the doughboy. The dramatization was under the direction of Miss Hartigan.

The program closed with the singing of "The Star Spangled Banner" by the audience.

Every year some pupils, wishing to be of assistance to the "Review" and through it to the school, come forth and offer to collect subscriptions. This year we have been rather fortunate to have the aid of a very energetic group of students whose efforts have brought the total of subscriptions to a high number. Leading the list is Max Shain who has collected a very high number of subscriptions. His sister Frances Shain is among the leaders. Esther Freedman, Frances Segel, Milton Segel, Joseph Winthrop, Thelma Arthur, Evelyn Cummings, Ruth Cleverley, Bernard Kamins, and Ned McKenney are at the top of the list. There are many others including the staff who have helped us to procure subscriptions. To all of them we are deeply indebted for their tireless efforts in the interests of the school publication and we thank them all sincerely.

In past years there were various clubs which thrived in our school, thus offering an opportunity to pupils to take a keener interest in some particular hobby. Alas, those days are gone forever. Where are the French and Spanish Clubs? What became of our Debating Society? We even had a Philosophy Club! This year Mr. Fougère had a difficult time to collect a chess team. We wonder what has happened to the pupils of today. No longer do they form groups devoting a little spare time to some mental pursuit. Perhaps they have become more serious in their studies; or outside interests are more fascinating than school activities. At any rate it is lamentable that such clubs have passed out of existence. If some students with initiative wish to revive a club of any kind, they will find the heads of the various departments willing to coöperate with them.

We wish that some of the other teachers will follow the example of a certain one who, because he had miscalculated the ability of the football team, gave to his class a treat of delicious chocolates (we hope Miss Kenney does not read this), accompanied by colored napkins that the young ladies might not soil their dainty dresses. The occasion was a most pleasant one for everybody.

Remnants of Vandalism are still extant, and in our school, we are sorry to say. The other day we saw a young fellow who was defacing the new seats of the assembly hall. After the city has expended so much money to provide us with sightly and comfortable seats, we should be more mindful of our use of them. After all, the destruction of school property acts as a boomerang, since our fathers have to pay the taxes to provide these things.

G. M.

SEVENTEEN'S CHRISTMAS

(4.30 through 5.30 A. M.)

(*With apologies to Tarkington*)

WHEN Jane awoke on the morning of the twenty-fifth of December, 1910, she immediately ran to the door of her brother's room and cried in a piercing voice, "Oh! Willee! Get up! It's Christmas!"

A gruff voice echoed from the other side of the locked door. "G'way. Can't ya let a fellow sleep? . . . . . Ye Gods! It's only half-past four!" This last remark was delivered in a very angry voice, after William had looked at his Big Ben (pocket size).

"Willee" was just seventeen and had, in his own mind, outgrown the childish demonstrations accompanying Christmas; at least that was what he ardently wished to impress upon the world at large. However, this had not kept him from arraying his clothes very carefully for quick dressing and setting the alarm for five-thirty.

"You'd better hurry, I know sumpin' awful nice you're going to get." This came to the agonized ears of William Sylvanus Baxter (his full name) in the shrill crescendo voice of Jane.

Willie listened and, hearing the sound of his sister's receding steps, cautiously put forth one toe to the icy floor. He moved it (this was an act of courage) and finally found that for which his inquisitive toe was searching — his warm felt slipper. With equal caution he repeated the flanking movement with his other toe. However, just as success was at hand, a wintry blast shook the house, whereupon he quickly drew in both feet and disappeared under the blankets.

Five minutes elapsed and then an object much resembling a nose appeared at the edge of the coverlet. Again William repeated the "hide and go seek" movement and was successful. Then with a mighty heave he flung the blankets from him and rushed to the window. He was about to close this with loud noises (a starter for the celebration) when his attention was brought back to his sister, the Missing Link to all trouble. A squeal of delight, agony, or horror, he knew not which, came floating to his ears from the lower regions of the house. William surmised that it came from the parlor.

Thinking quickly, he picked up his kimona and ran down the hall with noiseless tread. Turning to the right, he crept down the back stairs and into the kitchen. If he could enter the parlor

by the door that led from the lower hall, he would be concealed by the tree and the mantelpiece; and Jane's transgressions or her childish joys would lie before him, an open book, together with his own gifts, while none would know that he had condescended to observe the scene.

Quickly but silently he opened the door to the parlor and stepped forward. Crash! A carpet sweeper, balanced cunningly on the threshold, let loose its handle, which fell to the floor. Willie stepped on the sweeper and fell with the handle. He landed on the parlor floor, his feet resting on the tangled remains of a large Christmas tree and his face in the ashes at the side of the fireplace.

Shaken and vaguely uncertain as to his whereabouts, Willie laid still. Suddenly, he shuddered and remembered his sister.

It took a long time for him to untangle himself from the tree, but when he had done so, he looked carefully for the cause of his trouble. She was not there. He moved his books from the table but was forced to admit that she wasn't there either.

Now he had time to survey the ruin. It was awful: the tree was stretched at full length across the floor: he had sat in several boxes of decorations (glass!); four branches were in a position that looked highly unusual even to his shaken eyes; and he had broken several china cups.

He at once set about to right the wrong. His first action was to move all broken decorations into the waste basket; after that he cleaned up the pine needles and put them in the fireplace. Next, he carefully collected the china and placed it on a chair. Now the time had come to place the tree on its feet. This he did with many grunts as a sort of theme song to go with the action. But alas! the broken branches left a great gaping hole. His courage and his knees failed him. He sat down suddenly, only to rise with even greater alacrity. He had sat on the cups. This spurred him on.

He went to find the glue and having found it, set to work. After half an hour he had all but one branch in place with the aid of twine.

He had just returned from a trip to the kitchen when he heard his alarm upstairs go off. He rushed forward toward the stairs, tripped on his own construction, and fell. Needless to say, the tree came tumbling after.

As the cymbals announce the conqueror, the crash announced Willie's father. It was Willie's own alarm that had awakened him. Willie gazed up at him in silence and hardly noted that behind him, her hands full of Christmas candy, stood Jane. There is no wreckage like the wreckage of a reputation.

H. W. Holmes, '30

MEDITATION

WHEN thoughts are in twilight,
What is it, that comes
And fills us with a longing — with dreams?

A something foreign, unknown,
In glimpses from Heaven
Shown to we mortals below.

'Tis a vague indecision of the Beauty
Of Living, of Being, of Truth,
Of the deeper knowledge of Life.

So swift come the thoughts and go,
No meaning can we grasp;
And yet there is Something; we know.

Perhaps before being we knew, and understood.
But again those dreams may come
In clearness, when we behold Eternity.

A golden wave, Thought rolls, then leaves us
Dazed and wondering, until —
It return, to be worshipped anew.

Anne Claflin, '32

THE JOYS IN A MONTGOMERY WARD CATALOGUE

IF anyone had asked me when I was between the ages of five and twelve who my greatest hero was, I feel sure I should have replied in an awed voice, "Montgomery Ward." And I was not alone in my devotion, for probably nine-tenths of the American children in China would have made the same response. The arrival of the Montgomery Ward Catalogue each autumn and again each spring was an event celebrated among the American children with as much fervor as Christmas or the Fourth of July. Those of us who kept diaries find twice a year an entry beginning, "The *Catalogue* came today!" And for at least a month afterward there are none of these brief bored entries that report bleakly. "Nothing much happened today. Carrots again for dinner. Weather so-so."

Children who grow up in America do not realize as we did the fairyland to be found between the covers of a Montgomery Ward Catalogue. We were not allowed outside the walls of our compound until we left the city for the mountains in the summer. We had no movies, parks, libraries, automobile rides, skates, bicycles, or the many other such good things that make the lives of western children rich and happy. Often we had no companions our own age to play with, and in any case we never had more than ten or twelve playmates even when we included babies not a year old and grown ups of fifteen. I sometimes wonder now how we managed to pass the long years before we were old enough to go away to boarding school. Many times we grew very lonely and very bored. Often we longed for new scenes and less restricted spaces than the college yard. It was at these moments that the gallant Montgomery Ward on a fiery charger came galloping to our assistance and turned our dark, narrow dungeons by his magic spell into fairy castles.

When the American mail had delivered one day in the spring or fall our long awaited treasure, my younger sister and I would take the precious package to a corner of the stairway and there, side by side, we would go completely through the book, starting at page one with the letters of grateful clients and finally ending at page one thousand two hundred and three with the order blanks. Neither of us ever said a word. Slowly turning the fascinating pages we gazed speechless with wonder at the new world unfolding before our eyes. We read of oil heaters at three dollars and eighty-nine cents, carpets at two thirty-nine the yard, foot tubs for a dollar and twenty-nine, army leggings at thirty-nine cents, Dr. Walter's Corn Remover for twenty-one cents, and hundreds of other equally thrilling items. We read the catalogue again and again until we had practically memorized the descriptions of each article. We could imagine no literature finer than these masterpieces by Montgomery Ward; sheer poetry we considered them, and we felt like to setting to music such lyrics as those entitled "Our Best Work Shoe" and "At Last! The Hercules A New And Better Sheep Skin Coat At A *Guaranteed Price.*"

The illustrations to the book were worthy, we thought, of Raphael or a Michelangelo. The ladies especially we considered too beautiful to be mentioned above a whisper, and an understanding adult felt highly complimented to be favorably compared with the lady wearing a flannel nightgown on page two hundred and forty-two or the gentleman in the ten ninety-five suit on page five hundred and three. We used to hold beauty contests for each ten pages of ladies clothing. Then we used to make up stories about each of the first five winners.

After that we would begin at the beginning again, selecting carefully the articles we wanted most on each page. There were many variations to this theme. We each furnished six homes, purchased clothes for all our immediate relatives, and outfitted several orphan asylums in addition. We had resorted to outfitting orphans, because we had made a rule restricting each other to not more than fifteen children, Siamese twins not allowed. How many grateful letters we received from our orphans thanking us for the stylish clothing, the games, bedding, curtains, washing machines, clothes hangers, baseball mitts, water proof truck covers, cough tablets, portable bath tubs, and handkerchiefs that we so generously showered on them! How many homes we lovingly furnished with exquisite taste for unsuspecting acquaintances! And oh, how many, many times we turned in our loneliness or sorrow to dear Montgomery Ward for the comfort he never failed to give us, and how many hours that would have been tearful without his company we spent rapturously in wandering with hands tight-clasped through the ever new and bright countries he had to show us!

Some day when we grow up, we foreign children, shall write our tribute to Montgomery Ward, who was unknowingly our kindest friend in childhood. Then the world will wonder at his genius in producing twice yearly the sublime fairyland for which we loved him, and his name shall be reverenced by wide-eyed children living a thousand thousand years after us.

CATHARINE WAKEFIELD.

SUBWAY SKIING

THERE are, at best, scarcely two months during the winter when a ski-hearted layman can indulge in his favorite feast of breath-taking thrills. And the unfortunate city dweller must be content with the dirty, sticky snow of the muddy streets when his rural brothers are revelling on the delightful white carpetted hillsides invented specially for winter capers.

However, neither the brevity nor the perversity of the season, which is so well suited for the covering of oneself with black, blue, purple, and yellow proofs of one's proficiency or lack of proficiency in the art of sliding down hill, should prevent the travelers of the underground networks from enjoying a somewhat modified form of that great winter pastime.

This modification of the winter sport is what I call subway skiing. You amble rather absent-mindedly into the car when you are not pushed onward by the crowd and then make sure that you overlook any seat which may possibly be vacant. You station yourself still seemingly absent-mindedly, in some spot, where, if possible, you are not jostled by any of the passengers who consider themselves unfortunate at not having found a seat. You brace yourself, usually with one foot a little in front of the other in order to balance yourself against the swaying motion of the train; and always with your feet about a foot and a half apart, so that the numerous stops and starts of the car will not bowl you over. Generally it is a good plan to lean a little towards the end of the car when it starts (you are facing sideways), and towards the front of the car when it stops. This gives you extra resistance against the changes of motion. But you will form a style all of your own when you have had a little experience. These are merely suggestions for the beginner.

You think it sounds rather tame, and is not in the least comparable to the excitement of real skiing? Try it some time when you're riding in the car of a motorman who has no consideration for the order of the Stouthearted Subway Skiers! Perhaps you will not find yourself somewhat excited when, because of some unexpected violent lurch of the car, you find yourself on somebody's corpulent cook, or better, on someone's pretty stenographer. Perhaps you will not feel the familiar thrill when you are lucky enough to stand by the opening in the door at the front of the first car, and feel the wind rushing by as the muscles in your legs struggle against the lurching and twisting of your giant skis. And then again, perhaps you will not enjoy the expressions which you surprise on people's faces as they watch your preoccupied avoidance of the straps and bars which have been provided to aid you in retaining your equilibrium.

Of course, I should not expect a great many people to find a thrill in the callings of the S. S. S., but then, there are not a great many appreciative skiiers in the world anyway; and I should like to share my joy in the form of skiing with a few of you who will understand. You may all try it some time, and then, perhaps, when the Order has become influential in our present economic system, we shall petition the managers of the elevated railways to employ for their motormen only men who are sympathetic with the noble Order of Stouthearted Subway Skiers.

MARCIA RANDALL, '30

A QUESTION

THE narrow eyes of men can see
No beauty in your clarity,
So swift and sharp and clean;
They cannot see that muffled hate
And careless love can bring, too late,
A growing pain more keen;
They have not eyes to see that loyalty
And duty too can make one blind;
And they are sure that kindness
Could not ever be unkind.
They see that joyousness is good, and song;
Why do they still believe that truth is wrong?

MARGOT CLARK, '30

THE FINE ART OF TELEPHONING

ONE who wishes to become truly adept in the art of telephoning must approach her instrument with all the psychological enthusiasm of a Philo Vance. There are three things over which she must establish a psychological superiority, and these are any emotions except superiority which she holds toward her instrument, the spirit of telephone operators, and the person to whom she is talking.

First, she must decide from careful observation of the reigning movie types what sort of person, telephonically speaking, she is. Is she the sort of person who, glowing from healthy exercise, throws down a tennis racket and simply exhales an aura of sparkling youth? On the other hand, is she the sort of person who wears long, flowing, seductive gowns and slinks with sinuous step through a room of black and green to pick up a telephone, a *French* telephone? The would-be artiste is faced at the outset with the problem of choosing which of these two broad mental attitudes to select.

That done, the next step is to sink once and for all any vestige of inferiority complex she may hold toward telephone operators. Perhaps the most effective method is to jiggle the receiver impatiently for two or three minutes and, then, to say coldly, "Is there any reason why you should not give me number so-and-so?" If the operator forgets to roll her r's and sounds slightly human, the first victory is won. In her own mind, the aspirant has established a confidence of mental superiority, which will never fail her, over all operatordom.

Thus far her study has been in the psychological aspect; now, she turns to the practical. She must choose a voice. This, of course, must depend on her choice of telephone personality. If she has chosen the enthusiastic young sportswoman type. she should break off frequently and give jubilant little laughs for no reasons at all. If her partner in the telephone conversation is all that he should be, this gives him the cue and he knows that she is overflowing with joie-de-vivre.

If she has chosen the other type, she must remember, above all, that she is weary, very weary. Perhaps, the best aid to attaining this personality is to imagine that she is a Russian refugee. Every place she went, men were lined up against walls and shot down. As they died, they fixed their eyes despairingly on her. This is a great help in assuming this personality. The voice is preferably a little husky and often dies away into long silences. This personality is a little difficult, but, when it is gained, it pays for itself.

In order to have complete mastery over the telephone, she must never neglect one thing. She must always be the first to say good-bye and hang up. This gives a psychological advantage that is almost invaluable. It establishes her superiority over the person to whom she is talking as nothing else can or will.

If she has made careful use of these basic principles, culled with great difficulty from the tomes of the psychologists, she will find that she has absolute mastery over the telephone. She will have heard her last "Wrong number. Excuse it please."

ELINOR ROWE, '30

SILENCE

HERE silence is,
And has been here
Too long for you to puncture it
With words;
Here silence is,
And here you learn
The uselessness of speech
To say away what cannot be unsaid.
Your rich abundant words are nothing here,
And here your mockery
And passion, nothing.
Here silence is.
And buried long ago
Lie words and tears and mockeries of words.
Here silence is,
The silence of the dead.

MARGOT CLARK, '30

IN THE UPPER LEFT HAND CORNER

GEORGE glanced up at the clock. It was considerably past one. Scattered over the table before him was a disorderly heap of crumpled-up papers. In his hand he held the finished product, a masterpiece; the cleverest letter he had ever conceived. It was a letter to Louise, his sweetheart, back in Keokuk. She had often complained to him that his letters were always about the same monotonous topics, biology or economics or something even worse. She had even gone so far as to say that she always knew what was going to be in his letter before she opened it. He surveyed the letter with approval. This one certainly ought to meet her requirements, for it was indeed clever and different. He read it again:

"Miss Louise Morris: You are no longer
my sweetheart. I am writing this
miserable letter, that pains me so,
to tell you something that I know
will pain you very deeply because it
will surprise you. This letter seems
to be a sad echo of many happy ones,
a complete and final break between us,
and brings all of our dreams to an end.
I know it has shocked you, but I still
have to do it, because I no longer
love you. It was only a few weeks ago that
I discovered that my love was dying.
I used to hold you to my heart and
tell you wonderful stories of love.
The next time I am in town I will
studiously avoid even your street. To
kiss you as I have so often done before
would sicken me. If you wish you may
write a letter to me as your reply
to this final letter of mine.
Whenever I think about my wonderful
girl here, I forget about you. When
meeting with you, I would feel as
though I were at a funeral, not at all as
I did in the happy months just passed.
We agreed if this ever happened
To say that all our ties were broken.
If we look at it in this light, it
would obviously not be so
rash a statement as it first appears.
Let me say in closing that I am still
very sorry that I cannot sign myself
Your true sweetheart
but must use the plain, Yours truly,
George Winslow."

He smiled with satisfaction as he read it, and when he had finished, he took up his pen and wrote at the very bottom of the page "over." Then in the upper left hand corner of the back page he wrote: "Read every other line beginning with the second."

Miss Louise Morris, in answer to the postman's ring, went out eagerly to obtain the morning mail. She knew there would be a letter from George; his communications always arrived on Mondays and Thursdays. Finding the letter, she hurried back into the house, half hoping that it would contain something different. Yet she felt sure he would begin, "My Darling Louise" and then would ramble on about the same old monotonous topics and end "Your true sweetheart."

She ran into the parlor, and opening the letter began to read. She stared unbelievingly, read half a dozen lines and then started at the beginning again. There could be no mistake. It was George's stationery and handwriting. Bravely she read the first page. It was difficult to see for tears filled her eyes. At the very bottom of the page, her eyes caught the word "over." Eagerly she fumbled at the paper, trying to find his last words. She was too nervous, and the letter fluttered from her quivering fingers into but slightly damaged. In fact, she could read the fire that was blazing on the hearth.

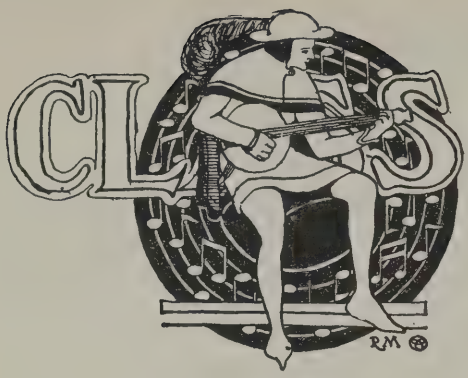
When she had snatched it out, the letter was but slightly damaged. In fact, she could read everything except the upper left hand corner of the last page.

ROBERT CREEL, '30.

REVIEW PROSE AND POETRY CONTEST

THE "Review" offers prizes for the best short story and poem submitted before January 10th, 1930. The winning story and poem will be published in the February issue of the "Review."

LITERARY EDITORS.



Historical Conversations Up-To-Date

Queen Elizabeth and Sir Walter Raleigh
(at mudhole)

"Just a minute, Lizzie; I'll pull off my coat so you won't get your feet wet."

"Nonsense Walt! The game starts at two-thirty. We haven't time." (*She splashes through*).

Cleopatra and Mark Anthony ("Say Cleo, how about a date to the Big Game."

"Sorry, Tony, Julie already asked me."

"Do you mean to say that you gave that yap a date?"

"Yea, Tony, he had two seats on the forty-five yard line."

Horace Greeley (*on advising a young man*).

"Go west, my boy, go west! And if you happen to pick up an extra ticket to the Big Game, wire me, and I'll go west, too."

"I see by the papers they're reviving Hamlet in the East!"

"Oh, New Yorick stuff, hey?"

They've discovered an animal (a sheep) in the Himalayas, that runs forty miles per hour. That's the kind of lamb you need to keep up with Mary, nowadays.

Sarcastic Cop (to cringing motorist, J. Sherman) "And how'd you learn to drive? By the blindfold test, maybe?"

Every Freshman's Ambition (*fem.*)

To be as popular as Mary Groden.
To dance like Margaret Dyer.
To smile like Eleanor Gray.
To be as cute as Jerry Leighton.

Every Freshman's Ambition (*masc.*)

To be as popular as "Eddie" Lynch.
To play like "Herb" Brown.
To dress like Harold Cail.
To wisecrack like Frank Tansey.

Higher Education

"I suppose you've been through algebra."

"I went through at night and couldn't see the plan."

Creel: "Hey, I want to change this text book."

Teacher: "Too late; you've had it a whole term."

Creel: "But I just found out that every other page is missing."

A Letter Describing a Football Game

(From a medical student to His Father, a Famous Surgeon)

DEAR MALE PROGENITOR:

Last Saturday I attended the football game between Siwash and Hesperus, and from the initial booting of the hog's epidermis my refexes were in a deplorable condition.

On the primary play of the contest, the Siwash semi-spinal vertebrae completed a pass to his left-extremity to the twenty-yard mark, where plunges by the complete and quarter-spinal vertebrates resulted in the epidermis being touched securely on the ground beyond the final shortest distance between two points. This did not seem to dismay the Hesperus players, and gritting their molars by means of bringing both their inferior and superior maxillary muscles into play, they thrust aside the Siwash line with their powerful phalanges, scaphoids, and unciforms, and one of them sent the kicker on his cervical vertebrae while the other, blocked the kick with both his clavicle and his humerus major. In this engagement, one of the players sustained such a blow on his dorsal vertebra that they were compelled to administer aqua pura to his proboscis.

The superior condition of the ulnae, femurs, tibiae, and even the ectocuneiforms of the Hesperus players began to tell, however, and it was not long before they had also secured a touchdown. With a beautiful co-ordination of his metatarsus and astragalus, the Hesperus captain elevated the epidermis between the uprights.

This ended the scoring, and Hesperus was declared the victor with seven digits to its opponent's six. At the conclusion of the game, a tremendous uproar welled up from the esophagus and burst from the larynx of every loyal Hesperus rooter, as he swarmed on the field, intent on carrying the players on his condyles and tuberosity anterior.

Reporter: "And in what state were you born, professor?"

Prof.: "Unless my memory fails me, in the state of ignorance."

Reporter (writing swiftly): "Right, and how long had you lived there."

A French Note

French Teacher: "So the article must be elided before every noun that begins with a vowel."

"Eddo" Lynch: "Do you do that regardless of what part of speech the noun is?"

A lazy Latin pupil was in the habit of being prompted by the pupil behind him. One day his teacher asked him to give the principal parts of the verb "to praise." Straining his ears he heard the boy mutter "Dunno". He promptly recited: "Dunno - dunnare - dunnavi - dunnatus."

Everything comes to him who orders hash.

Heard In English I

"What kind of a question is that?"

"An Interrogative question!"

Our Own Perplexity Column

By Joe Blair

All questions written out legibly with the name and address of the sender and accompanied by a stamp and a one dollar bill will be answered immediately and without charge. (No salesman will call on you).

Question: I am just a freshman and my papa bought me a new Ford. After running into three limousines, two milk wagons, and four telegraph poles, I knocked down an old woman and crashed into the police station. What shall I do?

Answer: Purchase about four quarts of hydrochloric acid, a pint or so of arnica, and a couple of gallons of iodine; and don't forget to shake well before using.

Question: This month's report card displayed four V's and one P. What would you advise me to do?

Answer: Enter your garage, close and bolt all doors and windows, start the motor and lie under the exhaust. Inhale deeply until relieved.

Question: My best girl turned me down. Alas! What is there left in life for me?

Answer: Have you tried Aspirin?

Question: My friend and I were throwing snowballs while leaving school last week. By chance, one hit Mr. Cleveland in the eye. Please advise.

Answer: Hire any taxicab in sight, knock out the driver and take the first road to the left marked, "DANGER—BRIDGE OUT." Ignore this sign and let nature take her course.

Teacher: "John, if you do not stop that foolishness, I'll take your name!"

John: "But-er, teacher, I'm not old enough to be married."

Landlady: "I'm sorry to say the lady who gave me the recipe for this soup has just died."

Star Boarder: "Then, out of respect, we'll all drink in silence."

The human brain is a wonderful organ. It starts to function as soon as we wake up and doesn't stop until we get to school.

Science Laughs

Girl looking for Mar: Oh! there's Mars!

Little Sister: Oh! is that mama's star?

Heard in Latin II

Teacher: Give the plural of tibi and mihi.

Pupil: Mihibus and Tibus.

Popular Hits of the Day

"Wouldn't it be Wonderful".....No Homework
"Roses of Yesterday" .....P. G'o.
"I'll get By" .....The Review
"Vagabond Lover" .....Eddie Dillon
"Moanin Low" .....Charlotte Cox
"Ain't Misbehaving (?)" .....Betty Manker
"Lovable and Sweet" .....Kay Haugh
"Can't we be Friends" .....Teachers and Pupils

Visitor: "You have a wonderful school here."

Freshman (modestly): "Thanks."

Prof: "Cutting class eh?"

Student: "Yes, illegal holiday."

Is Richard an athlete?

No, I don't think so; I saw him in class today.

McInnes: "I often feel like I'd like to do something clean and big before I pass out."

Moran: "Huh! Well, why don't you try washing an elephant?"

Hereafter

Successful Father: "Supposing I should be taken away suddenly what would become of you?"

Son: "Oh, I would just be here. The question is what would become of you?"

A Serious Joke

In one of the class rooms, on the upper molding of the wall, stood the poster bearing the words:

Show your School Spirit
Subscribe to
The Review

This poster suddenly fell, and someone exclaimed, "Oh, the school spirit has fallen."

Making Football More Clear

1. *A Morale Victory,*
   Home team holds Visitors to 36-0
2. *Green Hills,*
   The things that all radio announcers imagine.
3. *Ballad Dance,*
   Referee signaling to the audience why he has penalized a team.
4. *Enthusiastic Undergraduate,*
   Indifferent spectator

How are "Fair Harvard" and "America" alike?

Dunno — How?

No-one knows the words to either.

'Stew Bad

That Mary had a little lamb
We're willing to allow,
But that was years and years ago;
It must be mutton now.

Hostess: (to visitor one morning): "Good morning. How did you sleep last night?"

Visitor: "With my eyes shut, thank you."

Inexplicable

"What is he so angry at you for?"

"I haven't the slightest idea. We met on the street and were talking just as friendly as could be, when all of a sudden, he flared up and tried to lick me."

"And what were you talking about?"

"Oh! just ordinary small talk. I remember he said, 'I always kiss my wife three or four times a day.' "

"And what did you say?"

"I said, ' I know at least a dozen men who do the same,' and then he had a fit."

Heard in History

Mr. Elbery: What famous stone did Napoleon find in Egypt?

Bright young thing: The Rosebloom stone.

Family Secrets

A little girl went to the drug store for some pills.

"Anti bilious?" asked the clerk.

"No sir. It's my uncle," replied the little girl.

A Moment's Peace

Mrs. Smalltalk (two minutes later): "Well, doctor, why in the world don't you look at my tongue if you want to, instead of writing away like a newspaper man? How long do you expect me to sit here with my mouth wide open?"

Physician: "Just one more moment please, madam, I only wanted to keep you still long enough to write this prescription."

The Warm Side Inside

He killed the noble Mudjvkovis.
Of the skin he made him mittens,
Made them with the fur side inside,
Made them with the skin side outside.
He, to get the warm side inside,
But the inside skin outside.
He, to get the cold side outside,
Put the warm side fur side inside.
That's why he put the fur side inside,
Why he put the skin side outside,
Why he turned them inside outside.

by "En" Kay, '29

"And What Is So Rare As a Day In June"

By Joe Blair, '31

— A giraffe with a goiter.

— A curly-haired, blue-eyed, handsome athletic shiek with a new Packard roadster and plenty of time and money.

— A freshman with a dignified air.

— A basketball game between two nearly perfect teams, the score tied, three seconds to play, when the star sends the ball whirling towards the basket on an overhand shot, setting it rolling 'round and 'round on the rim as the game ends.

— A class which does not make a sound while taking a test, even when the teacher leaves the room.

— A French student who never in his life amused himself, at the expense of others, by shouting, "Parlez-vous Français?"

— An editor who won't revise and cut at least half of this write-up.

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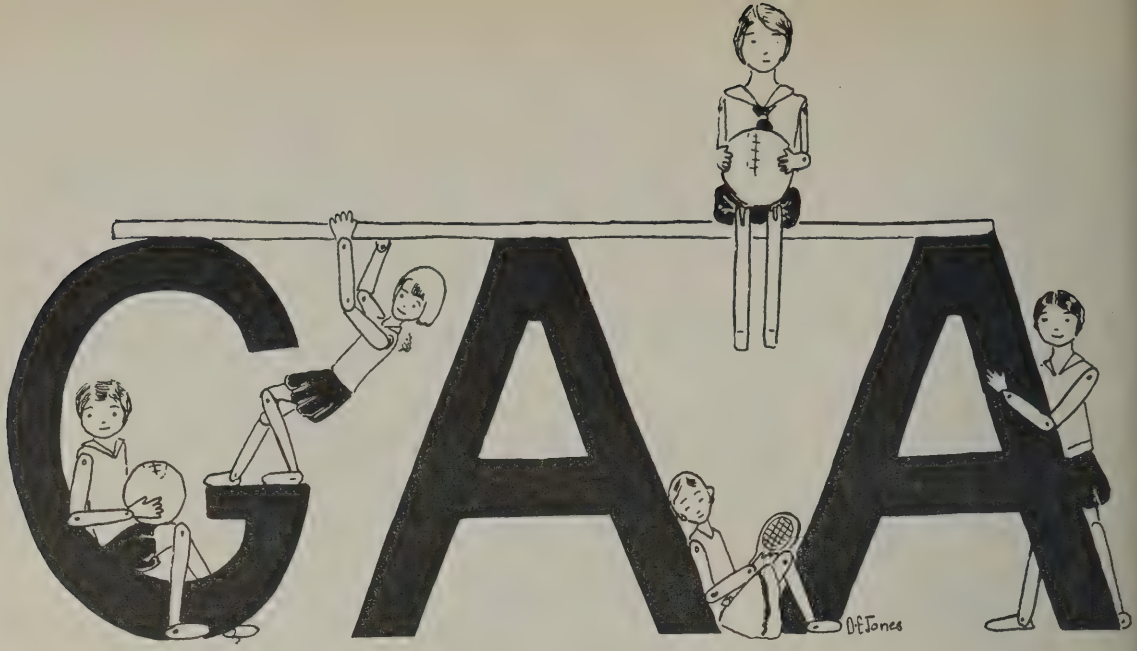

WELL! Initiation is over at last! Both the upper classmen and the "Frosh" are breathing sighs of relief. For two days before the "Initiation Proper," the unlucky ones had to appear in school adorned with bows, safety pins, dog collars, gloves, and other equally horrible equipment. *This* part was carried out in a very sportsmanlike way! Then, on Thursday, October 31, the Freshmen were properly "killed." There were three nerve-racking ordeals to be gone through in the Gym, and two more in the locker rooms. After this, they had the backs of their necks painted ever so cruelly with *"water,"* and were instructed to wear it to school the next day. Horrors! This really was the cause of a great display of grief among the younger set!!

Some of the girls who failed to show up at this time, were handcuffed, on a later date, and taken into the lunch room to regale the older girls with poetry and songs. Unfortunately, through misunderstanding of one of the masters, this could not be completed. So the pleasure of the regalement was cut short! However, we have not yet given up hope of some day "getting even" with these girls!! We are extremely sorry to have to say that, owing to the lack of enjoyment (?) among most of this year's Freshmen, there will probably be no Initiation next year.

On Thursday, November 15, we had a Social in the Gym. There was a wonderful crowd! Orchestral music was supplied by Blossom Stromme, Frances Segal, Ethel Newman, Margurita McCaffrey, Ruth Zimmerman, Catherine Strath, Lillian Bronsfein and others. We were competently entertained by the dancing of Marion Horan, Jessie Maver, and Helen Kelley. In the Locker Rooms cider and doughnuts were sold at a Prohibition Bar by a refreshment committee which was as follows:

Sylvia Kaplan — Bartender-in costume, Mary Falvey, Helen Kenney, Gertrude Lancester, Barbara Farwell.

We feel very proud of the fact that we had as "guests of honor," Miss Russell, Miss McLaughlin, and Miss Brown. If one can judge by appearances, a "grand time was had by all."

It is expected that the finals in the tennis tournament will be held on November 26th. As we do not know what may happen between now and then, this date is subject to change.

The annual Freshman Party is to take place in the Gym on Saturday, December 14, at 1:45 P. M. The officers are planning something very "different" for your entertainment this year. We hope to see all of you there, and we'll guarantee that you'll have a lot of fun!

As for Basketball!! The Freshmen are down at last to a mere four teams with only eight substitutes for each team! Miss Brown says that this is "perfectly marvelous," and I'm sure we all agree!!

The Freshman-Sophomore class games will be played right after Christmas, while the Juniors and Seniors will clash on December 6th, and on December 19th. We're expecting each class to put up a good fight for the championship.

There are also many interesting outside games for which to prepare. The Sophomores, Juniors, and Seniors are going to meet Arlington here on January 10th. Our present Seniors are the only ones that have ever defeated Arlington. When they were Sophomores, they accomplished this feat, and our hopes are high that they will repeat their success.

Among the other games that are being planned are those with Everett, Waltham, Newton, and Somerville. Here's hoping that we win them all, and that we plow straight through to victory in everything!!!

M. L.

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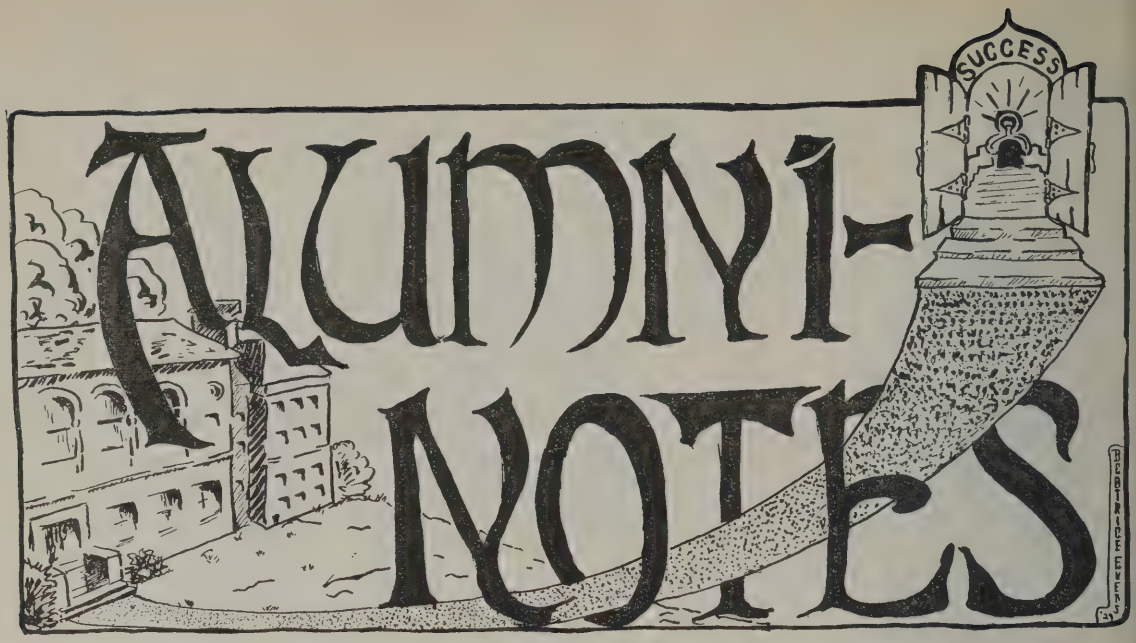

1929

Marian Cannon is studying in Paris.

John Landrigan is a freshman at Boston College.

Frank Cullinan entered Suffolk Law this fall.

Beatrice Evers, is studying at Massachusetts Art School.

Ella Laverty is attending Miss Lesley's.

Marie Hyde entered Possé this fall.

"Joe" Dugan entered St. Michael's Academy.

Alice Powers, a freshman at Salem Normal.

"Bud" St. Pierre is studying at St. John's Academy.

Louise Reily is at Chamberlayne's.

"Bill" Squires is working in the Inman Square Trust Co.

Ruth Campbell is a freshman at Emerson.

Leslie Adams is studying music at the Conservatory.

Eldon Murray is in the paper business and is now traveling in California. He expects to spend the winter in Honolulu.

1928

Pearl Steinmetz is a freshman at Radcliffe.

Linda Cannon is studying in Constantinople. This is her second year on the continent.

Chris Sykes is a freshman at Harvard.

"Tim" Crane, "Pete" Hayes, and "Bill" Dansie have entered their freshman year at Harvard.

Margaret Sheridan and Agnes Delaney are sophomores at St. Regis College.

"Bill" Morris is in his second year at Exeter.

Helen Good, Madeline Navien, and Catherine Boucher are in their sophomore year at Emmanuel College.

Bernice Chute has been appointed Associate Editor of the Chandler School paper, "Pad and Pencil."

1927

Polly Stubbs is a sophomore at Radcliffe College.

Lorraine Langley has been elected president of the Sophomore Class at Radcliffe. She was also president of her freshman class.

Eleanor Roche is taking a buyer's course at Jordan Marsh Company.

"Bill" Brooks is a sophomore at Harvard.

Draveau Bender is also a sophomore at Harvard.

1925

Maynard W. Allard, Roy Lamson Jr., Alexander Mahcowitz graduated from Harvard in June, '29, "cum laude."

Martin Canavan a senior at Boston University is included in the honor list of his class. The honor list for that class includes five per cent of the entire class.

Dean's List at Radcliffe

From the class of 1925 the girls are; Barbara Berkoff, Elsie Field and Alison Marks.

From the class of 1926 the girls are: Julia Sweeney.

M. G. D.

ITS
Christmas
KEEP RIGHT ON GOIN'!--
SEE YA NEXT YEAR!
YOU VANT SOME OF QUININE PILLS? WANT 'EM IN A BOX?
OH, NO, I'LL ROLL THEM HOME!
ANGRY CUSTOMER
3 GUESSES
ITS
DRUGS
Swanson
MERRY CHRISTMAS!
WHO-ME?
HAVE YOU TAKEN YOUR MAKE-UP EXAM YET?
NO, I FORGOT MY LIP-STICK!
ANNIE FINE
ANNIE FINE
100% TALKING

SAD but true, our Exchanges are conspicuous by their absence. These beautiful, mellow fall months, worthy of an abundant harvest, seem to have produced a sluggish output of school literature and news, to say the least. The Exchange drawer has been watched diligently, day to day, week to week, Monday to Friday, for some gleaning of a snatch of material, but for the most part in vain. What has befallen the various school paper Staffs? Or is it the old time fault of the publisher? But really, now tell me, who is seriously disturbed about the Exchange Department (except us poor editors) when everyone is joyfully and eagerly anticipating Christmas, not to say a word about a precious little vacation. I don't blame you! Best wishes for a Happy Christmas and a Merry New Year to all whom it may concern.

But now as to the few Exchange Numbers which we have:

With a good bit of satisfaction we turn the pages of "The Saint Joseph's Prep. Chronicle;" the only magazine to be reviewed in this issue. Your department, very appropriately called GLEANINGS, is destined to increase in popularity. You certainly have Exchanges from all over the world.

The "Hebronian" from Hebron, Maine, gives news of a wonderful new addition to the school, in short, the Sargeant Gymnasium, a fine building one would gather. The article on "Prosperity" deserves credit.

"The Proviso Pageant" from Maywood, Illinois, the "Periscope" from Carlisle, Pa., and the "Chronoscope" from Ambler, Penn., are weeklies, except for the latter which is published bimonthly. These are all regulation news, non-literary, papers of a High School. The "Periscope" makes a feeble effort for literature in the Poetry Corner, but displays only mediocre talent.

"The Oredigger," Colorado School of Mines, Colorado. A good weekly, good editorials.

Now we find a spicy weekly in the "Exponent" from Greenfield, Mass. Those who take the paper surely ought to know what is going on at School.

The Review acknowledges the following College papers—

The Harvard Crimson
Boston University News
The Bowdoin Orient

Scintilating humor found in Our Exchanges!

1. "Name America's greatest general."
2. "General Motors."

John: "What does the tank say, Walt?"
Walt: "It says one half but I don't know whether it means half empty or half full."

A Scotchman in Brooklyn was missing for three days before the police department located him in a "Pay-as-you-leave" street car.

She:"What's your idea of rigid economy?"
He: "A dead Scotchman."

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G. R. Sec. Y

LADIES, gentlemen and other members of the radio audience:

After a month's interruption we are now returning to the air with Fuller Hooey still announcing. For the benefit of the listeners we have installed a new broadcasting apparatus. By means of this new electrical device, the socalled "radiotone," any troublesome static of the past will now sound like a melodious saxophone solo. Quite an improvement. Eh What?

We are now broadcasting on a wave length of 140 tricycles and on a frequency of 27.9 polygons. This change is due to the interference which we have received from the "Iron Coat and Hat Factory" that has recently been erected nearby.

1:00 A. D. You are about to be entertained by Mike Monotone who will give you the latest news dashes from station M. Y. O. B. (mind your own business).

By the way! When the beautiful oxminster chime sounds it will be something like 1 9/10 minutes, 4 3/7 seconds past twelve o'clock. Are you ready? There are precisely 1 1/5 seconds —crash! Ah there it is. The exact time brought to you by the Never Right Watch and Clock Company of Minutesville, Texas.

Please stand by for the "Veri-old" news dashes.

Good afternoon everybody! This is Mike Monotone about to give you the latest news flashes of today. The first item concerns the usual Christmas rush at C. H. L. S. This rush was as digested as ever but not so intéressant. Oh! excuse me friends, my French is running away with me. I mean that the rush was not so interesting or exciting as usual. The rush was due largely to the distributing of report cards to the students of this wonderful institution. Many intellectuals welcomed them with open arms but the majority of scholars were decidedly opposed to receiving them. These cards are the pupils annual Xmas gifts from the faculty. There is a proverb which says "Great things come in small packages." But many did not believe this when they received these presents from the teachers.

A special dispatch has been sent to us from the Harvard Square Police Station requesting us to announce the following: A riot took place today on the famous battlegrounds of the Cambridge Public Library. The direct cause of this riot is due to the formation of a "Seventh Period League." This league states that every student should attend at least one seventh period a week. This league and its members were attacked by a group of fellow-students who were violently opposed to such a motive of this society. As a result of the riot there were two murdered five seriously injured, and forty others who received minor injuries. Among all the injured only one was found of the anti-seventh periodists. This persons injuries were limited to a bloody hand, evidently caused by its contact with the nose of one of the league members.

The full account of the affair may be found in the "Boston Daily Snob," tomorrow.

I shall now return you to the main studio where from the program will continue.

1:20 A. D. We are now back in the main station and ready for the next broadcast

We have with us this period of the program Solemn Icesteam of the C. H. L. S. electrocution deportment who will recite a poem deposed by "Joe" Blair the pote lying — yet of C. H. L. S. The name of it is "The Charge of the Eat Brigade," a parody of Alfred Lord Tennyson's "Charge of the Light Brigade of Balavaka." Mr. Icesteam.

I

Half a flight, half a flight,
Half a flight downward,
All into the Cafeteria
Charged the seven hundred.
'Forward the Eat Brigade!
Charge for the buns', he said.
Into the cafeteria,
Charged the seven hundred.

II

'Forward the Eat Brigade'!
Was there a man dismay'd?
Not tho' the hot dogs knew!
Some one had thundered.
Theirs' not to raisin why
Theirs' not to cut the pie
Theirs' but to eat and die,
Into the Cafeteria
Charged the seven hundred.

III

Soup to the right of them,
Milk to the left of them,
Mr. Olsen watching them,
Oh! how they blundered;
Flashed all their pockets bare,
Flashed as they paid their fare
Paying for the tickets there,
Charging the waitresses, while
All the school wondered.

IV

Plunged in the baked ham smoke,
Right through their teeth they broke
Cussin and blushin
Reeled when they all went broke
Splattered and sundaed
Then they went back, but not
Not the seven hundred.

1:45 A. D. We have at this time the annual pre-Christmas football game between the country's greatest and largest colleges which ever took to a football field. They are namely Numbskull and Nitwit University of Burlapville and Punkinville respectively. This football game will be told to you by George Curtin the great football critic and announcer. I shall now turn the "met" over to him in the Sugarr Bowl where he is located.

Hello Everybody, this is George Curtin announcing the football contest between the foremost college rivals in the county. The game is supposed to start in three minutes but Ah! here comes both teams on the field coming in from opposite ends of the stadium to be greeted by an uproar of noise of these well packed stands. The two captains are now in the middle of the field taking orders from the referee. The captain of Nitwit is Jonah Swimn while the captain of Numbskull is Fillet Whale. Odd names aren't they? Well let's hope that there won't be any swallowing done on this field. The both teams are now in the center of the field ready for the kickoff. Nitwit is kicking off to the opposing team. There it goes. The rear end grabs the ball but is quickly downed. The ball is now in the center of the field with the Numbskulls in a muddle. They're out of it. It is a forward pass to the left tackle who is thrown for a loss of ten yards. When this man falls he either gains or loses according to the way he falls because he is so tall. There is a man hurt. The man that tackled the giant has received a broken spirit. This is only one of the many causulties caused by this big brute. It is beginning to snow now. People are leaving. The players are covered so that you don't know where the referee is. Oh I meant to tell you the score is 20 to 20 in flavor of neither team. E. L. Kickem of the Numbskulls is now trying for a field goal but misses because he slipped on the ice which covers the field. What's this. The referee has called the game because the players are taking him for a member of one of the teams. The game is over. The score is 20 to 20. The people have left as have the players so now I must leave you to return you to the main studio. I know you have enjoyed the game and my wonderful discription of the scoring on both sides. Farewell. Au Revoir.

5:00 A. D. We now are back in the main studio and ready to hear from the next speaker who is Mr. Graves who shall speak on the "Comforts of Death." I take great pleasure in introducing to you Mr. Graves the celebrated morticin.

Members of the radio audience: I am sent here by the United Undertakers Association to speak to you on the comforts of Death. When you die you leave everything behind you. During your life it is usually one continual trouble after another. You are chased by a bill collector, you are encouraged in love if you are old enough, you have things stolen from you, and in every way life seems miserable. This all can be escaped by Dying. This league which I represent has worked on a theory which eliminates life by a painless method. If you are interested just notify us and we shall give you full particulars for a small sum of money. The reason why I am speaking to you today, is that business is very, poor, and I am sent here to ask your support in building it up again. We go by a motto which is very just and good, and which everyone should abide by. It is "People have got to die to let us poor undertakers live." I shall not take up any more of your time as I have business to attend to. Thank you for your kind attention, and I hope I shall not have to speak on this dead subject again.

5:15 A. D. We now have music played for us by Herbie Brown and his Hotel Eatmore Syncopators the well known jazz orchestra including the graphaphone player extraordinary Gene Poltorak. They also have with them this evening Frank Davy the renowned iron masked tenor who will render his own solow "Far Away." He was good when he sang "Charles Mud," but he got stuck, and it has never been heard from this vocal cords since.

Oh I forgot. I must go home to eat which signifies the closing of the station. Hoping Santa Clause won't forget you, we shall wish you, in signing off, a very Happy Christmas and a Merry New Year.

Hugh F. O'Rourke
Daniel B. Doherty

SCHOOL-SPIRIT! ! ! !

We are reputed to have the worst school spirit in the Suburban League. With an enrollment of over twenty-five hundred pupils we should have a better record. Mr. Foley, our faculty athletic manager, reports he only sold four hundred football season tickets. Just think ! ! ! Four hundred tickets sold in a school that has one of the largest student bodies in the Suburban League. This is a terrible showing of good school spirit. The price of one season ticket enables you to go to four home games. The price of these tickets are reasonable, only fifty cents. At the gate there are hundreds who pay seventy-five cents to be admitted to one game.

Not one student in the school has a good, substantial reason for not attending these games.

The various athletic teams need your support. It inspires them on if they know they are playing before their schoolmates and to hear the student body cheer them on. To show that you are a staunch booster for school spirit go down to Mr. Foley's office the first opportunity you have and buy a C. H. L. S. athletic pin for the small sum of ten cents. Tickets for the various athletic games may be obtained here.

It, now, lies with you if you are still to be dubbed the school without any spirit. Do something about it. Speak to your friends. Get them to come to the games. If you know of some boy who looks like promising athletic material get him out for some team. Let us get going. Something must be done. We must get out of the rut. I, the editor, plead to you to do something for Athletics in your school.

Thank You.

SOMERVILLE 13 CAMBRIDGE L. 0

SOMERVILLE High football team opened its Suburban league season by defeating Cambridge Latin 13 to 0 at Russell Field, North Cambridge. The Cantabs were unable to force the ball into Somerville territory all through the clash.

Somerville scored in the first five minutes of play when a laterial pass, Wells to Martin, gained 20 yards. This was followed by another laterial, Escott to Martins, who went over for the touchdown. The other touchdown was also tallied by Martin, who intercepted a forward pass on his own 25-yard line and ran 75 yards for a touchdown. The only point after touchdown was scored on a forward, Martins to Escott.

The players already named above starred for Somerville while Cohen, Seymourian, Swisher, Reardon, and Barry put up a good game for the Cantabrigians.

SOMERVILLE	CAMBRIDGE
Ryan, le	re, Sheehan, Leahy
Reagan, lt	rt, Buckley
Cadilla, lg,	rg, Cohen, Welsh
Jordon, Cross, c,	c, Reardon
Stevenson, Dicicco, rg,	lg, Seymourian
Doolin, Howe, rt,	lt, Ross
Davencourt, Parker, re,	le, Muello
Ditello, qb,	qb, Barry
Wells, Moran, lhb,	rhb, Dugan
Escott, Lynch, rhb,	lhb, MacSweeney
Martins, fb,	fb, Swisher

NEWBURYPORT 19 CAMBRIDGE L. 6

Newburyport high continued to add to its string of victories by beating Cambridge Latin to the tune of a 19-6 score at the south end stadium, Newburyport.

The winning team scored all its points in the first half and Cambridge came back strong in the second half, kept the ball most of the time in Newburyport's territory and scored its only touchdown in the closing minutes of the fourth quarter.

Cohen, who started the game at tackle for the Latin eleven was shifted to the backfield in the second half and he scored the lone touchdown for the Cantabs. This young lad has up to the present game starred for Latin. His powerful thrusts at the line with the aid of a few penalties were instrumental in a 36-yard march down the field for the score.

Captain Blakely, McCurdy, Costello, and Caddo were the outstanding players for Newburyport while Captain Ross, Barry, Dugan, and Reardon played a smart and heady game for the Cantabrigians.

Summary:

NEWBURYPORT	CAMBRIDGE
Whalen, Burke, le,	re, McLaughlin
Lyons, Hudson, lt,	rt, Cohen, Larkin

Blakely, Donahue, lg, ...rg, Buckley, Dixon
McCurdy, Quinlan, c, ... c, Reardon
Gilman, rg, ...lg, Seymourian, Costes
Brown, rt, ... lt, Ross
Rayno, re, ...le, Muello, Mordin
Pollard, qb, ... qb, Barry
Godfrey, lhb, ... rhb, Dugan
Costello, Canopa, rhb, ... lhb, LaRonde
Caddo, fb, ... fb, Leahy, Cohen

BROOKLINE 6 CAMBRIDGE L. 0

Brookline High won its first game of the season when it defeated Cambridge Latin 6-0 at Russell Field, North Cambridge in a very closely contested game. The lone touchdown was made in the closing minutes of the last period, by Hootstein.

The Cantabs started the game without the services of four veterans, who were declared ineligible because of scholastic difficulties. They were Barry, LaRonde, Fieldy and Cohen.

Brookline won the toss and kicked off to Cambridge Latin's five-yard line. O'Keefe ran back along the sidelines to the forty yard line when Captain Hootstein, the only player between him and the goal, tackled O'Keefe after a 35-yard gain. For the remainder of the quarter the ball see-sawed back and forth between the thirty yard stripes.

Opening the fourth period a triple pass from Hootstein to Furguson to John Kelly brought the ball to Latin's six-yard line. A lateral, John Kelly to Woodward, netted four yards, and Hootstein went over for the touchdown.

Hootstein, Woleck, and Woodward played well for Brookline High while, Ross, Seymourian and O'Keefe starred for the Cantabrigians.

Summary:

CAMBRIDGE	BROOKLINE
Sheehan, Galvin, Cohen, re,	c, Nayor
Buckley, rt,	rg, Goldin
Kendall, rg,	lg, Goldman
Brown, c,	rt, Racheotes
Seymourian, lg,	lt, T. Kelly
Ross, lt,	re, Cavanaugh
Muello, le,	le, Waleck
Reardon, MacSweeney, D. Swisher, qb,	lhb, J. Kelly
Leahy, rhb,	gb, Woodward
W. Swisher, lhb,	fb, McCone
O'Keefe, fb,	rhb, Hootstein

The Athletic Association, through the medium of the Review, send their vote of thanks to Gertrude Burns and Phyllis Grace for their wonderful work as cheer leaders at the football games.

LAWRENCE 7 CAMBRIDGE L. 0

Brandom Bresnahan was instrumental in leading his team to a 7-0 win over Cambridge Latin, at the Memorial Stadium, Lawrence. This lad made the lone touchdown, put his team in scoring position, and made the extra point after touchdown.

Latin's forward passing game and Reardon were quite bothersome to the Lawrence team. Reardon featured for Latin while Bresnahan was the outstanding player of the game.

Between the halves an impressive tribute was paid to those who sacrificed their lives in the World War. Several companies of militia, American Legion and Veteran's Post, with the Lawrence High School band paraded the field. It was a striking picture to witness when the vast throng of 10,000 people stood at attention when taps were sounded.

Summary of the game:

LAWRENCE	CAMBRIDGE
Groswald, Casey, le,	re, Galvin, Palmer
Breen, Scappa, lt,	rt, Kendall
Pender, lg,	rg, Buckley, Sheehan, Welsh
Giles, c,	c, Brown, D. Swisher
D'Amico, Irving, rg,	lg, Seymourian, Buckley
Smith, rt,	lt, Ross
Perly, re,	le, Muello
Trickett, Laughlin, Pingleton, Callahan, qb,	qb, Leahy
Paulinca, lhb,	lhb, Lekakis, D. Swisher
Gillis, rhb,	rhb, W. Swisher, MacSweeney
Bresnahan, fb,	fb, Reardon

ROGERS 32 CAMBRIDGE L. 0

Led by Captain Robert "Turkey," Shea, quarterback on the All-Rhode Island schoolboy eleven last year, the Rogers High football team scored a victory of 32-0 over the Cantabs at Freebody Park, Rhode Island. Their deceptive plays were puzzling to the Cantabs. The Cantabs, however, after they had once solved the plays, held their opponents, but it was too late for the opposition had rolled up a good substantial lead.

The work of Captain Shea, Lamont, Amoruso, and Spingler featured the exhibition put up by Rogers High while Seymourian, D. Swisher and Reardon were the mainstays of the Cantabs.

Summary:

ROGERS	CAMBRIDGE
Fitzgerald, le,	re, Galvin
McFee, lt,	rt, Kendall
Heeler, le,	rg, Buckley
Russe, c,	c, Brown
Andrew, rg,	lg, Seymourian
Tietz, rt,	lt, Ross
Mathers, re,	le, Muello
Shea, qb,	qb, Leahy
Spingler, lhb,	rhb, Cohen
Lamond, rhb,	lhb, D. Swisher
Amoruso, fb,	fb, Reardon

(*Continued on Page 26*)

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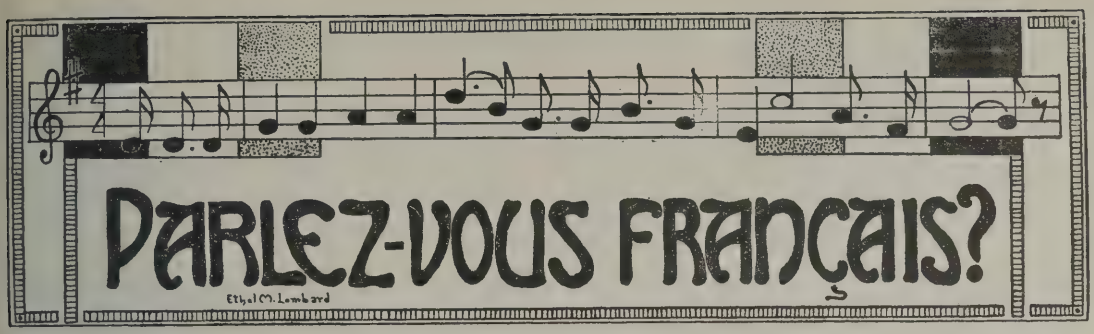

UN PAYS INCONNU

IL y a dans les jungles de l'afrique un pays inconnu. Il est tout petit mais cependant il a une armée et une marine.

Les soldats et les mâtelots et aussi les citoyens de ce pays sont noirs et ils ne sont pas plus avancés que leurs voisins connus.

La capitale est un village de maisons dont les toits sont couverts de chaume et elles sont bâties sur des perches à cause de l'eau; parce que quand l'hiver vient et la pluie commence, la rivière entre dans le village dont il est tout près.

Le roi du pays est extrêmement gros comme tous les autres rois de la jungle qui n'ont rien à faire et qui ont beaucoup à manger. Il demeure dans une maison un peu plus grande que les autres. C'est là qu'il arrange les affaires d'etat. En effet c'est son palais. Il a des serviteurs, on peut les appeler les lieutenants qui commandent l'armée et la marîne sons ses ordres. Tous ses sujets lui obéissent absolument ou ils sont décapités.

Dans les familles c'est le mari qui apporte les aliments et c'est la femme qui les cuit. En général la vie est bien facile pour tous.

Comme armes, l'armée a des lances et des arcs avec des flêches et la marine transporte les soldats sur la rivière dans des pirogues qui sont balancés des deux côtés par des morceaux de bois attachés avec de la ficelle bien forte que l'on trouve dans la jungle.

R. Ford, '31.

UNE BIOGRAPHIE COURTE LE THOMAS ALVA EDISON

IL y a un an, le peuple des États-Unis conféra le haut plus honneur possible — une medaille Congressionale — sur Thomas Alva Edison, bienfaiteur du peuple. Au mois du juin, le gouvernement mit en circulation un timbre-poste pour commémorer l'invention de la lampe incandescente que Edison compléta en mil huit cent soixante-dix-neuf, il y a cinquante ans précisément.

Le onze fevrier, mil huit cent quarante-sept, dans la originale maison rouge brique, qui se trouve encore a Milan, Ohio, naquit Edison. Ses ancêstres paternes furent de la race hollandaise. Et grandpère et arrière-grand-père recurent à l'age de plus de cent ans. La mère d'Edison eut été maîtresse mais Edison suivit l'ecole seulement pendant trois mois. Il suppléa à ce manque, cependant, en étudiant, lisant, et experimentant de lui — même, la plupart du temps. Il preféra faire ceci plutôt que de jouer avec les autres enfants. Á l'age de dix ans, il fut si intéressé dans la chemie qu'il fit un laboratoire dans les canes et dépensa l'argent qu'il put obtenir pour les composes chimiques.

On lui a donné permission à l'age de douze ans de vendre des journaux, des livres, de "popcorn," et d'autres choses, dans le train. Il trouva qu'il eut des heures de loisir et ainsi il fit un labatoire dans un coin du compartiment des fumeurs où il peut expérimenter et non pas perdre son temps. Aussi il imprima un petit journal à soi qu'il édita et vendit. If fit une affaire florissante dans le train et jouit de ses expériments jusqu'à ce qu'un jour ses chemiques mirent feu au wagon. Ceci mit si en colère le conducteur qu'il rejeta du train l'equipemen tentier et lua tira les oreilles si sevèrment que la surdité partielle en résulta.

Grace McGlinchey, '30

(*Continued on Page 26*)

PARLEZ-VOUS FRANCAIS?— (*Continued from Page 25*)

LA DECOUVERTE DE LA LUMIERE ELECTRIQUE

EN l'an 1887, Edison entreprit le problème que tous les experts scientifiques, après vingtcinq ans de'étude, avaient prononcé impossible d'accomplissement. Un filament carbone sembla être impracticable; ainsi il tourna aux métaux. Il essaya le platine, mais il découvrit qu'ly ne fut pas practicable. Bien que beaucoup de savants fussent sceptiques, Edison continua à travailler. Puis il dévellopa l'idée de mettre un filament dans un vide et de retourner à carbone. Après avoir preparé l'appareil, il donna l'éléctricite. Il dit, "Nous regardâmes, et la lumière continua à brûler. Plus il brûlait, plus nous étions enchantés. Personne de nous ne put se coucher, et il n'y avait pas de sommeil pour quarante heures. Mr. Edison employa plus de $100,000 pour découvrir le meilleur filament pour sa lumière. La fibre de bambou de Japan prouva le meilleur filament. Ce fut dans cette manière que Mr. Thomas A. Edison découvrit la lumière électrique.

R. CREEL, '30

UN PAYS DES ETOILES

UN pays des étoiles C'est un pays tout différent du monde au soleil. Le Jour avec sa clameur percante, sa coufusion folle s'en est allé, et la nuit tranquille est venue. Elle berce doucement le monde inquiet de son divertissement bruyant; bientôt L'univers dort; on peut entendre sa respiration unie et calme.

En haut, le Bon Seigneur Dieu allume les chandelles à Ses fenetres pour que nous puissions dormir sans crainte des ténèbres. L'homme content mais fatigué de sa journée trouve dans les étoiles des amis bienveillants. Il y a entre les étoiles et les hommes heureux une entente cordiale, une camaraderie joyeuse qui surpasse souvent les affections entre les hommes et leurs semblables. Et les hommes navres de la vie, qui ne peuvent pas dormir, trouvent les étoiles plus sympathiques que les humains. A ces malheureux les petites bougies blanches donnent une bénédiction spéciale du repos et de la paix.

Sous les étoiles, la campagne, et la ville de même restent immobiles, sans bruit. En ville, les rues sont désertes; les maisons se foulent dans des petits groupes, qui murmurent en silence. A la campagne, les champs gris et les collines dorment enveloppés de la clarté des étoiles. Excepté le chant du criquet, il n'y a pas de sou.

Bientôt le Dieu éteindra ses chandelles. Mais maintenant, pendant que le monde entier dort silencieusement, la nuit est un pays des étoiles.

C. WAKEFIELD, 77

ATHLETICS — (*Continued from Page 23*)

EVERETT 13 CAMBRIDGE L. 0

Everett High ended its 1929 football season in a blaze of glory Thanksgiving morning by defeating a fast Cambridge Latin eleven, which played its best game of the season, 13 to 0. The game was played on a muddy and slippery field at the new Everett Stadium. In the second period Coviello received a forward from his team mate Fournier and went over for the first touchdown of the game. Taylor went over for the second touchdown in the third period. Point after touchdown was made by Taylor. Forward passing featured the victory of the Everett eleven. The best gain throughout the game was a spectacular 35 yard run by Leahy through the Everett line.

Taylor, Coviello and DeIsola featured for Everett while Capt. Ross, Seymourian and Brown put up a sterling game for the Cantabs.

The summary:

CAMBRIDGE		EVERETT
Muello, le,		re, Vacco
Ross, rt,		rt, Green
Seymourian, lg,		rg, Butler
Brown, c,		c, Doherty
Buckley, rg,		lg, McEachern
Kendall rg,		lt, Goldstein
Galvin, re,		le, Coviello
Leahy, qb,		qb, McLean
W. Swisher, lhb,		rhb, Taylor
D. Swisher, rhb,		lhb, Fournier
Reardon, fb,		fb, Goglindi

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THE REVIEW

FEBRUARY NUMBER

1930

THE CAMBRIDGE REVIEW

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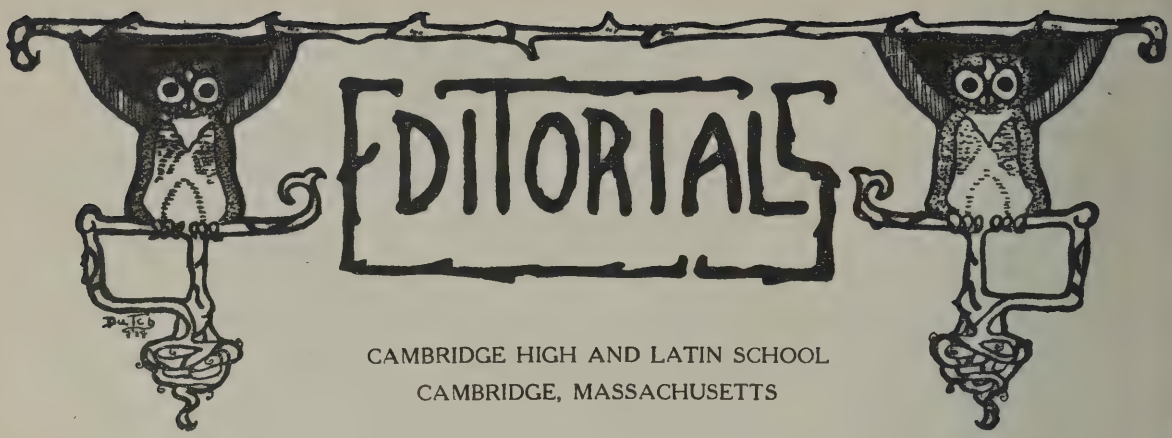

CAMBRIDGE HIGH AND LATIN SCHOOL
CAMBRIDGE, MASSACHUSETTS

IT is surprising how little the average High School pupil knows about nature. Last year in an English class a certain common flower was mentioned in Tennyson's "Idylls," and, believe it or not, only one member of the whole class knew what it looked like. Of course, arguments may be brought forward, maintaining that nowadays children have very little opportunity to knowing about common birds and flowers at first hand.

The days when every boy knew a bird by its song and recognized a flower at a glance are past. Our grandfathers and fathers, when they were young, understood, appreciated, and loved nature better than we do in this day. And perhaps this may have been a reason for their assuring us that they were much more happy and contented in their days than we are now.

Since we are unable to discover these things at first hand, we should take recourse at second hand, if we may use this phrase. Numerous books on flowers and birds, written by eminent authorities and pictured in natural colors, are to be found in the public libraries. Thus one can not only read of the structure of a flower or the habits of a bird, but also see it in all its natural beauty and splendor. Zoos and Museums of Natural History are another source from which we may gather useful and interesting knowledge of the beauties of nature. Here we may come much closer to some birds (although they are stuffed or caged) than we shall ever do in real life. Near by we have the Arnold Arboretum where flowers of many species and many lands can be observed.

How shall we be able to appreciate literature when we do not know what the writer refers to by this simile or that metaphor? English literature is brilliantly studded with gems borrowed from nature. Naturally, a careless reader loses all the beauty and force of a line of poetry because, since he is ignorant of the appearance of a flower or a bird, he can not form in his mind the beautiful picture that the poet visualizes.

If we display greater interest in nature and use more diligence in our knowledge of her, we may learn to appreciate her full loveliness, and to enjoy many hours which otherwise would be dull and meaningless.

G. M.

CONTEST ANNOUNCEMENT

WE wish to announce that Margot Clark's poem "Experience," and Evelyn Cumming's short story, "It's an Ill Wind," have been awarded the prizes offered in the Prose and Poetry Contest. We compliment these girls on the fine workmanship and the imagination displayed in both the poem and the story. We are sorry that we had only two prizes to give, and we hope you will try again.

What would you call a man who was throwing money in the ocean. Madman? Idiot? You are that man. You spent seventy-five cents for a subscription to the Review; now you are doing nothing to get the value of your money. You not only pay for and read the Review; you write it. We are not going to recite statistics. "There are so many students in this school; there should be so many stories, so many poems, so many essays written by those pupils." No, the fact remains that there *are* so many pupils, and there *is* discouragingly little literary production.

Nobody has thoughts quite like yours; nobody can write a story quite like yours. Please *do* write it in good, simple English; put it in the Review Box just outside the Review office. We shall welcome it with tears of gratitude and a torchlight procession.

C. T. W.
E. J. R.

THE REVIEWER

WE have received a piece of news which is of great interest to the pupils of our school. It is planned to change the Music Room in the Library into a Study Room for High School pupils only. Reference books which may be of any possible aid to High School pupils and teachers are to be placed there. This, indeed, would be a great benefit to our pupils, and, we feel certain, they will not neglect to profit by this new asset and convenience.

Sometime ago, in a meeting of the senior home room committees, it was decreed to hold the senior assemblies under the direction of each senior room successively. On Thursday, December 5, Room 40 gave the project a good start presenting a novelty which intended to increase the interest in the "Review" by explaining the various departments in it. The several pupils performed their parts creditably; especially comical were Ned McKenney and John Donovan taking the parts of Class Notes and Athletics respectively.

On December 19 and 20, the annual Christmas Pageant was presented by the Art Department, under the able direction of Miss Willoughby to whom a great deal of credit is due for the success of the occasion. The scene, depicting the artist's humble studio, was very realistic. We could even see the cracks in the walls! The church in the distance was very beautifully erected. Also considerable credit should be given to Miss Brann for the artistic and unique costumes worn by the various characters.

The action in the pageant, although somewhat long, was interesting. The various actors performed their parts fairly. Edward Dillon as the artist was rather mild; on the other hand, little Mary Falvey gave a lively and comical characterization of the page.

The Art Department deserves much praise and appreciation for, whenever called upon to perform anything lying within its scope, it always produces most gratifying results.

On Wednesday, December 18, 1929, a meeting of the home-room committees was held in Mr. Bramhall's office during the twenty minute period to elect the staff of the Year Book. George F. McInnes was elected Editor-in-chief, Ned McKenney Business Manager, and Vera Johnson Chairman of the Picture Committee. Purdy was voted as the class photographer. These officers will be starting the Year Book soon, and will want the support not only of the Senior Class but also of the other classes.

We wish to express our sincerest congratulations to the elected officers, who, we all know, are in every way capable of undertaking so important a task.

A series of interesting lectures on scientific subjects is given to pupils of the High Schools of Boston and vicinity by the Society of Arts at the Technology. That young people are interested in these lectures is demonstrated by the fact that the lecture room has always been filled to its capacity limit. The lecturers explain their subjects in simple language, so that it is not difficult for the average High School pupil to understand the talks. Although Cambridge pupils have been present in small numbers, nevertheless more and more of them are seen to be present at each lecture. We feel sure that the pupils thoroughly enjoy these lectures and greatly appreciate this form of instruction.

On Thursday, January 9, 1930, the Senior assembly was in charge of Room 76, which presented a debate on the subject "Should College Entrance Examinations Be Abolished?" Joseph Moran took the affirmative side, while Donald Ball chose the negative. Moran (with whom every pupil present sympathized, as was shown by the applause) spoke in a spirited and eager manner; Ball defended his opinion in a quiet and sure voice. Of course, no decision was reached at that moment, but we know what side the audience supported.

On Thursday, January 16, in the Senior Assembly, Mr. Burke, Head of the Art Department, gave a brief talk on household furniture and on feminine styles. The talk was accompanied by the presentation of still pictures on the subjects. Naturally, the occasion was not one of much interest to the boys; the girls, however, must have profited not a little by it. Now we expect them to know how and where to place a Morris chair, and whether to wear a dress with horizontal or vertical lines. Now, if someone would give them a few hints in cooking!

On Friday, December 21, Miss McCaffrey's fifth Period Fourth year English Class presented a play entitled "HER CHRISTMAS HAT."

The cast was well chosen. The work of all in general was fine. However, Miss Odette Thibadeau, Miss Esther Freedman, Miss Christine Kelly, Miss Grace Terzian and Miss Vera Johnson gave an extra fine presentation. The dramatic ability of each was clearly shown. The success of the play is due to the expert direction of Miss Annie Fine, and to the management of Miss Elsie Crabtree. G. M.

IT'S AN ILL WIND—

I'LL put Alice in the second couple at the fourth table with Martha Ward for a partner. Martha's as slow as all-get-out and Alice as smart as a whip so they'll top off well together and give each other a middle start."

Aunt Julia's authoritive voice rolled on, arranging the seating plan for tomorrow's bridge. while Aunt Grace chimed in occasionally with a mild suggestion or dissension.

"Of course Mortimer will serve the head table first, Julia. We had better remind him, so he'll be sure where to start."

"Yes, though like as not he'll forget and start at the wrong end. Mortimer, are you paying attention?"

Aunt Julia could see only the broad back of the armchair which was facing the fireplace.

Thirteen year old Mortimer, a brown eyed pug-nosed, tousle-headed youngster, dragged himself away from the enticing adventures of "Twenty Thousand Leagues Under the Sea," and stared into the fire with a grim look on his face.

"Mortimer, answer me!"

A forced "Yes'm" came from the depths of the armchair.

"Well, that's settled, and for goodness' sake Mortimer, be careful while you're carrying the tray. Oh, if we could only hire a serving girl for the afternoon! I just know something dreadful will happen."

Aunt Julia's consternation was warranted. During his short stay Mortimer Smith had managed to completely upset his Aunt's orderly household. His boyish clumsiness disgraced them; his extensive use of nicknames shocked them; most of all the utter uselessness of his speech and limbs in the presence of the fair sex drove them to distraction. By using his imagination and a bit of ingenuity, Mortimer often escaped mingling with his aunts' guests, usually a congregation of elderly ladies. But, owing to the need for economy in the financial affairs of the household, he seemed doomed to act as waiter at the forthcoming bridge party. This meant detestably sweet smiles from the old ladies, sharp rebukes from Aunt Julia at the slightest accident, and, worst of all, the maddening derision of Bully Fisher, his rival for leadership in the gang. Obviously something had to be done.

Mortimer shut his book with a snap. "I've got to be sick," he decided. After deliberating for a few moments, "Suppose I could fall off the piazza and get a few black and blue spots," he muttered to the fire. On second thought "No' Aunt Julia would holler at me for hangin' on the rail and wouldn't give me any ice cream after the party."

Mortimer evidently felt that the only redeeming feature about a party is the leftover refreshments.

"Mumps come pretty sudden" he thought, "Besides, I ain't had 'em yet. But I guess they couldn't do, because I most likely couldn't keep the lumps in place."

This thought brought forth a wide, ruddy grin.

"Julia," Aunt Grace was speaking, "I'm so glad Mortimer hasn't been near the Porters lately, Little Bert is having a bad case of measles, and it would never do for Mortimer to take them on his vacation."

"Better on his vacation than during school time. Mortimer, if that book is so exciting that you can't sit still, then leave it!" snapped Aunt Julia. Mortimer had jumped at the words of his Aunt Grace. Just that morning he had visited Bert Porter to see how the measles were progressing and to ask a few questions. If he, Mortimer, should get the measles, his aunts would soon find out about the source of infection.

"Gee, I could paint them on with my new set of water colors right after dinner. I'll look awful sick and then they can't make me serve that bunch of gossips. They'll be so busy they won't get a doctor an' then I'll wash off the measles as soon as I want, the next day mebbe, so I won't have to stay in bed long. I'll get some ice cream, too, 'cause Bert says they give him all the sweet things he wants, Gee!"

Matters ran along fairly smoothly for Mortimer the next day. He helped his aunts during the morning and after lunch went immediately to his room. He mixed the paints, acquired a suitable fire-red shade, and painstakingly daubed small circles on his face and neck. This took him half an hour, but he inwardly congratulated himself for making the dots so realistic, just like Bert's. It took just a few minutes for his face to dry and after cleaning up all traces of his work, Mortimer lay on his bed. Soon he heard from downstairs:

"Mortimer! Have you started to get ready?"

There was no answer from the stricken boy.

"Mortimer, answer me!" Aunt Julia fairly yelled.

Mortimer, his heart beating wildly, assumed a pose of listlessness. He heard Aunt Julia's heavy tread on the stairs and felt her presence in his room.

"Mortimer Smith! Whatever under the sun is the matter with you!" She cried in a horrified voice as she approached him. Aunt Grace, who had stepped in to the hall to see what was happening, grasped Aunt Julia's arm.

"Don't touch him!" she cried, "He's got the measles! Look at them all over his face!"

"The measles," moaned Aunt Julia. "I just knew something dreadful would happen. Mortimer Smith, were you over to Bert Porters?"

Mortimer nodded weakly.

"Grace, we'll have to get someone right away to take his place for this afternoon. You see what you can do among the neighbors and I'll get some medicine for Mortimer. That boy beats the Dutch for unexpectedness."

Mortimer had not counted on the medicine, but considered himself lucky the way affairs ran so far. A few moments later Aunt Julia administered a dose of detestable liquid, and ordered Mortimer to sleep off the effects of the fever she was certain had taken its grip on him.

Indeed, Mortimer had succeeded so admirably in attaining a sickly expression that Aunt Julia added him to her long list of worries. The Aunts had not yet found a substitute to serve that afternoon, and Aunt Julia wore such an anxious look that Mortimer entertained several qualms of conscience for the trick he was playing.

He dozed lightly during the remainder of the afternoon. He had thought it would be boring to be there for so long, but dreams of the ice cream floated before his eyes and kept him patient. Curiously enough, his face felt hot and drawn. Mortimer attributed this to the heat of the bed clothes and affects of the water paints. About half past four he heard Aunt Julia's heavy footstep on the stairway, mingled with the sound of other steps. Expectantly he awaited her entrance and the sight of a tray loaded with good things to eat. But Aunt Julia carried no tray, neither did Aunt Grace. Then, horror of horrors, in came Dr. Stevens, the village attendant. Mortimer shuddered, thinking of the wrath of his aunts when his trick was exposed.

"They came out just after lunch, Dr. Stevens," explained Aunt Julia. "I gave him a small dose of medicine and he's been in bed all afternoon."

Dr. Stevens advanced to the boy's bedside and thrust a thermometer into Mortimer's mouth. He took it out in a moment and read it.

"Hundred and one," he said briefly. He examined Mortimer's face.

"Measles, all right. Just a slight attack, though. What is this hard film covering his face and neck? Get me a basin of hot water, please."

Mortimer almost collapsed.

"But Doctor," he protested.

"Lie still, now," soothed the doctor.

"But — but lemme see myself."

Mortimer grasped the hand mirror and raised it to his face. To his surprise, he could hardly see, his eyes were so swollen. His face was covered with a multitude of ugly, beet-red pimples, measles. The mixture he had used on his face just a short while ago had been of such a color that the artificial measles were scarcely detectable. With a groan, Mortimer dropped the mirror upon the bed and surrendered himself to the administrations of Dr. Stevens.

Aunt Grace brought Mortimer his dinner on a tray, but there was no ice cream. They evidently had forgotten that. He was told that he would have to stay in bed at least four days, and associate with none outside for some time after that. Mortimer was completely dejected. His vacation seemed utterly spoiled. However, a spark of interest seemed to remain, as he inquired of Aunt Grace as to the success of the bridge party.

"It was perfectly lovely, Mortimer. Everyone seemed so pleased and satisfied."

"Yuh, Aunt Grace, but who served the refreshments?"

"Oh," she replied, "Just after you took sick, I ran across the street to Mrs. Fisher's, told her about you, and asked her to help us out."

"You don't mean to tell me she sent Bully Fisher over —" Mortimer replaced the spoonful of Aunt Grace's delicious pudding.

"Yes, she did, and he was just lovely. He went out of the house when he heard me speaking with his mother, but she hunted him up and brought him over. He was so careful and didn't drop a thing, though he seemed rather frightened at first.

Those were sweet words in Mortimer's ears. He tried to imagine Bully's discomfort and embarrassment at the gathering, and chuckled gleefully. After all, even if he did get the measles and lose the ice cream what a story he'd have for the gang!

"What'd Aunt Julia think?" asked Mortimer.

"When Mrs. Fisher's boy did so well she seemed almost glad you weren't able to serve and perhaps upset something. When I spoke to her later about it she said to me, "Grace, I've always believed it's an ill wind that blows nobody good and this proves it." I rather think she's right, Mortimer.

"She sure is," assented Mortimer, as he grinned at his own interpretation of the saving.

EVELYN CUMMINGS, '31

EXPERIENCE

You cannot think how quickly this will go,
Like steps in snow;
How gently it will pass,
Like wilting grass
Or sunset copper on the river bank.

Like other beauty we have loved,
Or thought we loved,
A moment,
This too will slip away,
Some near day.
When we think we have it close,
It will pass,
And we shall note its loss,
For a time.
When the sun is fierce
And the winds blow yet,
We shall suddenly remember,
And laugh,
And forget.

Yes, although this burns
Like a white flame now,
It must fade
It will drop into the grass,
And we shall not think it worth
The little stoop,
The slight strain,
To pick it up again.

MARGOT CLARK, '30.

ON MAKING A WILL

YOU MAY think that it is a comparatively simple procedure for a child of sixteen to make a will. In fact, you probably think that it is an absurd notion for a child to make a will at all, since there cannot be anything of importance for so young a person to leave behind. Nevertheless, the question of what is to become of my belongings after my departure is so important to me that you must suffer with a tolerant smile my foolishness in speaking of it. When I speak of "belongings" I do not mean dollar bills, of which I have none, nor even the one cent in my coat-pocket. The "belongings" which I have on my mind are the various little objects around me, which have kept me company for so many years. How am I to find a suitable foster-father or foster-mother for each one of my books? I do not wish to provide them merely with some hospitable book-case, where they will be stowed away under a heap of dust. I insist that each one shall get its share of attention and usage, as has been the case under my care. Nor will it satisfy me to have some destructive infant make use of any of my books by tearing out the pages or smearing chocolate over the pictures. Perhaps, you can now at least begin to understand my perplexity.

There are, however, a number of smaller objects which cause me almost more worry than books. For instance, consider my little grey, woolen kitten, who sits on my desk all day. He has glass eyes, and measures only two inches from his nose to the tip of his tail. Yet he has a large heart. I am sure that if he knew that I have, at this moment, any idea of ever leaving him, he would immediately precipitate himself from the height of my desk. To whose care can I possibly bequeath this tender and loving creature? Who, among my friends, will remember that my kitten's legs must be handled with great care, or that his ears must be glued on fresh every week?

The objects which, however, are most likely to be most neglected are the insignificant ones, like pencils and erasers. My favorite pencil has at its end, an eraser which produces a most delightful explosion when pulled off the pencil suddenly. It is one of my favorite pastimes to create a series of such noises while I am reading or writing. Yet I can hardly expect less musical people to appreciate and make use of this quality in my pencil and eraser. My beloved pencil will, I am convinced, refuse to write in any other person's service for lack of the accustomed stimulus, and will be cast into the waste-basket.

The most serious of my cases I have kept for the end of my confession, for I hesitate to incur your disapproval. I must beseech you not to be horrified upon learning that my most tender thoughts are directed toward my tobacco-pipe. It is not an ordinary pipe, for, besides coming from a distant land, its cracks have been patched up with court-plaster. Now nothing in the world can reassure me that there is one other person in the world who understands the erratic nature of my pipe. Everyone is under the absurd illusion that a pipe is always meant to be smoked. They cannot comprehend why I should enjoy using a whole box of matches in vainly trying to light my pipe. Nor can they appreciate the fact that the energetic puffing needed to keep it lighted for one moment is very healthy exercise for the lungs. Therefore, it is inevitable that my pipe will receive nothing but curses from any guardian to whom I may leave it.

I have now confided to you the difficulties of my situation, and I trust that you, as a person experienced in making wills, will be able to advise me. However, unless you can suggest some plan which will set at rest all my fears, I am not going to leave any will at all. I shall merely express the wish to have all my belongings buried with me, like the royalty of old Egyptian times.

LETTY FIELD, '30

A VISIT TO THE THEATRE COLLECTION AT THE WIDENER LIBRARY

IT is an intermeminable process of climbing stairs and a complicated system of east and west turns to reach Widener's Theatre Collection. But seeing the collection is surely worth the trouble it takes to get there. The most colorful of the potraits are two crayon sketches by Howard Chandler Christy, one Mrs. John Drew in grey brocaded cloak and powdered wig, the other Ellen Terry stately in salmon pink silk. Both drawings reveal careful attention to detail and an indescribable delicacy of shading. Nearby it a water color of Jefferson as Rip Van Winkle with beetling brows, flowing snow white beard, and deep set, staring eyes. Next is a crayon of Booth as Richard the Third, corpulent as to body but with the approved dastardly scowl. Here is an oil painting of Lola Montez, an olive beauty, with flowered skirt, scarlet jacket, and grey kid gloves, heavens knows why, but she wears no hat. Horror of horrors; Is that a glowing cigarette she balances so nonchalantly between two fingers? It is. But let us be charitable. She may be holding it for the painter as he wields his brush. In a large print nearby are the heads of twenty-eight famous actors of the past, Drew, Wallack, Cooper, Booth, Davenport, etc., with facsimiles of their signatures underneath. Next is an oil painting of the great Ristori with deep set tragic eyes, black hair in wild disorder, one hand pressed to her bosom in artful simplicity of pose. On the opposite wall is a sketch of "Jim Crow" Rice, the famous impersonator, and beside it a few verses inscribed in his swirling penmanship. Here is a water color of the old London opera house, comparing strangely with our modern opera houses. Beside the benches in the pit, five tiers of seats rise up on either side of the theatre. Although the stage extends half way up the length of the theatre, there must have been considerable craning of necks by the spectators. The scenery seems to represent a turreted castle enlivened by leafy trees; in the foreground, a chorus of dancers is cavortingly rather stiffly. Nearby the cold beauty of Jane Shireff in all its brilliant hardness has been captured by the brush of the painter. In contrast with her, Ellen Tree, with her snaky black ringlets carefully arranged over her shoulders and her simpering smile, seems washed out.

One wall is devoted to theatre bills, yellowed with age, proclaiming in glaring block letters the names of plays familiar to us, "The Rivals," "Our American Cousin," and many of Shakespeare's plays. There is a bill of Barnum's Museum advertising Sampson, the largest bear in captivity, next a bill of the Columbia Museum presenting "elegant wax figures."

The collection is so large and so interesting that I could wander for many more pages describing them, but I must put an end to my meandering and advise you, if my impressions have excited any curiosity on your part to go to Widener to see the Theatre Collection.

GRACE MCGLINCHEY.

THE RIME OF THE QUESTING MOLECULE

A new born molecule of hydrogen is doomed to wonder greatly at many a strange and miraculous thing but especially at the indivisible atom.

IT is a doubting molecule
Of Hydrogen, set free
By pouring on a piece of zinc
Some H_2 SO_3

He wandereth and wondereth
At many things, I ween:
Why acid turneth indicators
Red, but never green;

Why certain compounds decompose
And other compounds grow,
And why two gases, O and H,
Combine to H_2O;

Why H_2O doth change to steam
Yet is not changed a bit;
But mostly why no atom can
Be broken up or split.

He pondereth and puzzleth
From dusk to early dawn
Upon that minute soulless speck—*
The whirling electron.

He determineth to travel, asking the reason by which he mayst unravel the mystery of the atom.

So then this puzzled molecule,
He setteth out to seek
Why no one e'er did split an atom
Though it seemeth weak.

He meeteth with titration and addresseth himself to an acid.

He setteth out this molecule
And stoppeth at a place
Where one burette drips HCl,
Another drippeth base.

"Oh tell me, why are atoms whole,
Good HCl?" he said,
But "Quiet," sourly answered he,
"I'm turning litmus red."

He meeteth with a molecule of CO.

Then quickly turns the hydrogen
And hasteneth at the sight,
Most welcome of a molecule
Of CO burning bright.

Then, "Brother, brother" loud cries he,
"Can atoms *never* split?"
But "Haste away," CO doth say,
"Or thou too wilt be lit."

He spieth students of Boyle's law.

He fleeth, wondering still, afar,
And spieth in great toil,
A group of students, laboring
To grasp the law of Boyle.

He undureth the reproof of an impertinent base.

He passeth on, discouraged by a
Biting base (HO)
Who bade him keep his tongue because
His valence was so low.

He meeteth with a chemist who separateth molecules but he escapeth unharmed.

At length by accident he falls
Beneath a chemist's tool
Who crieth loud that he has split
A hydro-molecule.

On hearing this, the molecule,
Afraid too of *his* fate,
Escapeth through a thistle tube
Into a graduate.

He resolveth that questing is futile.

And when he getteth well away,
"Not matt'reth it a whit,"
He cries, "if n'er an atom wee
Has ever yet been split;—

"It is enough, indeed enough —
(I'll hold fast to this rule.)
That chemists, with high temperatures
Can break a molecule."

He realizeth with pain the need for contentment with his own molecule lot in life.

No more, no more, the molecule
Of Hydrogen doth roam,
He liveth best who loveth best
To stay within his home.

He went like one that hath been stunn'd,
And is of sense forlorn;
A sadder, wiser molecule
He rose the morrow morn.
(With apologies to Samuel Taylor Coleridge)

MARGOT CLARK, '30.

A LONDON FOG

WE were on the train from Boston to New York — my friend John Curtiss and I. I had not seen John since we had been in college together, so we had much to talk about. John had the faculty of finding adventure almost anywhere, and his recent trip around the world had given him a lot of things to tell me.

"But of all my strange experiences, I think that the one in London was the most mysterious," continued. Of course, this excited my curiosity and I begged Curtiss to tell the story.

"Then be prepared to listen for a while, because my story is rather long. When I arrived in London, I knew no one except a few business acquaintances. I remembered that Bob Clarke — you remember him — had given me the address of a friend of his in London, and had asked me to look him up if I went there. So I wrote to his friend Jim Fielding, giving him my club address and asking him to come to dinner some evening. I thought little more of the matter since I was busy sight-seeing.

"About two days later, when I returned to the club for dinner, there was a telephone message for me from a Mrs. Roger Pelham. She had left her number, requesting me to call her back immediately, but under no circumstances was I to give my name over the phone. I was sure that the message must have been for someone else since I knew no one with that name. The porter was sure that it was for me, so I thought that the best way to remedy the mistake was to call the number.

The maid who answered the phone was very insistent that I give my name, but after I had refused repeatedly she turned the phone over to Mrs. Pelham.

A woman's voice asked if it was Mr. Curtiss, and then, "I want you to come here immediately. I must see you at once." 'I told her who I was, and asked if I was the person she wanted, since I did not remember her. But she said, 'If you are John Curtiss who is staying at the M— Club, you are the one I need.'

"I told her that I would come as soon as I had changed my clothes and dined. But no, that would not do. I must come right away. She was so insistent that I acquiesced and she gave me directions to her house. The address was the one to which I had sent the letter to Jim Fielding. I thought that she might have a message for me from him, but I did not see how it could be so urgent. 'Anyway,' I thought, 'there can be no harm in going.'

"Well, I swear that I drove over every little crooked street in London that night in that taxi-cab. It was raining, as usual, and we splashed, skidded, and lost our way around London for more than an hour. Finally we reached our destination. It was a large, palatial estate on the outskirts of the city. A man, obviously a Hindu, dressed in his native costume came to the door. He seemed to expect me, for, without a word, he motioned me to go up the stairs. I had no time to hesitate, because he led the way, and conducted me into a small chamber, evidently a lady's sitting-room. A young woman, not over twenty-five, was sitting in front of the fire. She rose as I entered, and I was startled by her striking beauty.

"You are Mr. Carter?" she inquired.

" 'Yes.'

" 'Well, who are you, and what message have you for me?'

"I was rather taken back at this, but answered, 'Since you asked me to come here, I thought you must know who I am. I have no message for you, but from your telephone conversation, I understood that you had something to say to me.'

" 'But—but I thought that you had seen him, and had news of him to give me.'

" 'Seen whom?'

" 'Oh, never mind. Won't you sit down and have a cigarette?' So we sat in front of the fire and talked. She seemed very disappointed about something but very anxious that I remain. When I mentioned Jim Fielding, she said that he was a very good friend of hers. He had been called away from London suddenly, she said, and she received all his mail. This explained how she had my name and address, but why she had wanted me there, I could not guess. When I remarked that I had just been traveling in the East, she suddenly became very attentive and asked, 'Were you in India?'

" 'Yes.'

" 'In Bombay?'

"Yes.'

"At this she burst out crying on my shoulder, not figuratively but literally. It was rather an embarassing situation; however, she soon recovered herself. When she had calmed down, she seemed to feel that she owed me some explanation, so she told me what had happened to her in the last few years. I could not possibly retell her story to you as she told it to me, for her version had all the dramatic pauses and details that only a romantic woman can add to such a story.

"She was English and grew up in England. About a year and a half before, she had been in

Monte Carlo and there met a young man with whom she fell in love. There was a romantic courtship and two days after she met him, they were married. For their honeymoon, they went to Bombay where the young man's father was president of one of the major railroads. They had only been in India for a few days when the bridegroom disappeared. There was nothing for the girl to do but to come back to England. She had never heard again from her husband until about a week before that night, when she had received a letter from his father, saying that the boy was very ill. Mrs. Pelham wanted to rush to India but when she cabled her father-in-law about her intention, he cabled back that under no conditions was she to come. I added that there was a man in London now who had news for her. Somehow she had imagined that I was the man her father-in-law wrote about, although I do not see where the connection lay.

"It was past midnight when she finished. Sometimes she was so overcome with emotion that she could not speak at other times she would go off on tangents, describing her husband or giving all the little details of their trip from Monte Carlo to Bombay.

"Before I left, she asked me to come to tea the next afternoon. As it happened, I could not come. Then she asked me for the next day, and so on, until I just had to say that I would come for dinner on the Wednesday of the next week. I had no particular desire to continue my new acquaintance, but she did not seem to consider that.

"The next night when I came in, the porter told me that there was another telephone call from Mrs. Pelham, asking me to call back. I tried but there was no answer. The next night there was another message, and the following day she had called twice. Each time I tried to get her, but either she was out, or there was no answer.

This went on for the next week, and although I tried I could never get hold of her. When Wednesday came, I thought it would be better to call her from the club before starting. Although I was supposed to be there at eight o'clock, the maid who answered my telephone call said that Mrs. Pelham had not come in yet; would I come at nine? I waited until a few minutes before nine, and called again. This time I was told that Mrs. Pelham was driving in from the country, and would be there at any moment. I was getting hungrier and hungrier and hungrier but I waited until half past nine when I again tried to get her. No, Mrs. Pelham was not in yet. She should have been there long ago and if I came at ten, she would surely be home.

"That was the last straw. Disgusted, I went into the dining room and ate my belated dinner alone. This practically ends that episode. I received messages for the next few days but paid no attention to them.

"About two days later a young man came to see me who introduced himself as Jim Fielding. He is a most interesting fellow, and I was glad to see him. During the evening, I told him my experiences at his address, and asked him about Mrs. Pelham. But he denied all knowledge of her. He said that he had not been away from London for months and that he had changed his lodgings about three months ago. 'I have no idea who lives there now,' he declared, 'and I never even heard of a Mrs. Pelham or anyone with a story like hers.'

"So that is all I know of the matter. Whether Mrs. Pelham. But he denied all knowledge of thought I had news for her, or whatever she was just playing a joke on me, I never knew."

By this time the train was pulling into the station. As we were putting on our coats, John finished.

"You certainly have a vivid, imagination John," I said.

"Yes, I have," he answered, "But, as it happens this was one time when I did not have to use it. Perhaps the strangest part of the story is that it really happened.

ELIZABETH ROORBACH, '31

HALLIGAN

HARRY WILLIAMS, chief detective of the Revenue Department, slowly clenched his fist as he put the receiver back on the hook. His eyes narrowed and his teeth ground together on his ten cent cigar. He reached out and rang a bell. An office boy appeared, silent for once, noting his boss' anger.

'Listen Red, that prize sap, Halligan, can't even find out who's delevirin' the stuff out at Winordew. I guess I gotta go out there myself, and if anyone asks for me in the next week, tell 'em I've gone to China on an important mission.'

'Yes sir,' chirped Red, 'an important mission. They'll be kinda surprised when they—'

The door had slammed, and the chief had gone.

About five hours later Chief Williams, with his mustache shaved off and wearing a milkman's uniform, walked out of the office of McCows Milk Company of Winordew. He had decided that the best way to cover ground was to become a milkman. He had taken the manager of the company into his confidence and, unknown to the men, was working on his own case while delivering with another man on a McCow milk wagon.

Williams, had after several trials, picked Leroy Dunn as his wagon mate because Dunn did most of the delivering, giving the chief a chance to do the detective work. At 4 A. M. the alarm clock went off, and Mr. Williams was awakened for his first day's work as a milkman.

As it was reported that the bootleggers delivered early in the morning, the chief was on the lookout when they made their first trip. Nothing happened until after the third street, when the detective, chancing to look around, saw a man peering at them from a doorway nearby. But they moved on and did not see the man again until their return trip. They drew near him, and the chief noticed that he was a big man who had large, dark whiskers, wore a derby, and carried a black travelling bag.

'Who is that?' asked Williams.

Dunn answered, not paying much attention to the man, 'I don't know, but that shrubbery he's got all over his chin looks false.'

The next morning Williams saw the man again and managed to get a good look at him. As the wagon drew on, Williams remarked, " 's funny, I think I've seen that face before, but I can't exactly place it."

Thereupon the chief ran over in his mind all the bootleggers he had ever done business with — don't mistake this — by business, I mean arresting and so forth — but he was not able to place his man. On the way back the chief saw the stranger get off the wagon and walked by him accidently, that is, seemingly accidentally. He bumped against the black bag, but to his great disappointment he did not hear the clinks of bottles; in fact, the bag was empty.

Two days later Dunn, feeling tired, had been "taking it easy" doing the driving while the chief was doing the delivering. After fifty deliveries, the chief began to think that people drank too much milk and after seventy-five deliveries, just as he was becoming tired and rather peeved, he came back to the wagon to find Dunn with handcuffs on his wrists, lying senseless on the ground, and Halligan, the chief's right hand man, perched on his chest.

"What the devil! Where'd you come from? What are you doing to him? He's all right."

Halligan, a hefty son of Erin, with a grin that could have been buttoned at the ears, said, "Well sorr, it's loike this. This fella is the bootlegger we've been looking for."

"Don't be any more of a fool than you can help, Halligan. Where's your evidence? You have no proof. We'll be the laughing stock of the town for this."

Halligan said nothing, but reaching for a milk bottle, took one and tossed it on the ground. There was a shower and a crash of glass and — no, not milk. It was rum! The chief, stupefied, sat down, or rather, let himself fall down on the curbing and sat there for a few seconds gazing at the broken bits of glass with the rum still running in little rivers toward the gutter.

Then, the chief, still in a daze, said, "Well, Halligan, go ahead and explain. Where were you? I didn't see you at all."

For an answer, Halligan held up a wig and a false beard and pointed to the black bag in the back of the wagon.

The chief exploded. To be outwitted by one of your own men is not at all pleasing.

"Ya see sorr, Oi had my suspicions and Oi follered them out. These milk bottles are filled with bootleg whiskey and the inside of the bottles are painted with a koind of enamel so as to look loike milk bottles whuts' fioomigated to smell loike anything but rumm. This guy is clever. The company don't know anything about this. He leaves the company with milk and makes a change at another place. They keep the milk and later sell it and charge their customers for whiskey and milk. This guy does the deliverin' himself, and say, chief you were deliverin' them too. Oi wanted to get some real evidence and so Oi wuz ridin' in the back here kinda covered up; and there wuz a lake, and Oi —

"Wait a minute. A lake? There's no lake around here. What are you talking about?"

"Yes sorr, a lake — you know a lake — a hole in the stopper and Oi put my finger on the lake and tasted it. Gee sorr! It certainly tasted loike old times.

"Well," growled the chief, with a look that was supposed to wither Halligan, "you might of at least let me in on it instead a lettin' me make a fool outa' myself."

"Yes sorr," Halligan replied.

And then turning, he gravely winked at the water hydrant.

ARTHUR BARBER, '30.

SENIOR DRAMA

ON Friday and Saturday evenings, January 24th and 25th, the movie theaters were destitute of youth and beauty while "You and I," written by Philip Barry, directed by the very able Miss Hartigan, and played by a company of seniors, was presented at Brattle Hall before packed houses.

"You and I" is in the nature of a problem play. There is a business man who twenty years ago gave up Art for Marriage. His happiness has since been rendered incomplete by yearnings after his lost art career. There is his wife who has perceived his unhappiness and who blames herself as the cause. There is their friend who twenty years ago gave up Marriage for Literature. He is happy except for certain scattered moments when he bewails his lack of a home. There is the artist-business man's son who is now on the verge of giving up a career in Architecture for Marriage. The father fights to keep his son from following his own example. The son is a stock figure of youth and refuses to listen to any of the wisdom of experience. In the end the father is forced to sacrifice his own career again that his son may have both Marriage and the girl he loves.

Such a play was very difficult for so young a cast. As it was a play of modern times there were no period costumes to help set the atmosphere. The dialogue was realistic throughout, and the lines were very clever. All but three of the cast had to attain the effect of maturity. Here Edward Dillon as the artist-business man and Ruth Macdonald as his wife deserve special credit. They never once forgot that they were Matey, the father, and Nancy, the mother, who could speak with personal authority on the events of twenty or thirty years past.

Edward Dillon gave a very fine characterization of Maitland White, the father. He was especially good in the first act where, as the father, he fights to keep his son from ruining his life and is left, exhausted and beaten, when his son uses his own twenty year old arguments against him. Ed is following in well-known footsteps in essaying this role since it was taken by H. B. Warner in the first New York production.

Ruth Macdonald was that very gracious and brave lady, Matey's wife Nancy. She gave possibly the most finished performance of the night, and was especially good in the last act.

Eleanor Gray and John Scully showed a charming proficiency in their love scenes. Eleanor made a very lovely Ronny Duane throughout — but particularly so in those swanky riding togs. She was best in her scene with Matey in the second act. John Scully had more or less a stock role, but he had some clever lines which seemed to click with the audience. We were captivated by his troubadour hat which reminded us of that famous hat of Sherlock Holmes which was made so that no one would know whether the great detective was coming or going.

Roy Erikson was a joy as the irresponsible novelist, Geoff Nichols. He had some more than clever lines, and he put them over more than well. At any moment we expected to see Ranltt Ross handing out shiny new dimes. He was one of the most business-like business men that we ever expect to see. He looked like a football hero let out to play, but he sounded like the Voice of the Stock Exchange.

Jean Howell as the maid who would become a lady was delightful. She doubtless had her faults as a model to the long suffering Matey, but she was perfect to the audience.

Miss Hartigan and the cast are to be congratulated for their success in this year of nineteen thirty.

E. J. R.

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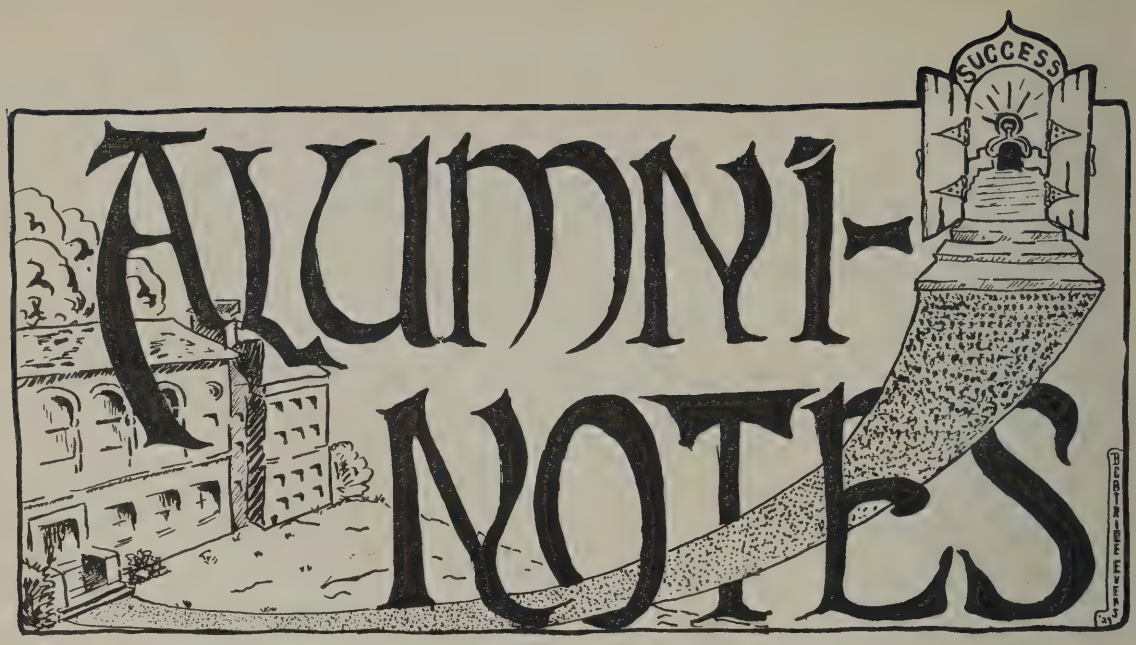

1925

Austin Southard, a student at the University of Minnesota, died suddenly at St. Paul, Minnesota, December 13, 1929.

Beaumont Alexander Herman was elected to the Phi Beta Kappa at Harvard.

1927

"Meeker" Kawalder is now employed as a manager of a large meat concern in Cambridge.

"Don" Finlayson is now a freshman at Harvard.

Eddie Fickers entered Northeastern this January.

1928

"Dick" Jackson and Russell Anderson are freshman at Harvard.

Marie Hansen and Eleanor Shaffer entered Simmons last fall.

Eileen Barrett, a freshman at Teachers' College has a role in "Menechmus" the annual play of the Classical Club.

Benjamin Wallins is attending New Prep where he is leading in his studies. He is also prominent on the track team.

John Camerlengo is a freshman at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology.

Samuel Fogel is now working as a salesmanager in the Lucky Strike Cigarette Concern.

Vivian Brown and Eleanor Daly are attending Portia Law School.

1929

Anthony De Vito, Charles Rundlet, Allen Thompson entered Harvard this fall.

John Dore is at Holy Cross.

Rose Duchin and Frances Heller are freshmen at Simmons.

Hilda Lynch is a freshman at Boston University.

Robert Burdick and Henry Fober entered Technology this fall.

Katherine Good is a freshman at St. Regis.

Pauline Luzackas is a freshman at Radcliffe.

"Al" Katz is now employed in the large A. R. Hyde Shoe concern.

Harold Browning who is now at the University of Illinois has received his admission to West Point where he will enter this July.

Frances Mahady is working in the office of the Hood Rubber Company.

Harold Hanlon is employed by the United Fruit Company.

SAY—LEAVE ME ALONE! I'M GOING TO BUY A PIN.
US BOYS & MEN
10 CENTS, BUDDY!
YOU BET YOU ARE
BUT THE GIRLS
OTY BROWN
SWANY
COURSE YOU DON'T HAVE TO PAY FOR THE PIN
BUY PINS FOR THE ATHLETIC ASSOCIATION NOW!
WATSA DIFFERENCE BETWEEN A KING AND A PRESIDENT?
PLEASE, SIR, ONE DON'T HAVE TO BE THE SON OF HIS FATHER!
BADLY NEEDED AT CHI-SI
SWANY
COSMETICS DON'T MAKE THE LADY —
ANNIE FINE
— BUT THEY HELP!
SHE BOUGHT A CLOTH COAT
BECAUSE A FUR COAT WAS TOO EXPENSIVE!!
ANNIE FINE

"Does your wife pick all your suits for you?"
"No just the pockets."

Duggan: "Is this town dry?"
Hoffman: "Say, boy, it is so dry you have to pin on your postage stamps."

"Dear teacher," wrote Duggan's father, "please excuse James' absence from school yesterday, as he fell in the mud. By doing the same; you will greatly oblige his father."

"Pardon me, gentle sir, but have you glimpsed an officer of the law about?"
"No, my friend."
"Then gimme your wallet."

Jerry Buckley (singing) — "And for Bonnie Anna Laurie — I'd lay me down and die."
Oty Brown: — "I wish Miss Laurie were here."

No Favoritism Shown

"Oh, no," said Bill, sarcastically, "there ain't no favorites in dis family. If I bite my finger nails I get a rap over de knuckles, but if the baby chews on his whole foot dey think it's cute.

"Have I gone much?" said the sailor in a train to a passenger who had questioned him.
"I should say I have. I've been all around the world over an' under it too. They ain't many parts I don't know the inside of."
"Why you must know a lot of geography."
"Yes, we did put in there once, but only to coal the ship. T'ain't much of a place but I remember it."

Absent-minded Prof. to Hotel Clerk: "Have you got a room for tonight?"
Hotel Clerk: No, all I have is two rooms and bath."
A. M. P. To bad, my doctor told me to lay off suites.

Sunday School Teacher:—"Who led the children of Israel into Canaan?"
No Reply.
Teacher (crossly) — "Can no one tell? Little boy in the third seat. Answer the question."
Little boy (badly frightened) "It wasn't me. I - I just moved here from Ohio.

Freshmen Think That

An apricot is a red headed prune.
Lettuce is deformed grass.
Wind is air in a hurry.
A carrot is a radish with the yellow jaundice.
A pretzel is a doughnut with convulsions.
A coward is a fellow who wears water wings while taking a bath.
A blotter is something you look for while the ink is drying.
Alimony is the interest on matrimonial bonds.
A will is a dead give away.
An optimist is a fellow who would try to inflate the Graf Zeppelin with a bicycle pump.

SYDNEY SUGARMAN.

Heard in Latin II

Teacher: "What is the meaning of subsidium?"
Pupil: (after some hesitation) "Oh,—subside!"

Judge: "If you didn't steal the $3,000, where did you get it?"
Tiffany: "Your honor, I saved it buying Listerine tooth paste."

Here lie the remains,
Of a very smart fellow
Who thought cabs wouldn't hit him
Because they were "yellow!"

He: How old are you?
She: I've seen seventeen summers!
He: Hmmm! And how long have you been blind?

Girl: At football game, noticing a player being carried out on a stretcher: "There goes another broken field runner!"

Flo: "How do you like your new dentist?"
Kay: "Oh, rather boring."

Man: (intoxicated, to hotel clerk) My name is Phil Shtark.
Hotel Clerk: Phillip Stark.
Man: Ya, how ja know?

Written by a college student to his father:
Dear Dad,
I am utterly ashamed to confess that I am destitute of funds and must have one hundred dollars immediately. You cannot realize how contemptible I feel to ask for the above sum but I hope you understand and will telegraph it at once.

Your loving son,

P. S. Even after I wrote the letter, I felt despicable and after mailing it I ran after the mail man but could not get it back. I pray that this letter never reaches you.

The answer received a few days later:
Dear son,
Your prayer answered, never received your letter.

Your Dad.

Dillon: "I need five dollars for tonight and I only have four. Can you help me out?"
Hoffmann: "Sure thing! Pawn the four dollars for three and sell the pawn ticket for two bucks."

Mr. Ritter: Ross, where is the atmosphere.
Ross: Everywhere that there isn't anything else.

Mr. Fougere: You ought to be ashamed of yourself. Why, at your age George Washington was a surveyor.
Pupil: Yes, and at your age he was president.

Barry: Can you tell me what makes the tower of Pisa lean?
P. Dugan: No, I don't know, but if I did, I'd take some myself.

Steward: (in a steamship) "Your lunch will be up in a minute."
Traveler: "So will my breakfast!"

We wish that the girls would realize that it's no use crying over spilt milk or Eddie Dillon.

Scully: You see I got up bright and early for your class.
Miss D: (sadly) Early, perhaps, but not bright.

New Year Resolutions

Miss D :
I will stop using "and what not."
Harold Cail:
I will stop talking about myself.
Catherine Wakefield:
I will write no more articles.
Ned Conley:
I will wear no more than one pair of spats at a time.
George McInnes:
I will not dazzle the eyes of my classmates by wearing ties that can be heard for miles.

An Even Break

No. 11 "Well here I go!
No. *12* "But you've never been on a horse before!"
No. 11. "That's all right, they're going to give me a horse that never had anyone on him before!"

Doctor: "Your husband must be kept absolutely quiet. Here is a sleeping draught.
Wife: "When do I give it to him Doctor?"
Doctor: "You don't, you take it yourself.

"One bright morning in the middle of the night,
Two dead boys got up to fight
Back to back they faced each other,
Drew their swords and shot each other.
A deaf policeman heard the noise,
And came and killed those two dead boys."

Question: "Why is it almost certain that Shakespeare was a broker?"
Answer: "Because no other man has furnished so many stock quotations."

Willie: "My hen laid an egg yesterday."
Mayor's Son: "Huh! that's nothing," he reported, "my father laid a corner stone yesterday."

Visitor: "Well my little man what are you called?"
First Boy: "Jule sir."
Visitor: "You must not say 'Jule', you should say Julius," turning to another, "and what are you called?"
Second Boy: " Billious, sir."

English Teacher: "Tomorrow we shall take the life of Johnson so come prepared."

Mother: How many are there in the Jone's family? There are mother, father, and baby.

Bright John Scully: "Two and one to carry."

Geometry I

Mr. D-n-y:—That reminds me; I have a girl in one of my classes whose name is Maybe. I forget sometimes and call her "Per chance."

English IV

What does exhilirate mean?
To step on gas.

Ken Daly: "Dad, you're a lucky man!"

Mr. Daly: "How's that?"

Ken: "You don't have to buy me any school books this year—I've been left in the same class."

Our Own "Talent"

It's doggone hard
To be aspiring
In the summer
When you're perspiring

Bill Seymourian: "Can you tell me where I can find a job where I can keep dressed up all the time and won't have to work?"

Oty Brown: "I'll keep you in mind, and when I find two jobs like that you can have the other one."

Holmsey: "Mr. Sheehan, can't I go now, I've got to get a hair cut."

The Proverbial Wise Guy: (Specter, no doubt) "Huh, how about getting 'em all cut?"

Still More Songs

Bigger and Better Than Ever ..... Paul Dugan
Love Me ..... Nanny Grey
Wishing and Waiting for Love .... John Sherman
My Fate is in Your Hands ..... Teachers
You Came, I Saw, You Conquered Me .... Reports
All that He's asking is Sympathy
He who flunketh 4
Through ..... He who flunketh 5
Turn on the Heat ..... K. B.

A Few lines heard in Corridors

1. Keep your rubbers on.
2. No matter how tough the roast beef is, you can always stick your fork in the gravy.
3. If my sister were here, she'd slap you.

And then there's the Scotch theatre owner who played nothing but mystery plays. They cut his light bill in half.

Putting a kick in Shakespeare

Teacher: What did Juliet say when she met Romeo on the balcony.

Pupil: Couldn't you get seats in the orchestra?

Caller: Your mistress is out! But I am almost sure I saw her head at the window.

Maid: Impossible sir, she took her head with her.

Chem. Taecher: "Why must we drink water?"

Pupil: "On account of the 18th Amendment."

The Editor's first attempt at poetry, if I may call it that. We take great pride in our first poetic offering, considering this poem the best in its class. It is to your judgment, most gracious subscribers, to place it in whatever class you will.

"Under the prominent senior's nose,
The awed* freshie stands,
And stands and stands and stands and stands,
And stands and stands and stands.
* prounoce Aw-Ed to fill up the metre.

P. S. Last two lines I made up in a few hours. I had two others, but fortunately they got burned one evening I was out with H. M.

"Who's this Mackaye fellow everybody is singing about. He seems to be rather popular."

"Never heard of him."

"Surely you've heard the song," She's the sweetheart of Sig Mackaye?"

POPULAR SHOWS AND COMEDIES

"Big Time" ..... Junior Prom
"Big News" ..... Review
"Half way to Heaven" ..... Honor Roll
"Hard to Get" ..... Good Marks
"Illusions" ..... No Tests
"Journey's End" ..... Home after 2.30
"Nothing but the Truth" ... Excuses for Absence
"Sunny Side Up" ..... Review Cover
"Untamed" ..... Changing Periods
"Up in the Air" ..... Third Floor
"Whoopee Vacation" ..... Vacation
"Why Bring that Up" ..... Book Report

"Help! Help!" cried a laborer in the gang working in the mud flats of the Harlem River.

"What's the matter here," called the boss.

"Bringa da shov! Bringa da peek! Tony ees stuck in da mud up to his knees.

"Then why doesn't he walk out!"

"No, No! He canna no walk! He wronga end up."

THE class games are nearly over! In the battle between the Sophomores and the Freshmen, the Sophomores were vicotrious, "49-15," and, "19-9." Both teams played very good games. The second teams also played. The "Frosh" were again defeated, although they succeeded in winning one game.

The Seniors and Juniors provided some exciting games! The Juniors won the first game with a score of "26-12." Then, the Seniors came back with a crash and won the second game, "32-8." The final game was, without a doubt, the most exciting one this year! Both teams realizing the importance of victory, and every one had his fighting spirit up! The final whistle found the score, "28-22," in favor of the Juniors. It was a great game!!!

Now, you see, the struggle for "Class Championship" lies betwene the Juniors and the Sophomores. Only time will tell who will be victorious!

I think I ought to mention here the fact that we have a real conglomeration of animals as mascots this year. The Freshmen have a brown Cocker Spaniel. The Sophomores proudly display, "Lady Guinevere," the pride of Miss Brown's heart. This "kid" supplies a good deal of amusement, as she chews contentedly at the green crepe paper with which she is so carefully decorated. To complete the zoo, the Juniors have a black cat, and the Seniors have manfully acquired a ferocious "teddy" bear.

On January 10th, our Sophomores, Juniors, and Seniors met Arlington on our own floor. Although our opponents won out in every game, the "Cantabs" put up a sturdy battle! They all tried hard, and were good losers, so we mustn't feel too down hearted!! The line-ups for the different teames were:

SOPHOMORES

Right Forward,	Burns
Left Forward,	Carr, Farwell
Jumping Center,	Farwell, Cormier
Side Center,	Zappala
Right Guard,	Hodge
Left Guard,	White

JUNIORS

Right Forward,	White, Cummings
Left Forward,	Gans
Jumping Center,	M. McDonald
Side Center	Zappala
Right Guard,	Hibbard
Left Guard,	Mader, L. McDonald

SENIORS

Right Forward,	Thibadeau
Left Forward,	Wilson
Jumping Center,	Petruzzis
Side Center	Margosian
Right Guard,	Parker
Left Guard	Stromme

The managers have already arranged for the class teams to meet Everett at our Gym on February 7th. Games with Waltham, on February 18th, and Medford will soon follow. The "Varsity" team is to clash with Somerville, there, on March 12th. Many other games are being planned that will be well worth your time and attention!! Let us leave basketball activities for awhile!

The Freshman Party was a huge success!! The gym was crowded, and everyone seemed to be having a good time. Prizes were awarded to Louise Magill, Sophomore, for the prettiest costume, and to Marion Jarvis, freshman, for the cleverest costume. An original play was presented in the hall. The scene was laid in the

Continued on page 27

GOOD evening everybody, comma tally voo and other greetings of the new year. This is station C. H. L. S. still broadcasting on a fluency of motorcycles, bicycles, tricycles, and icicles. We haven't discovered as yet which is most reliable but we are not going to discuss that now as we have too many things to do this evening. We have a feeling that this new annum will bring with it a good and successful radio year. But much to our disappointment we have to begin our broadcast with a message which will be a heartfelt blow to almost all of you. Our regular announcer, the honorable Fuller Hooey went out of the studio New Year's Eve and has not returned as yet. We shall allow you to form your own conclusions. However, we hope or that is you hope that he will be back on the hot air again. Meanwhile, this is Dimatic Speaker chewin' the rag over the Christopher Columbia broadcasting system. Because of some unknown reasons we shall have to begin the program immediately.

The first presentation on the radio program will be the "Book of the Night Club," one of the most extinguishable organizations in operation. This club brings to its audience the latest books on the market. The first book to be mentioned in this month's collection is Mr. Howett Reins renowned hair raising, heart beating, thrill giving, detective story entitled "The Re-turn of Sherlock's Bones." Do not fail to set your brain working by reading this blood stirring account of a fearless shoemaker.

Be sure to read "One Minute to Play," by Oliver Sudden, a book based chiefly on bird life in the Figi Islands.

And now we have a historical novel entitled "The Peace of Bredden Jamme," by Major Sicke. In this book we have the marvelous account of the famous treaty which restored peace between the rival countries Haime and Aigge. This book is a great favorite among the women readers. We also have very many other interesting novels which can be read at our club situated on Dicken's Street opposite Wordsworth Road. Come one, come all.

We have at this period a short account of the social register. The leading event is the marriage of Marion Morse to Roland Stone which took place in the Gothic Cathedral. The one who says that "a rolling stone catches no moss" is entirely out of the question in this case.

The funeral of Ima Gonner took place with much tumult and excitement last Doomsday in Fenway Park, Boston. Many beautiful gifts were received and a good time was had by all.

We are asked to read an item to the radio audience so that they can understand for themselves one of the most important shooting cases which was ever held in Massachusetts. It is about a man named Nott who was shot by Shott, who said he was not the one who fired the shot. Nott was shot and Shott was not. In this case it is better to be Shott than Nott. There was a rumor that Nott was not shot but Shott avows that he was not, which proves that either the shot Shott shot at Nott was not shot or that Nott was shot not withstanding.

It may be made to appear on trial that the shot that shot Shott shot shot Nott or; as an accident with firearms are frequent it may be possible that the shot Shott shot shot Shott himself when the whole affair would resolve itself into its original element and Shott would be shot and Nott would be not.

We think however, that the shot Shott shot shot not Shott but Nott. Anyway it is hard to tell who was shot. I hope you people will find out for yourselfs who was the guilty party Shott or Nott.

Now there is an announcement just come in which under news items so I guess I shall have to read it. It will be very interesting to students who care to listen. It is about a certain student who went to a dance last night, but did not get home until the wee hours of the morning. Consequently when the sixth period came, which was his history period, he was quiet drowsy. The scholar thought that the class would run along

in its same every day channels so this would allow him to rest. He said to himself. "The teacher will call on me and say 'Do you know your lesson for today?' I'll reply 'certainly I do.' 'How much of the chapter did you read?' he will ask. 'Well I read most of it.' 'Well what do you call most of it.' 'About a peace conference,' I shall answer. 'Do you think I am right when I say that the World Peace will come about,' he will ask as he always does on Thursdays. 'I know you are.' I shall answer!'

So it came to the sixth period and the students history class.

"Do you know that Mr. Bramhall wants to speak to you?" asked the teacher after the class had begun. "Certainly I do," replied the student drowsily.

"Did you read the notice and what Mr. Bramhall said to you?" asked the teacher.

"Well, I read most of it," replied the half sleeping student.

"Do you know what it is about?" asked the teacher.

About a peace conference," the student replied.

"Do you think I am a fool to allow you to stay here when Mr. Bramhall wants you?" asked the teacher.

"Yes I know you are," the now sleeping scholar said.

Both the teacher and the student went to Mr. Bramhall's office. Mr. Bramhall the good magistrate, held court then and there. He allowed the boy to enter a plea of nolo. The boy did so on promise that he would not go to a dance on the school days again. It is a good thing that the Junior Prom falls on a Friday as there would be many cases entered to plead "Nolo" on the following morning.

Oh, what was that. Listen! It is the telephone. There is nobody in the station so I guess I shall have to answer it. If I don't come back you will know enough to turn the dial to a different station. I suppose you are ready to turn to another station anyway. Well I won't be long now.

HUGH F. O'ROURKE.
DANIEL B. DOHERTY.

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New Burdett College Building

Basketball Candidates Called Out

SEVENTY ambitious candidates reported, to Coach Joseph A. Kozlowsky, for the various positions on the basketball team.

The Cantab quintet is hard hit this year for experienced material. Peter Lekakas, is the only letter man back from last year's squad. Blair, Daly, Morgan, Matursivitich, Plausky, Scoski, Rogers, and Cohen are at the time of this writing on the first team. Those on the second team are, namely, Muti, Vaughan, Rynne, Katz, Shane, Finstein, Harrington, Beaton, and Husbands. These men have shown real basketball talent and the coach is hopeful that he will have a successful season.

Last year the Cantab quintet was considered one of the best high school teams in the state. Out of a number of sixteen games played twelve were won.

They played in the Technology Tournament, which was held at the Hangar of that college. The Cantabs were eliminated, in the early playoff, by Lynn Classical High. The score being 29-28. This game was so closely contested that an extra period was required to decide the winner.

Former Cantab Athletes Making Good

William "Bill" Squires, a two letter man in cross-country and swimming and who was president of the class of '29, is New England's one mile, and half mile swimming champion. He has done some sensational swimming this past season at Orono, Maine, where he first gained recognition and at the Revere Nautical Pool where he won his titles. The sport critics predict that he will eventually succeed Johnny Wiesmuller, the world's greatest swimmer.

John "Jackie" Hughes, captain of the cross-country team in '27, has made his freshman numerals in this sport at Harvard. He ran third man, on the team, throughout the season.

Fred Harlow of the class of '29 and a four letter man, in football, hockey, basketball and baseball, has been unanimously elected football captain at Hebron Academy for the season of 1930.

Football Insignia Given Out

Mr. Foley faculty athletic manager, reports that the following men will receive the coveted red letter "C": Capt. Ross, Muello, Buckley, Kendall, Seymourian, Galvin, Sheehan, D. Swisher, W. Swisher, both brothers and Welch, Leahy, Brown, Reardon, Lekakas, Cohen, Palmer, O'Brien, McSweeney, Goode, Sullivan, Lovett, Allen, and manager Joseph Curran.

Hockey Candidates Called Out

Coach Leander MacDonald's call for candidates brought out seventy aspirant youths. He is, once more confronted with the difficult task of producing a championship hockey team. He has no veterans back from last year.

The three year rule, eliminating anyone from sports, if he has already participated for three years, is again felt. Coach MacDonald was deprived of the services of five football stars and now he is forced to lose two hockey stars because of the rule. The assignment of producing a championship team is a difficult one because he has no experienced boys, as a nucleus, to start with. The most promising are, namely, Cosgrove, Kendall, Porjesen, Lovett, Reardon, Sullivan, Burke and MacSweeney.

Last year the Cantab sextet played in the Round Robin Series, which was to decide the Suburban League Championship. They finished in a tie with Rindge Technical and Newton high schools for second place honors.

Managers Appointed

At a meeting of the Cambridge Latin Athletic Association, Leo Bergin was elected to manage the basketball team and George Mullin to manage the Hockey team. These two boys have both drawn up a very ambitious looking schedule for their respective teams to play.

SALEM 44 CAMBRIDGE LATIN 9

The Salem High School basketball team, won a decisive victory over Cambridge Latin by score of 44 to 9, at the Saltonstall gymnasium, Salem.

The Salem team composed mainly of football players who made the recent trip to Florida, to play the Miami High School eleven, were never hard pressed by the Cantab quintet. Salem, how-

ever, had the initial advantage in so far as weight and height was concerned. Despite this the Cantabs played an exceptionally good game.

Gallo, Ezmunt, and Gracyke played a superb game for Salem while Matursivitich was the outstanding player for the Cantabs.

In the preliminary game, between the second teams of both schools, Salem won by the score of 25 to 17. This game was closely contested, in the first half the score being 12 to 12. In the second half a few fouls by the Cantabs lost them the game.

Cullen and Brennan featured for the winners while Vaughan, Blaire and Beaton played a heady game for the losers.

Summary:

SALEM	CAMBRIDGE LATIN
Voyer, lg,	rf, Plansky, Lekahas
Gracyke, rg,	lf, Muti, Blaire
Ezmunt, c,	c, Daley
Gallo, lf.	rg, Matursivitch
Morse, lf,	lg, Rynne

SALEM	CAMBRIDGE LATIN
Manning, Norton, lg,	rf, Beaton, Rynne
Apelbrod, rg,	lf, Blaire, Sullivan
Cullen, c,	c, Vaughan, Campbell
Brennan, Ocllriccke, lf,	rg, Lekahas, Stewart
Potas, Whitehead, rf,	lg, Cohen

GLOUCESTER HIGH 62 CAMB. 21

In a one sided game, played at the City Hall gymnasium, Gloucester, the Cambridge Latin basketball team lost to Gloucester High School by the gigantic score of 62 to 21.

Davis and Morrison of the winning team and Daley and Blaire of the losers were the high scorers for their respective teams.

GLOUCESTER	CAMBRIDGE
Summary:	
Hagstrom, lg,	rf, Koslowsky
Davis, rg,	lf, Muti, Lekahas, Blaire
Biggs, Woodbury, O'Neil, c,	c, Daly
Piers, lf,	rg, Matursivitch
Morrison, Harris, rf,	lg, Rynne, Cohen

Cambridge Latin won the preliminary game between the second team of each school, by the score of 14 to 13. Cohen, tallied the winning basket in the closing seconds of the game. This lad, who has an enormous amount of strength, played both games.

Beaton and Cohen starred for the winners while Darrow was the outstanding player for Gloucester High School.

GLOUCESTER	CAMBRIDGE
Summary:	
Young, lf,	rf, Beaton
DeMarco, Quatros, rg,	lf, Katz
Fleet, c,	c, Vaughan
Darrow, lf,	rg, Stewart, Ranieri
Rose, rf,	lg, Harrington, Cohen

RINDGE 7 CAMB. LATIN 3

The victory over the Cambridge Latin hockey team by Rindge was the first in thirteen years. In the first period the Cantabs had two shots at the net, but both went in.

Saurausky, was easily the most colorful player of the game. He netted four goals unassisted. Guiney made one goal unassisted and Normile made two on the rebound. Those boys starred for Rindge.

The goals for the Cantabs were made by Cosgrove and Lovett unassisted, the last was made by Borjesen assisted by Reardon.

Summary:

RINDGE TECH	CAMB. LATIN
Normille, H. Johnson, rw,	lw, Borjensen, Morizar
D. Johnson, Burgess, c,	c, Kendall Havenonian
Quincy, Benkhe, rw,	rw, Cosgrove
Saurausky, rd,	ld, Reardon
Burgess, Wyche, ld,	rd, Lovett, Blair
Smith, Weler, Anderson g,	g, Sullivan

Arrangements for an athletic dance, to be held Tuesday Eve., February 25, at Elks Ballroom, Central Square are made. The proceeds from this dance will go toward making up the Athletic deficit. All are kindly urged to attend.

HARVARD FROSH 23 CAMB. 19

In a practise game, played at the Harvard Freshman gymnasium, Cambridge Latin was defeated by one of the Harvard dormitory teams by the close score of 23 to 19.

Bernstein of Harvard and Daly and Blaire of the Cantabs starred for their respective teams.

In the second team game Harvard registered a close win over the Cantabs by the score of 16 to 15.

Chevrin and Howard featured for Harvard while Lekakas excelled for the Cantabs.

Summary:

First Team

HARVARD	CAMBRIDGE LATIN
Richenback, Dutton, lg,	rf, Muti
Fox, rg,	lf, Plansky, Blaire
Shurteff, Pitcher, c,	c, Daly
Stein, Tucker, lf,	rg, Rynne
Bernstein, rf,	lg, Matusivitich

Continued on page 27

WE have been most fortunate in falling heir to a magazine of collected poems, written and published by the students of the Girls' High School of Brooklyn, N. Y., which exhibits the industry and talent of youthful poets. It is a very fascinating publication. Modernistic illustrations in black and white contribute to the pages a very dignified and pleasing appearance. To make a long story short, the booklet is a splendid display of real energetic work, by young writers. Now, I ask, why can't the *Review* create a poetic trend? Come, shrinking poets, find yourselves, and flood the *Review* office with verse! Anything from sonnets to dactylic hexameters. Your literary contributions would add greatly to the success of our paper. A school paper must have the support of the students. In fact, the paper is what the student body makes it. Harken to the appeal and see to it that no other school magazine is allowed to outdue the *Review*. Try your hand at something and I am sure our Literary Editors will glady welcome it, if it meets the qualifications. Make it stand the test!

Let us see what Exchanges we can produce:

The Red and Black, Dorchester High for Boys, Dorchester, Mass. Your literary department is noticably deficient in comparison with the rest of your paper which is splendid. We think your Book Reviewing idea is fine. Keep it up!

The Red and Black, Newport, R. I., is a magazine worthy to stand beside the Dorchester *Red and Black,* in quality if not in size. *Pat the Senior* and *Ye Oracle* possess quickness of intellect. Your cover design is "tres artistique."

The Harpoon, Dartmouth High School, Dartmouth, Mass. The story *His Chance* is excellent. Quite O. Henryseque.

The Pad and Pencil, Chandler School, Boston. We like your poetry corner. We suggest your adding a little more to your literary department for the general improvement of your paper.

The Imp, Brighton, Mass. J. M. B. has the right idea. Now the only thing left to do is to 'get the habit.' Reach out for a little more literary skill.

The Exponent, Greenfield, Mass., never fails to be a spicy weekly.

The Periscope, Carlyle, Pa. Your 'Spinal Column,' besides running up the back of your paper, is very humorous.

The Chronoscope, Ambler, Pa. A very newsy paper.

The Oredigger, Colorado School of Mines. Your specialty seems to be Football, or to be more exact, all athletics, and you have some very good write-ups on these subjects.

The Hebronian, Hebron, Maine. *The Hebronian* is the best organized, best written and most interesting school paper that reaches us monthly of all our Exchanges. It not only takes the cake but the whole bakery!

The Aegis, Beverly, Mass.

The Hilltopics, Fort Plain, N. Y.

The Little Red Schoolhouse, Athol, Mass.

The Oceanic, Old Orchard, Maine. A very good all-round publication. If you can read the following jocular selection from the *Oceanic* without a good laugh you deserve credit.

A MODERN WAY TO KEEP THIN

A South Street housewife asked her husband to copy a radio recipe. He did his best, but two stations were coming in on the same wave-length. This is what he got.

Hands on hips, place one cupful of flour on shoulders, raise knees, depress toes and wash in one-half cupful of milk. In four counts raise both legs and mash two hard boiled eggs through a sieve. Repeat six times. Inhale one teaspoon of baking powder and one cup of flour. Breathe through the nose, exhale, and sift. ATTENTION! Jump to a stride. Stand and bend the white of an egg backward and forward overhead, and in four counts make a stiff dough that will stretch at the waist. Lie flat on the floor and roll into a marble the size of a walnut. Hop backward and forward in boiling water, but do not boil into a fine long thread. In ten minutes remove from the fire and dry with a towel. Breathe deeply, put on a bath-robe and serve with a one egg sauce.

The Brown and Gold, Haverhill, Mass.

The Jabberwock, Girls' Latin High, Boston, Mass. What your magazine most noticably lacks is illustrations. A few clever or artistic cuts would improve the looks of the Jabberwock and also put a bit more life into it.

We acknowledge the following college papers—

The Harvard Crimson
The Bowdoin Orient
The Boston University News
The Massachusetts Collegian
January 17, 1930
Cambridge High & Latin Review

ATHLETICS — *Continued from page 25*

Second Team

HARVARD		CAMBRIDGE LATIN
Dutton, lg,		rf, Lekahas
Howard, rg,		lf, Beaton, Allen
Pitcher, c,		c, Vaughan, Stewart
Chase, Tucker, Chevin, lf,		rg, Cohen
Steele, Cameron, rf,		lg, Ranieri, Katz

ARLINGTON 22 CAMBRIDGE 15

Led by Captain Davidson, the Arlington High School quintet triumphed over Cambridge Latin by the score of 22 to 15. Up to the closing minute of the game the score was tied in a knot, 15 ot 15. But, Arlington put in her shock troops and literally swept the Cantabs, who were obviously fatigued, off their feet.

Muti and Rynne played an exceptionally good game for the Cantabs.

In the second team game, Arlington again showed her superiority in winning by a one sided score, 30 to 10.

Glennon and Lionetta of Arlington were easily the best players on the floor while Beaton featured for the Cantabs.

Summary:

First Team

ARLINGTON		CAMBRIDGE
Quinn, lg,		rf, Muti, Plansky
Adams, rg,		lf, Blaine
Phinney, Oiglivia, c,		c, Rynne
Gallucci, rf,		rg, Matuvsivitich
Murphy, Davidson, lf,		lg, Cohen, Lekahas

Second Team

ARLINGTON		CAMBRIDGE
Keefe, lg,		rf, Lehakas
Lane, rg,		lf, Katz, Beaton
Langley, c,		c, Vaughan, Finstein
Soretto, rf,		rg, Ranieri, Harrington
Lionetta, lf,		lg, Cohen, Stewart

STONEHAM 2 CAMBRIDGE 0

Before a capacity of 3,000 school boys, Cambridge Latin annexed another defeat, to her already long list, by losing to the Stoneham hockey sextet at the Boston Garden, by the score of 2 to 0.

Corcoran of Stoneham won the game for his team by scoring both goals incidently he was the best man on the ice.

Kendall, Reardon and Swisher played superbly for the Cantabs.

Summary:

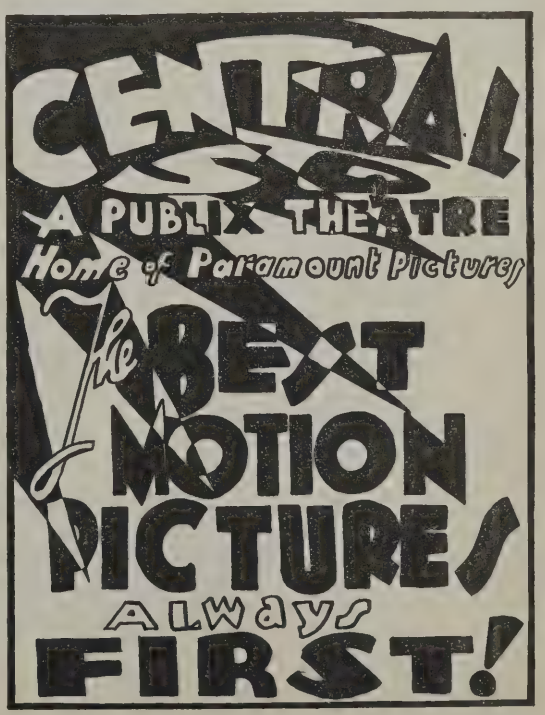
CAMBRIDGE		STONEHAM
Burke, Cosgrove, rw,		rw, Avery, MacDonald
Borjeson, Ready, c,		c, Doherty
Lovett, Morgan, Hovenanian, lw.,		lw, Corcoran
Reardon, ld,		ld, Blackburn
Kendall, rd,		rd, Downes, Wallace
Swisher, g,		g, Mahoney

G. G. A. — *Continued from page 21*

office of Mr. Godudi of "Godudi and Godudi Theatrical Agency." There were a great many entertaining and amusing acts given. After this, everyone trooped downstairs to partake of the greatly anticipated refreshments. We all thank the officers, I'm sure, for the splendid way in which they managed the whole party.

The G. A. A. "Girl" Dance, one of the most important events of the year, is to take place in the Gym, on the 31st of January. As you probably know, half of the girls dress as boys, and, politely and seriously, escort their lady friends to the dance. We are going to have "Mr. Herbert Brown's" Orchestra. The week of the affair, dues will be collected, as usual, for the benefit of those who have decided to join. It's going to be a wonderful party, so — here's hoping you'll all be there!!!

MARJORIE LEIGHTON, '30.



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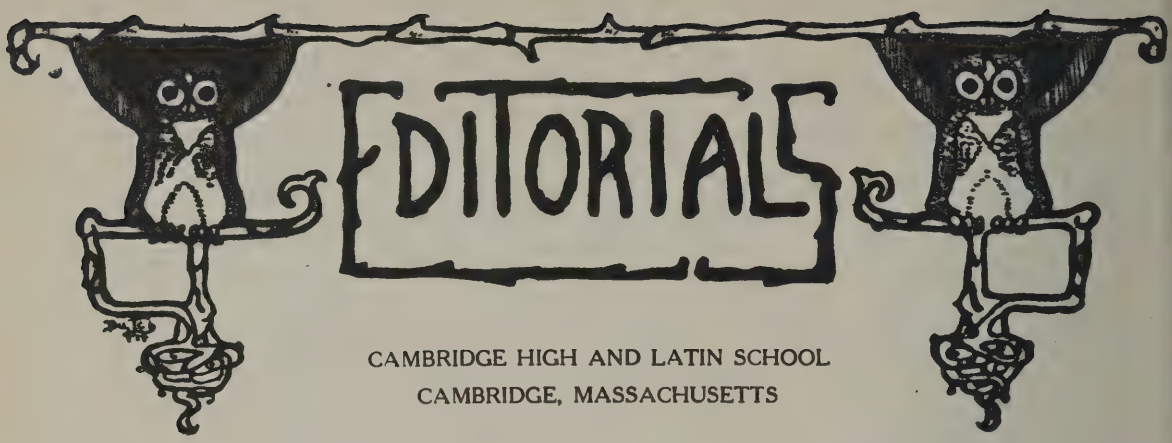


CAMBRIDGE HIGH AND LATIN SCHOOL
CAMBRIDGE, MASSACHUSETTS

IF you will turn to our cartoon page, you will see the effects that spring usually produces on a person. Spring, with its warm days has a certain lure, an irresistible enchantment which one does not find so easy to overcome. In spring, one begins to get dreamy, to thirst for the great open spaces, and to do as little work as possible. These effects are evident not only on young people, but also on elder folks; not only here in the U. S., but also in every part of the world (when spring is in that part of the world; for spring, in some places, comes around September.)

Naturally it is much harder for youths to resist the effect of springtime than for others, because there are so many more things to detract a boy or a girl from his work. Baseball, of course, is apt to take up much of a boy's time. On these clear days, the desire to take a long spin in the car becomes rather persistent. Lazily we amble about the streets, apathetically noticing other people walking as lazily as we.

All these diversions a pupil excuses under the name of recreation, and consequently his school work is bound to be the worse for it. Springtime is the test of the pupil's steadfastness of purpose. Has he the will, the backbone to stick to his duties? Has he sand enough to resist the urge of the outdoors and to keep his mind fixed on the study of his lesson? Spring has often been the beginning of the end for a pupil's year. He neglects his studies; he does not concentrate his thoughts; he begins to slip. If he has been a good pupil during the whole year perhaps he can afford to relax somewhat now; but if he has been a doubtful pupil, springtime slackening may have quite a serious effect on his whole year.

Now, do not misunderstand us and think that we are telling you to shut yourselves up and pore over your work. We do not mean that at all. Stay out in the open air as long as possible. But let that "as long as possible" have a certain limit, and a certain regard for other activities which must have their share of the day's hours and efforts. Make a plan of your activities after school, and try to live up to this plan. Allow reasonable time for recreation, for study and for other affairs. If you do this, you will find that the regularity and smoothness of affairs will give you greater satisfaction and will leave your mind more restful and clear. To slacken your studies now, would probably mean to endanger your school standing. And towards the end of the school year you will worry, and hurry, and cram in order to catch up with the time that you have lost. When you cram you can not stamp a thing on your mind. There is so much to study that necessarily you lose many essential parts. So, show your grit, stick to your work, and see the great kick that you get when at last you know that you have finished a year, without disappointing your parents, your teachers, your friends, and yourself above all.

OYEZ!

Oyez! Oyez! Oyez! Take out your pads and pencils, roll up your sleeves, and set to work to win the grand prizes that the "Review" will offer in the near future. As you know, Massachusetts is to celebrate her 300th anniversary of her settlement, and elaborate preparations are being made for the occasion. Well our school will not be left behind. Therefore the "Review" will offer several grand prizes for stories or articles pertaining to this event. The contest is open to every pupil in our school. Full details concerning the contest will be given out later. So be thinking about it and making out your plans.

THE REVIEWER

It was a great shock to the school to hear of the tragedy which befell the home of our fellow student Blanche Sdankus, when she and two others members of her family were burned to death. Blanche was much beloved by her acquaintances and we deeply sympathize with her grief stricken father in his irreparable loss.

ON Thursday, January 23, Room 77 was in charge of the senior assembly, during which the origin of chess was explained by Sidney Spector, while an intricate problem, involving a chess board, was worked out by Henry Holmes. Then followed a piano solo by Charlotte Bean. Also Michael Harmantas sang two popular songs, accompanied on the piano by Miss Bean.

Mr. Derry, head of the Latin Department, is a teacher who takes a whole-hearted interest in his chosen subject and who takes great pains to make Latin clear and pleasing to the pupils. During the last week of January Mr. Derry gave a number of Latin lectures, accompanied by still pictures, to all classes of the school. The pupils thoroughly enjoyed these lectures, for Mr. Derry has the knack of sprinkling his talks with little anecdotes and humorous touches that give an added delight to such a subject as Latin.

Room 78 was in charge of the senior assembly on Thursday, February 6. A short skit, written by George Manousos and dealing with school spirit or rather the lack of it in our school, was presented by William Fitzgerald, William Mahan, Harold Rubin, and George Manousos. All four boys played their parts creditably, but the real honors belong to "Bill" Fitzgerald whose comic antics and ludicrous diction made both teachers and pupils hold their sides from laughter. We'll wager that some day we'll pay dearly to see Bill perform.

It was with a distinct feeling of sadness that we bade "Bon Voyage" to our headmaster, Mr. Cleveland on his departure for a brief sojourn in Europe where his family has been traveling during the past year. After a touching talk to the seniors in assembly, we all realized his deep affection for this school in which he has been in charge for a score of years, and his paternal and kindly attitude towards the boys and girls that enter our school. The students of C. H. L. S. express their sincerest wishes for a pleasant and enjoyable trip to Mr. Cleveland.

The faculty of Cambridge High and Latin School and officials of the school department gathered at the Hotel Commander on Wednesday, February fifth, to tender a testimonial dinner to Mr. Leslie Cleveland, our headmaster, on the eve of his departure for Europe. Our headmaster was presented with a purse of gold, and high praises were paid to his unceasing and unselfish interest in the welfare of this school.

Miss Mary Hardy acted as toastmistress. Among those present were Assistant Superintendent of Schools, James Dugan, the masters and deans of the classes of our school, and Mr. John Wood, headmaster of the Rindge Technical High School. Readings were given by Miss Lillian Hartigan, and Miss Mildred Ford. Mr. Whorisky gave a vocal selection and Miss Mary Murray played on the violin. A bright feature of the occasion was the singing of a number of original songs, written by Miss Rosemary Hogan, and sung to the tunes of "Coming Through the Rye" and "Marching Through Georgia."

The Post Graduates were in charge of the assembly on Thursday, February 13. William Staffon and Lucio Gatto amused us with a number of well-presented jokes, and later several popular songs were played by Staffon at the piano, James Barnes at the drums, and Francis Lenigan on the saxophone.

On the evening of February 14, the Junior class held its annual Promenade at the Hotel Commander. The affair was very successful, about three hundred persons being present. On the reception line were Mayor and Mrs. Russell, Mr. and Mrs. Dugan, Mr. and Mrs. Bramhall, Mr. and Mrs. Bliss, Miss Murray, and Mr. Wood.

Mayor Russell made a very brief speech, encouraging all to have a good time, which hint his audience did not hesitate to take. The music was furnished by Joe Gisson's "Harvard Collegians." Favors were given to the dancers, handkerchiefs to the ladies and carnations to the gentlemen.

Congratulations for the success of the Promenade are due to Miss Murray and Mr. Bramhall, and to the Reception Committee, whose members are Paul Dugan (Chairman), Katherine Pray, Effie Perkins, George Curtin, and Frank Davy.

On Thursday, February 20, Room 79 was in charge of the senior assembly, at which Francis Harken sang a popular song, while Miss Gertrude Powers played a selection on the piano. We received a pleasant surprise when we saw George Foley, a former Senior President, and at present a student at Harvard, come forth to talk to us. He commented on the fraternities and general amosphere at Harvard, and offered a few suggestions intended to aid the seniors for their College Boards. Whether his remarks were advantageous to the pupils is questionable; but we feel certain that the teachers did not at all agree with Mr. Foley. Neither did some of the pupils. However, the talk was enjoyable while it lasted.

Room 80 had charge of the senior assembly on Thursday, March 6. Chester Boireau sang "Sleepy Valley" for us and Charlotte Malewski rendered a selection on the piano. Then Lawrence O'Reilly sang the "Pagan Love Song" accompanied by William Staffon at the piano. By the way, Boireau is the most agreeable singer that has performed in senior assemblies this year.

During the second lunch period on February 5th, a combined junior-sophomore assembly enjoyed the privilege of hearing professor Marshall Perrin, of the department of modern language at Boston University, lecture on Germany — her past, present, and future. His active, bombastic manner of presentation held his audience spellbound, and his humor sent it into spasms of laughter.

Comparing Germany to a naughty child who had been spanked for a naughty deed, Professor Perrin claimed that she would soon recover from the crushing defeat suffered at the hands of the allies and predicted that as every dog has his day "Germany would succeed the United States as the foremost power of the universe." He based his claim on German's younger generation—a hustling, bustling, ambitious, energetic set of boys and girls, young men and women, patriotic to the highest degree and extremely serious in all undertakings, work or play. He also predicted that Russia would succeed Germany as the greatest world power. He recommended highly the study of the language of a people bound to become the foremost nation of the world.

On Thursday, March 13, Room 85, was in charge of the senior assembly. Members of the room gave a humorous presentation of "The Battle of Blenheim" while Miss Carol Waite recited the poem. The sight of the white-clad pupils were very ludicrous indeed, provoking many fits of laughter from the audience. Also Miss Carol Waite whistled two popular numbers, accompanied on the piano by Miss Blossom Stromme.

Can anyone imagine a group of girls working side by side for hours and not exchanging a word with each other, although the boss is out? Well, Room 86 tried to convince us that that is the case, in a skit entitled "A Glimpse of Any Business Office," which was presented by members of the class on Thursday, March 20. The parts were carried out well by the following pupils: Tommy Ryan, Celia Boucher, Elsie Crabtree, Sarah McCaigue, Margaret Connors, Anna Murphy, Barbara Heath, Marjorie Flynn, Vera Johnson, Alexander Beaton, Helen Klimavich, Gertrude Burns, Edna Wilson, and Marjorie Parker.

On Thursday, March 27, Room 88 was in charge of the Senior assembly. The features presented were "The Desert Song" sung sweetly by Mary Keif, two piano selections played by Alma Goodspeed, and an amusing recitation by Jean Howell on "The Whooping Cough School."

A picture of colonial youth with its decorous speech, its laced costumes, and graceful dances, was contrasted with a picture of modern youth, with its slanguage, its short skirts, and its violent Charleston, in the senior assembly in charge of Room 88A on Thursday, April 3. Alice Headberg played the part of the colonial maiden, while Julia McCormick represented the modern miss. Both young ladies gave a splendid performance of their respective times; especially did they succeed in preserving the difference in the language of the two periods.

Again another Talent Night has come and gone. This year's entertainment was an especially ambitious one consisting of three one-act plays and numerous musical selections. Once more Mr. Whoriskey and the faithful orchestra were on hand and did especially well on "Big Ben" and the "Coronation March" by Myerbeer.

(*Continued on Page 30*)

WILLIAM HOWARD TAFT

A RATTLE of musketry, then the plaintive notes of "taps" echoed through the Virginia hills in the late afternoon of a dreary, rain-drenched day, as the body of William Howard Taft was lowered into the grave near the summit of a long, sloping hillside in Arlington National Cemetery.

The world was thunderstruck when, on the morning of March 8, it realized that one of its recent leaders, William Howard Taft, was dead. It had been following with keen interest the bulletins concerning his illness and had thrilled joyously as the doctors announced that his condition was improving. But the malady was fatal. Now from every government in the world came messages of sympathy.

Back in 1857, in Cincinnati, William Howard Taft was born. The foundation of his great career was laid in Yale, when he topped his college triumphs by capturing the much coveted honor of class orator. His college life was a very interesting one, about which many entertaining anecdotes are told. One, in particular, serves its purpose in showing his grit and monstrous physical strength. In those days, in the middle seventies, freshmen were obliged to yield the sidewalk to sophomores and walk out in the gutters. One afternoon the rather large two hundred pound freshman named Taft was walking along the street with a smaller classmate. A half dozen sophomores appeared from the opposite direction. Taft's companion stepped into the mud of the gutter. However, freshman Taft did not care to follow his classmate's example. Six sophomores rushed at him with one purpose in mind: to compel the obstinate freshman to sit in the mud. The result was startling; six upper classmen were amazedly picking themselves out of the mud while freshman Taft and his diminutive classmate were proceeding arm-in-arm down the street. Taft's training in wrestling at Yale was, as it may be imagined, not unsuccessful. When he was the Secretary of War one of his college wrestling opponents challenged him to a return bout. Mr. Taft refused on the grounds that if he ever fell on the man, it would be manslaughter. Mr. Taft admitted his corpulence and frequently told stories about experiences which came about because of his size.

Shortly after college, he became a judge of a superior court in Ohio. As a judge, the Taft panorama begins and ends. Later he became a judge of the United States Circuit Court of Appeals. Then as first governor of the Philippines, he won a peaceful victory over the natives, who, resentful at former treatment by Americans and other invaders, were suspicious of all newcomers. When on his arrival he was greeted stiffly by a formal official, he chuckled and grasped with his own huge hand the hand of the Filipino; it was impossible to be antagonistic towards the mountainous, jovial American. While on this mission, he was offered a position on the Supreme Court of the United States by President Roosevelt, but he refused it; he realized his duty to the people who had such confidence in him. While Taft was on the island, he received a letter from Secretary of War Root who inquired after his health as he had heard that the Governor-General had fallen prey to the dangerous Philippine climate. Mr. Taft replied that he had just taken a twenty mile horseback ride. Mr. Root was relieved to hear that the governor was well but questioned the condition of the horse.

Then Taft became Secretary of War in Roosevelt's cabinet; here his aid to the President was invaluable. The next step in his colorful career was a great one, but it was not considered by him as the greatest. In 1909 he was elected President of the United States. He was unhappy at the White House; he knew he was not suited for such an office, but his policy was in accordance with his own standard of living. His was a peaceful term, he always wished for compulsory arbitration, in political as well as judicial matters. He was practical; his common sense methods were at all times prevalent.

Time for a new election came; he was defeated. It was Taft's splitting up with Theodore

Roosevelt that elected Woodrow Wilson. No grief was evident on Taft's own part at his failure. He had become President solely for his party; now he could achieve what he had always desired. After some years as professor of law at Yale, he became Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of the United States. That was his goal; he had accomplished his heart's desire. He entered the Supreme Court only after he had achieved great things in other fields. His vast experience, his love for this sort of work was soon manifest in his success. His humor smoothed over the rough passages of life; his golden heart attracted love from every side.

To the staccato of clicking heels and the rumble of wheels, his body, on a caisson with a military escort, was borne to the Arlington cemetery from the White House where, clothed in the somber robes of Chief Justice, it had been lying in state. Just before the body of the great leader was lowered into its final resting place, sunshine parted the clouds for a moment while a simple requiem of "Taps" paid the last tribute to one of the nation's greatest men.

Long branches of white oaks, their winter nakedness soon to be clothed with the warm foliage of spring, stretch protectingly over the grave of William Howard Taft. Let us pause before the resting spot of this man beloved by all and simply say in appreciation of a great American:

"Bulwark of a nation's pride,
Great-souled, pure and strong!
Ne'er say that he has died
Who'll live enshrined the centuries long
In loved memory."

JOHN CROWLEY, '29.

OF MUSIC

MUSIC, indeed, is the food of love; but it is also the most enjoyable sustenance of thought. It has such a reaction upon our emotions that our minds are raised greatly above the commonplace. Who is not inspired and aroused by the vivacious harmonies of Mozart? Who will not be enchanted by Balfe or carried away by the melodies of Schubert? If there be such a one, he is, in truth "fit for treasons, stratagems and spoils."

A child, no matter how rich, is poor without a musical education. If the power and beauty of music are not pointed out to the child, they will probably be hidden from the man. The boy should be taught to enjoy music, for the man is frequently denied the opportunity of acquiring an appreciation for music. Everyday work hinders men from realizing many desires. But it is the weary who especially enjoy the consolatory power of music. At twilight then, peace and repose come to the man who has had the good fortune to gain in youth a fondness for fine melody.

The charms of music are irresistible to either prince or peasant. The common toiler and the leisurely nobleman both hunger for music, they seek beauty, and beauty is found in music. "Give me some music," cries the Duke in *Twelfth Night* as a man dying from thirst would cry for water. "Give me some music." "Open Sesame," and the world of dreams, the world of beauty was opened to him. For then—, hark, music, sweet and melodious music comes and enraptures his whole being. The music lover is led willingly to the island of Prospero—the land of Ariel. Prospero himself is playing before the golden organ pipes while Ariel chants an inspiring ode. Thus the prince is led; so, too, may the peasant be taken to this isle of enchantment.

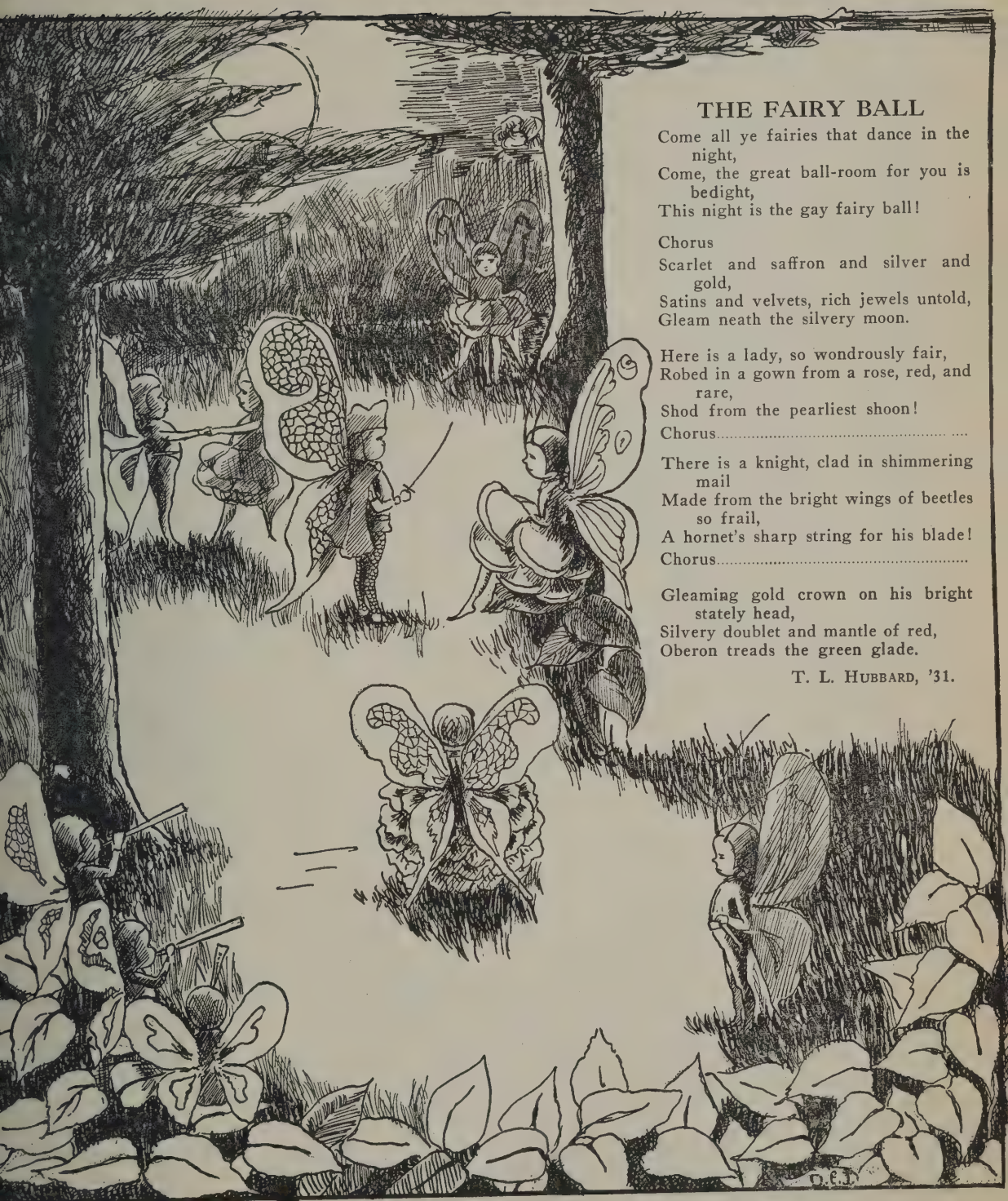
I once read of a young German violinist who was playing an original love sonata before a large gathering of courtiers and noblemen. He played with such fervor, such feeling that the audience was held speechless and attentive. When he finished the people stood and applauded him, thy acclaimed his composition as a rare and exquisite piece of workmanship. When he went backstage he was hailed by a friend.

"It was truly marvelous," said the acquaintance. "You dreamed while you played—dreamed of love and carried that feeling to us by your matchless music. I never realized you were so deeply in love."

"Yes, I am greatly in love," replied the young German. "I am in love with music—with the beauty of music. I could play beautiful music forever."

These were the sentiments of a true lover of music. To love music is to know and love the beautiful. Music belongs to all nations, all creeds, and all races. It has a distinct place among the fine arts. Its language is universal. If we all esteemed the beauty of music as did the young German violinist, the strife and hardships of daily life would be greatly alleviated.

JOSEPH GOULD, '30.



THE FAIRY BALL

Come all ye fairies that dance in the night,
Come, the great ball-room for you is bedight,
This night is the gay fairy ball!

Chorus
Scarlet and saffron and silver and gold,
Satins and velvets, rich jewels untold,
Gleam neath the silvery moon.

Here is a lady, so wondrously fair,
Robed in a gown from a rose, red, and rare,
Shod from the pearliest shoon!
Chorus.....

There is a knight, clad in shimmering mail
Made from the bright wings of beetles so frail,
A hornet's sharp string for his blade!
Chorus.....

Gleaming gold crown on his bright stately head,
Silvery doublet and mantle of red,
Oberon treads the green glade.

T. L. Hubbard, '31.

ONE bright March afternoon, you might have seen the members of the Comprehensive English Class giving imitations of both hopeless martyrs and youthful Byrons. They had just finished reading Browning's *My Last Duchess* and had been given the assignment of writing a dramatic monologue based on some character or episode connected with that poem. As you remember, *My Last Duchess* represents the Duke of Ferrara, an Italian nobleman, showing the portrait of his first wife to the messenger who has come to make the arrangements for his second marriage to the daughter of a Count. As the Duke describes his first young wife, he unconsciously discloses his own proud selfish nature and the fact that it was his own harshness which really killed his sensitive young wife. In the first of the two following monologues, the Count is speaking to his daughter's nurse on the eve of his daughter's wedding to the Duke. In the second of the two monologues, an officer in the guard of the Duke who has been driven to seek shelter from the rain is speaking to a fellow traveler who has been likewise kept from his journey by the rain. They speak of the second Duchess as she is six months after her marriage.

THE NIGHT BEFORE MY DAUGHTER'S WEDDING

SOME, Nurse, and rest here for a while with me.
That's right. Just drop your tireless needle. We
Are both old people; and I think you'll cede,
As well as I, that there's an urgent need
Comes crying out to bones as old as ours
For peace and quiet talk. Too much work sours
Our tempers, that should be, you will allow,
More sweet that ever previous to now.
Here, look upon these torches that I've brought
To light the grand reception room. Will't not
Be wedding gayety enough to make
The rustics round here gape with awe, and wake
A lovely blush upon my daughter's face?
—She must have festiveness to suit her grace!—
O sweet my only daughter, how I miss
Your mother here to share such perfect bliss!—
No matter that. All's gone and past. Regret
Has no place here.—But Nurse, I see you fret.
It's not your old dead mistress? Why I'm glad
It isn't memory that makes you sad.
Then is it that your grandchild at the farm,
The sickly one, has come again to harm?
You ought to tell me things like that. Tonight
I'll send the doctor—what? I'm still not right?
My guessing's poor. Come, pour me out your woe;
I'm happy and would have the whole world so.
My daughter? What? The Duke has been so cold?
But don't you see, indeed he has to hold
The dignity of rank and name until
The wedding's through with. He's reserved, but still
His love of art, his pride in beauty show
The man he is beneath. . . You don't think so?
His former wife? Why yes, but surely she—
Poor timid little child—she couldn't see
The good Duke's kindness. (So at least, one day,
The Duke, with true regret, took pains to say.)
And then his grand proud carriage! Can't you see
That he has charmed my daughter more than me?
Why he's a man, the Duke, that any girl
Would jump to wed—not least of all my pearl.
What, crying? Why? My daughter? Why I'm sure
It wasn't this that could have saddened her.
She's glad the rich Duke loves her. So she's said
A thousand times to me. And I've not led
Her into forceful marriage; sure you know
I hold her far too dear to treat her so.
But crying! Why my darling's tired. God knows
She spends her days in sewing, and she sews
Such tiny stitches! I must make her rest.
The wedding's soon and she must look her best.
But listen, Nurse, you surely understand
That there is human love beneath the grand
Proud bearing of my son-in-law to be.
You've never seen it? His reserve, to me,
Is surest proof of his integrity.
'Tis only shallow men who splurge and pour
Their petty feelings out in words before
You really know them. Sure I am not led
By mere position in the things I've said?
You've got me worried, Nurse. What, crying sore?
You should have told me things like this before.
By nay, Nurse, nay I can't admit it's so.
Yet why the tears?—But peace, 'tis time you go
And see your mistress rests—She's tired, poor dear,
And does not sleep—Wake up, you servants there!
The torches must be lit. Is all aright?
Blow trumpets—for the Duke comes here tonight!

MARGOT CLARK, '30.

AN OFFICER IN THE GUARD OF THE DUKE OF FERRARA SPEAKS:

I see that I am not the first to seek
In this mean hut a shelter from the rain
That sweeps and howls and makes the road unsafe
For travelers. Here nature hath not framed.
Strange fellows for I see, like me, you wear
The regimentals that belong to service in
A great lord's guard. You seem familiar, yet
My memory oft plays strange tricks upon me.—
I have not seen such tempest since the Duke
My master, brought to Ferrara his second Duchess.
So white and pale she looked, so still.
One would have pitied save that one does not
Spend pity on a new-made duchess. I —
Why do you look so pale? The air in this
Mean hovel? I had not taken notice. You'd
Hear more about the Duchess? If it pleases you.*
I call her beautiful, but her stillness does
Not please the most. She loved the night, the stars,
The moon. Oft when the Duke was busied with
Important guests and she was free, I'd see
Her in her garden on the moon-lit terrace.
So still and straight in her white gown, she seemed
A pagan lover of great Dian.
To all beneath her she was kind. She moved
How shall I say—as if, in being aided, we
Were aiding her. Her stillness pleased the Duke.
He thought 'twas fitting dignity for his
Nine hundred years' old name. To me it seemed
Not right that youth should have such stillness.
Her maid divulged, in strictest confidence
To me, that the pillow of her mistress oft
Was wet with tears, and tales that would have made
A maniac of our proud Duke quite filled
Our castle. They were tales of youth and love,
Of our young Lady and of another young,
Unfortunate a guardsman in her father's house—
But sir, your growing paleness troubles me.
A stubborn fever has but lately left you?
Yet more about the Duchess? I fear there will
Not be much more. If matters go as they
Have started, the Duke will hold his second
Duchess no longer than he did his first.
Every day her soul shows through her body more.
It almost makes me trust the castle tales.
I am sorry for them all, the Duke,
His Duchess, most of all this young unknown
They each have done no wrong yet 'twould take God
To smooth all out again. It seems
That, happiness and honor ever live apart.—
What's that. Out! Out into that seething
Maelstrom of rain and sleet? I could not keep him.
Already he seems but a phantom in
A world of mist. His face stays graven in
My memory. I saw him. . .saw him. . .
Now I remember. At the wedding of
The Duke, my master, he was the lieutenant
In the Count's, my mistress' father, guard.

ELINOR ROWE, '30.

A RAINBOW'S GHOST

THE wore the strangest clothes. Colors never before seen together, sent their rays into the world, making their owner look like a walking rainbow. She was bedecked in a burnt orange skirt of calico, reaching to her ankles. Her shoes, peeping out from beneath the skirt, were originally brown, but were certainly far from brown now. A purple waist proved an added attraction for the interested onlookers. Reposing on her bosom were at least ten strings of colored wooden beads, and on the orange skirt, a small green apron, modestly, lay. Around her head a bandanna was wrapped which consisted, chiefly, of red, brown, and blue hues. Decorating the front of the bandanna was an immense rhinestone pin. Her stockings were not perceivable, but once when the wind blew, a flash of yellow could be discerned. The onlookers laughed at the curiously dressed woman, but on the other hand, the woman immigrant laughed at the costumes of her onlookers.

FRANCES CARR, '30.

WHISTLING

I AM convinced that there are certain people in this world who are born with a natural gift for whistling and with a desire for exercising their talent. I am no less sure that I am one of these favored individuals. In looking back over my past, I cannot remember any period of my life in which whistling did not play an important part. I have particularly vivid pictures in mind of Sunday walks with my old nurse. I was never fond of Sunday walks, and consequently my sole compensation lay in whistling and, incidentally, in shocking my nurse. She would tell me each week that it was quite impossible for any little girl who whistles to go to heaven. Although I always listened respectfully, and followed with awe the shaking of her head, nevertheless, being only a child, my desire to whistle always overcame my fear of consequences. Thus, my nurse was obliged to see me, heedless of her warning, wandering along "the primrose path to the everlasting bonfire."

Perhaps, however, my good nurse might have forgiven me, if she had realized that to refrain from whistling is as difficult as to refrain from speech. To me, whistling is one of the most eloquent of languages, although it cannot be understood by any who are not well versed in its serious tonalities and modulations. For instance, it takes a trained ear to recognize the key of the joyful whistle, and its changing intervals. I, however, being an excellent linguist in this case only, know immediately in what mood the whistling passer-by beneath my window is. There is the plaintive-whistle, such as is used to convey your sympathies to a fellow-sufferer at the end of the class-room before a test. This tune, in minor key, begins pianissimo and, climbing the scale, gradually works up to crescendo at the end. This gives the effect of asking a question, such as "isn't it dreadful?" The angry-whistle, also, is very expressive. Preceded by a puff, it follows the scale downward, the last note being a marked staccato. Thus, you will find that every mood may be expressed by a whistle of some sort. There are also, of course, the more definite whistles, which express entire sentences. Among these are the casual I-don't-care whistle, and the formal Isn't-it-a-lovely-day whistle. However, it is of no use to enter into the details of these expressions, for they are worse than Greek to any save whistling connoisseurs.

I do not advise you to adopt this language, for it may lead you into serious social difficulties. As you go along the road, if you whistle everyone, convinced of your insanity, turns around to stare at you. Nor is this the most serious difficulty. If you once fall into the habit of whistling, you will be sure to use it at the most inappropriate moments. I have known persons who whistled for the butter at a dinner-party, or whistled when stepping on a lady's toe at a fashionable ball. These poor souls are, of course, mercilessly ostracized from respectable society, and end their lives in solitude, whistling to themselves by the fireside. Moreover, remember the warning of my old nurse, I do not think it desirable for the porter in *Macbeth* to add to his list of guests in hall "young girls, sent here for whistling in spite of all rules of etiquette."

LETTY FIELD, '30.

THE STORM-SWEPT BEACH

THE beach, after the storm, was strewn with wreckage. Masses of sea-weed had been swept on to the sand by the angry waves. Boards, broken bottles, candy boxes, and rocks of all sizes were scattered at various angles on the beach. In the distance, I could discern, bobbing up and down with the waves, an abandoned row-boat. The shrieking of the wind and the dash of the waves against the rocks added to the loneliness of the scene. It had a wild beauty about it all. The sea-gulls swept by me, flapping their wings and sounding their peculiar, shrill cry. The beach was deserted, and yet, it seemed far more beautiful to me than it had done previously. Each bit of wreckage seemed to hold a story, and how I wished that I might hear their tales. "What sort of story would that row-boat tell me?" I wondered. "Would it unfold a tale of romance or tragedy?" I could not tell. The white capped waves, sweeping up on to the beach, wet my shoes and reminded me that I could not gaze at this wondrous work of Nature all day, and so I slowly walked away from that storm-swept beach.

ANNIE CLINTON, '32.

CHANGING FASHIONS

FASHIONS change as often as the weather and with the weather. Women's fashions seem to be changing the more frequently, probably because women change their minds more frequently than men, or as I have often heard it said that women never change their minds because they never make them up. At any rate, regardless of the reason, women's fashions change so often that even the women themselves lose track of the fashion parade. Long dresses, short dresses, large hats, little hats—all may be seen on any street, and the women sporting each style feel confident that they are keeping up with the fashions.

Just at present, the prevailing fashion is the long dress. The person that first advocated the long dress must have been a friend of the street-cleaner or the cloth merchant. But it is not wise to discard short dresses for the more lengthy types, because the short dress may come rushing back with the next warm spell. Who knows? It may be back already because as I look out of my window, I see a distinct majority of short dresses. However it may be that the minority are embracing the correct style.

Be what they may, there is one thing that I do not understand about the styles. Women do not let the men of this country make up their minds; then why do they allow the men of foreign countries make up their minds for them. You may hear one woman say to another, "What is the style in dresses this season, my dear?" The other woman's answer sounds something like this: "Well, Lucille advocates flairs in the dresses and many other French style experts agree with him; accordingly, I think that the only thing to do is to follow their advice." Why do not the American women establish a fashion center in the United States? They do not because they know that the American man would have to take charge of the center, and what American woman would let her husband or a representative of his sex tell her what she should wear or when she should wear a certain garment.

Changing fashion is a part of the ritual of the whole race of human beings. It is a heritage of our ancestors, and each fashion dominates but for a short time in our history. It is a proof of the restlessness and impatience of the inhabitants of the earth, you and me.

JOSEPH MORAN, '30.

HAW! HAW!

UTTER ruin in five weeks seems almost impossible; *n'est-ce pas?* Nevertheless in that identical lapse of time Donald Kingsley Tellthorpe, Jr., rising young lawyer, (and all those expressions that follow) had been compelled by his father to drop the Jr., in other words, had been disinherited, had lost all connections with his father's firm, and had become the recipient of a ruined reputation. All this, every bit, was the result of false play by jealous business associates, but Donald, being young and not overly intelligent, couldn't prove a single statement false. And on that account, wherever he went, he was refused even an interview with any and every employment manager he called upon; and was trusted by no one around half a corner. Morever, thanks to his petty bringing up, he knew few things except how to drive a Rolls-Royce, combine suits and neckties, pretend to like caviar, talk to ladies, and lastly, how to practice law.

These aforementioned virtues are as good as mud when one can't get a job and has a one dollar bill, divided by two, in the big pocket of his tired-looking, navy-blue suit. Indeed, what suit would not look fagged, hanging on the same frame for five steady weeks of dusty, crowded-street days, and rickety park-bench nights? No suit of course, but in the beginning Donald Tellthorpe was the subject of this story. He is now, and ever shall be.

On August thirtieth, nineteen-thirty, Donald walked into a greasy little restaurant and bought a huge plate of spaghetti, swimming in thick red tomato sauce. As bread was free, he ate about five orders and put several slices into his pocket with the remaining nickel of his fifty cents.

On September third, nineteen-thirty, Donald walked out of a cheap little pawnshop minus a coat and plus a second-hand revolver. He looked like a living skeleton. His eyes appeared to be the only feature of his face; and his shirt fitted as well as a first-class burlap potato sack. Also, looking closely, you could see two extra holes in his black leather belt.

As Donald's bony, nervous hand slipped the revolver into his pocket and his wild eyes looked cautiously from right to left, a little figure in brown passed him at a good rate of speed. But

the little figure in brown had four-wheel brakes, and being of small size, was capable of turning around quickly. Which it did.

Donald's long legs carried him in seven or eight minutes to a rather quiet corner just out of the business section of the city. A big clock showed the time to be five thirty-five, when a rather rollicking old gentleman strutted down the street, his gold headed cane swinging as a pendulum. As the jolly old fellow neared the corner, Donald grasped the cold metal of the weapon in his pocket. His heart was racing and almost made him gasp for breath. He tried to calm himself as he thought of how little the red-cheeked gentleman would miss the crisp green ten-dollar bill which he was planning to extract from that bulging wallet, while the gentleman sputtered and popped.

Suddenly a burst of shooting stars. . . blackness and then—nothing. Donald, somehow or other, according to popular tradition, had thought heaven was gold and white, but realized now that it was pink and misty, and that it had bouquets of some white flower scattered in its clouds. The realization became keener. He guessed that all you did in heaven was see things. But—no—you smelled things, too. You smelled a steak about five inches thick and you heard—yes—you heard a faint sizzle somewhere, and then there was more blackness, and nothing.

Again you looked at heaven and saw . . .Ye Gods, an angel! And she was in pink too, with a harp. A harp? Wait a minute; it was too round for a harp. . . and it was smoking, too. Smoking? Harps didn't play jazz. . . The angel came closer, rested her—(harp?) on a little something beside him and bent down. He looked for wings. No wings, and then he smelled that five inch steak again and felt as if he were merely head and feet with nothing where a stomach should be . . . Something warm and juicy touched his lips and he just naturally opened his mouth and sank his teeth into a piece of heaven-meat. First he'd ever tasted, and world, to think he was in heaven to stay!

Another bite; he guessed the gun had exploded by accident; what luck! Well, he thought he'd look at heaven again. Why! the angel was feeding him . . . and she looked worried. How long since angels looked worried; people looked worried; but angels?

Say? Maybe this wasn't heaven. Of course it wasn't. It was some tiny room dolled up in pink organdie or the like. How dumb he was!

Huh? Oh—the angel was speaking, (Man! What a voice!) "I'm sorry. I didn't mean to hit you so hard, but I was afraid you'd be a criminal before I could stop you. Please . . . don't you see?

See? see what? Oh yes, he'd been black-jacked by the little figure in brown. Haw! Haw! Black-jacked! Haw-Haw-Haw! Another laugh—a musical one—chimed in.

One week later, after a loan, *strictly* a loan, from that little figure in brown, and after a trip to the city, where nobody knew his reputation, Donald and angel (he never called her anything else but) were on the path to Paradise if any two people *ever* were.

ANNE CLAFLIN, '32.

INVENTIONS WE HOPE FOR BUT NEVER EXPECT

AND now that the Law Enforcement Board's classic preliminary report is fast fading into the oblivion of ancient history, the appointment of another committee more vitally necessary to world peace, naval parity, infant suffrage, the abolition of Mussolini, and the comprehension of the Einstein theory than any three committees now extant. (Excuse us for a moment while we take a deep breath. There!) We refer to a committee of scientists selected for the express purpose of procuring the average citizen "the substance of things hoped for, the evidence of things unseen." The board should serve solely to answer that crying need for inventions of interest to the neglected human rabble who have not been so fortunate as to have procured Doctorates of Science. Scientists have been so absorbed recently in the radio, airplane, and X-ray, not to mention the talking pictures, that they have forgotten their first duty which is to administer to the humble needs of foolish mortals. The average citizen has to take a degree in philology before he can even pronounce the names of modern inventions, and it is quite beyond his wildest hopes to be able to understand the uses for which they have been so thoughtfully supplied. But everybody knows of useful contraptions which the scientific world has obstinately ignored up to the present. And if somebody would only appoint a commission to call this fact to the attention of those responsible, perhaps something could be accomplished.

The first product, we hope, will be a tooth paste container guaranteed to expel tooth paste without destroying either one's spinal column or one's sanity. These tubes that require a steam roller to extract the faintest promise of any paste are responsible for more cases of mental, moral, and physical suicide than we care to mention.

An automatic desk drawer cleaner might well

be the second item for the list. How many mad hours are wasted now in determining whether to throw away the three year old clipping announcing a convention of discus throwers at St. Moritz, or whether to reserve it for some possible future need! How much valuable time is exhausted today in searching vainly through debris collected during a decade or two for the Hershey bar that was so carefully deposited in the back corner of the lower left hand drawer two weeks ago! What back breaking energy is daily expended in excavating ruins that would floor Lindbergh himself! All this the commission for useful inventions could remedy.

We could wander on for weeks mentioning problems that cry for scientific solution, but we can only afford to touch lightly upon a few more important ones. Why has no one thought to create a mechanism for closing bedroom windows in the frigid mornings of mid-September? The bureau of statistics cannot estimate the number of deaths pneumonia has claimed through just this early morning exposure to the elements.

Does science know nothing of the theatre? Then why has no scientist discovered a means of exterminating gently but effectively the mob of noisy school girls that we invariably find three rows in front of us at all the important performances of the year? And why is there no invention to make transparent as the atmosphere all pillars, heads, coats, ushers, and other distressing trifles that usually obstruct our view of anything but those clumsy gilt cherubs who smile benignly from the arch of the stage on the invisible actors beneath.

What governmental, social, and educational difficulties might scientists not simplify when they are capable of producing such masterpieces as, for instance, the electric cigar lighter?

We hope, dear reader, that at the first propitious moment you will join us in presenting our appeal to President Hoover. We enclose a stamped, addressed envelope to facilitate your entrance into the league for the Formation of a Committee for the Scientific Consideration of Necessary inventions. The membership fee is ten dollars. Thank you.

CATHARINE WAKEFIELD, '30.

THE ELECTRIC AGE, OR A DAY WITH MODERN PEPYS

I PARTED with the warmth of my comfortable bed this morning at an outlandishly early hour, eleven o'clock by Big Ben in London, six o'clock Eastern Standard time. I put forth an appearance at such an early hour to allow good King George the Fifth to grant me an audience with him, via my trusty radio. After the King had spoken to me with much earnestness and sincerity on problems of international import, it occurred to me to reflect what an amazing assembly of doo-gagets my radio is and how great is the age of electricity in which men think little of snaring from the ether voices, even regal voices, by means of a small box filled with a bewildering assortment of doo-figets set in with great precision, consummate artistry, and, methinks, a deal of magic.

After this audience, I went off to breakfast. In some inexplicable manner the electric percolator delivered to my body a charge of electricity which shocked me greatly, causing me to cry out "Eureka," and causing my nerves to vibrate at a fearful rate.

In a great huff I put on my hat and betook myself to the office where I contemplated with complacency the glittering array of telephones and electric office machines shining under the artificial daylight diffused by the bright electric lights overhead.

Towards the middle of the morning I began to experience the effects of my early rising. For recreation I decided that I should take a few round trips on the electric operator. However, when I arrived at the ground floor, my courage deserted me, and fearing to incur the cynical-faced elevator boy's suspicion as to my mental balance, I stepped off and pretended to do an errand.

Having observed throughout the day how extensively electricity enters into our lives, I made a mental note of the fact that in some leisure time I should dash off an ode on electricity. Accordingly, I bethought myself to ask a policeman what electricity really is. That worthy looked down upon me from his traffic booth with such a queer expression in his eyes that, of necessity, I was constrained to move along.

So after an eventful day I returned home to an enjoyable evening with the radio. Then off to bed with my electric heating pad which it seems is a remarkable treatment for my rheumatism. Before I went to sleep, however, I visited the electric refrigerator to get a bit to eat. And so to sleep with the first lines of my ode forming in my brain:

"Though colorless, invisible, and efficient,
Your presence is quite manifest
Where sufficient insulation is defficient."

FRANK CAHILL, '30.

ALUMNI NOTES

1918

Marion Smith is now teaching at the Roberts School in Cambridge.

1919

Isadore Doctoroff is at present employed by one of the leading paint and hardware concerns of Boston.

Anne Wetmore is now teaching at one of the grammar schools of Cambridge.

1920

Ethel Tansey, graduate of Bridgewater Normal is now teaching at the Taylor School, Cambridge.

Mary Butler is now working in City Hall.

1922

John Rogers is taking a business course at Bryant and Stratton.

1924

Samuel Doctoroff is now an executive of the Independent Dye Company of Boston.

1926

Stanley Navarro is now in business with his father.

"Franie" Neale is now a foreman in the A. R. Hyde Shoe concern. He is also captain of the Y. M. C. A. and A. R. Hyde basketball teams.

Pearl Steinmetz is now a senior at Boston University.

1927

John Sullivan is taking a course at Burdetts.

Mildred Spitzer is specializing in law at Boston University.

Carl Hoss is taking a business course at Bryant and Stratton.

James Murnane, Mary Murphy, Marian Fogwill are taking business courses at Bryant and Stratton.

Loretta Evans, graduate of Salem Normal, is now substituting in the grammar schools of Cambridge.

Brooks Bartlett, of the class of 1927 and a former member of the Cambridge Review Staff, died of pneumonia at his home in Felton Hall, February twenty-sixth. He was a member of the Sophomore Class at Harvard at the time of his death.

Les Wiehe, of the class of 1927 is now at Tufts College of Dentistry.

1928

Miriam Bramberg is taking a course at Portia Law School.

Martha Garland, Alice Gustin, Mary Harris, Mary Hayward, Valera Russell are taking business courses at Bryant and Stratton.

Ben Scully is studying at Catholic University, Washington.

Muriel Hayward is now working in the main office of the New England Telephone Company.

Alexander Nichiporuk is a freshman at Technology.

Margaret Finnigan is employed in the Brunswick Hotel.

Ella Laverty is studying at Miss Leslie's.

"Joe" Hyde is studying at home, preparing for his entrance to Boston College.

Ethel Headman is a freshman at Framingham Normal.

"Jimmie" Ford is working for the American newspaper.

Anthony DeVito is a freshman at Harvard.

Carolina Ciani and Ada Callum are freshmen at Salem Normal.

Gratian Yatsevitch is a freshman at Harvard.

Mary Rooney is working in the office of the Cambridge Rubber Company.

Katherine Good is a freshman at Framingham Normal.

1929

Blanche Wetmore is attending Framingham Normal where she is attaining a high scholastic record in her various studies.

Henry Forbes is a freshman at Technology.

Margery Cavanaugh is now attending Fitchburg Normal.

Margaret Kelley is now employed by the Cambridge Rubber Company.

Catherine Canana is a freshman at Radcliffe.

Marion Taylor is taking a business course at Bryant and Stratton.

Paul Cleary is employed by the Cambridge Electric Company.

Frank Nolan is assistant operator in the Cobb Theatre, Boston.

Fred Harlow is attending Hebron Academy where he starred on the hockey team.

Bill Ryan is a freshman at Boston College.

Mary McCarthy is now employed in the office of the Flash Chemical Company.

Ruth Campbell, class of 1929, is now attending the Emerson College of Oratory.

THE "REVIEW" STAFF

BRYANT & STRATTON

COMMERCIAL SCHOOL

FACTS

1. LOCATION at the Arlington Street Station of the Subway, cor. of Boylston and Arlington Streets, opposite Public Gardens. *Easily and safely accessible* from all points either by Surface or Subway.
2. BUILDING erected especially for this School, and with the exception of the ground floor, *used exclusively by the School.* Unsurpassed in convenient construction and equipment for the purposes of Commercial Training.
3. COURSES which fit both *High School and College Graduates* to meet the demands of Modern Business; opening the way for rapid advancement to Executive Positions.
4. FACULTY of capable and experienced Instructors, who by *individual attention and interest* enable students to attain Satisfactory Results in their studies.
5. STUDENT BODY of exceptionally high grade as the result of constant recommendation that High School students should complete their courses. *Nearly one hundred per cent* High School, Academy or Seminary graduates, with seventy-nine Universities and Colleges represented during the past year.
6. INDIVIDUAL ADVANCEMENT enables students to secure the completest training in the *shortest time and at the lowest cost.*
7. EMPLOYMENT DEPARTMENT with nearly fifty years of successful service is *constantly placing graduates* in promising and desirable positions.
8. NO SOLICITORS OR AGENTS employed by this School to *annoy students or their parents* by high pressure sales tactics in their anxiety to secure commissions or enrollments.

In order that you may VISUALIZE THESE ADVANTAGES, a cordial invitation is extended to you to visit the School and thus be enabled to MAKE YOUR OWN CHOICE OF A SCHOOL. *Full information sent by mail upon request.*

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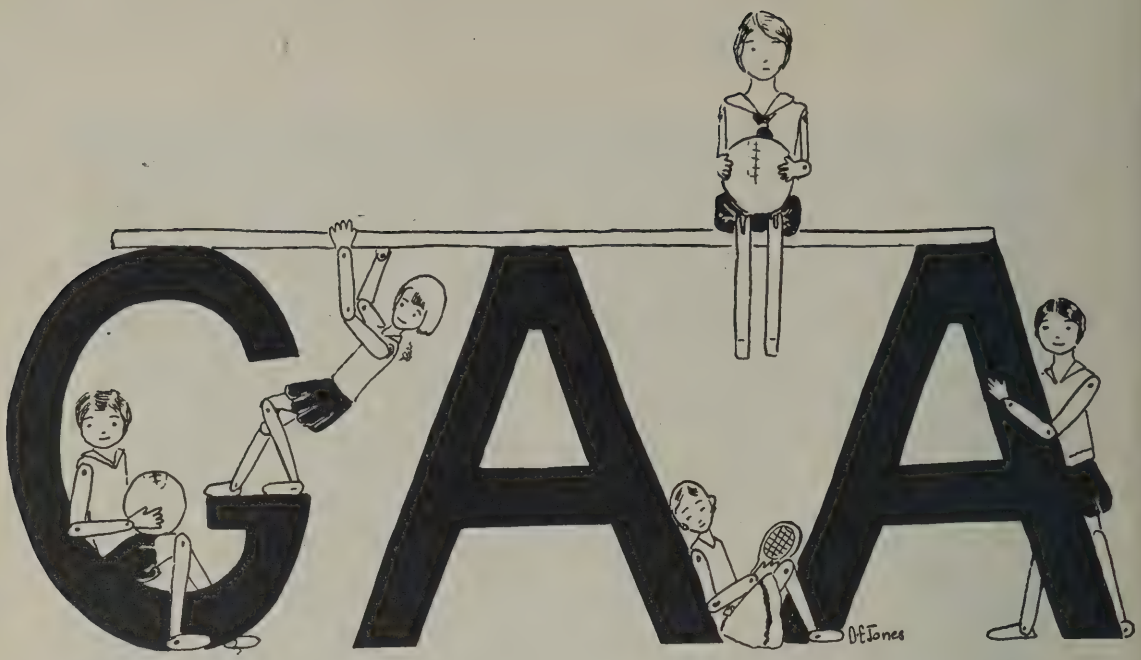
L. O. White,
Principal.



THE Freshman team has played two outside games this year. They played a game at Everett which they won "21-15." Then, in a return game, the Everett girls came here, and took part in the most exciting game of the entire season. At last, the final whistle found the scare "20-18"—in favor of Everett. A great game! Congratulations, Freshmen! Keep it up!

This year's Varsity Squad is as follows:

FORWARDS—Gertrude Burns, Winifred Burns, Evelyn Cummings, Barbara Farwell, Ella Gans, Odette Thibedeau.

CENTERS—Clara Cormier, Lillian Margosian, Mildred McDonald, Mathilda Pflaumer, Palm Zappala.

GUARDS—Gertrude Davis, Ruth Hibbard (Captain), Louise Hodge, Gertrude Lancester, Marjorie Leighton, Marion Mader, Marjorie Parker, Blossom Stromme, Myrtle White.

Our Varsity manager is Sarah McKenney!

The following girls made their first team letters: W. Burns, Cormier, Cummings, Hibbard, Lancester, Margosian, M. McDonald, Stromme, Thibedeau.

Second team letters were made by: G. Burns, Danis, Gans, Hodge, Mader, Parker, Zappala.

The first Varsity played three games:—a game with Somerville, which we won by a score of "19-9," even though it was played at their gym; a game with Radcliffe in which we were defeated by a score of "34-7"; an Alumnae game which we lost by a score of "28-15."

The second team played the corresponding second teams and were victorious in every game! Somerville, "18-11," Radcliffe, "30-19," Alumnae, "19-8." That's a record for you! (Each year, it seems that the second Varsity wins more games than the first. But we all understand, of course, that they haven't the opposition with which the first team must battle.) Thus, the Basketball season of 1930 has drawn to a close. May we all be together again in the near future for some more rousing games!

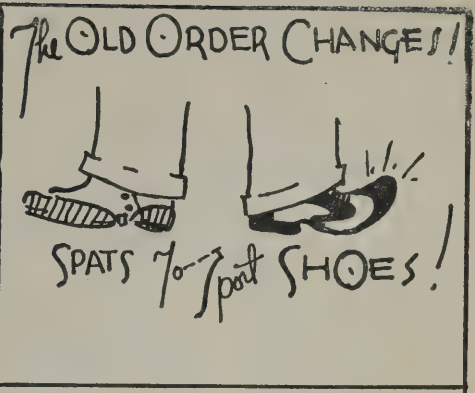
We can't be idle for a moment, you see, so Baseball and Swimming practices are going to begin right away. The way things look now, there'll be plenty of sturdy candidates for both sports. We hope so!

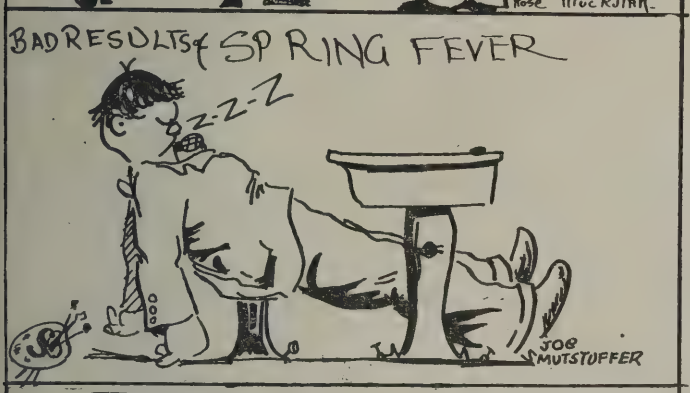
There was a very informal food sale held in the gym a short time ago. At this affair, we made about fifteen dollars. A special table was reserved at the further end of the gym for friends, "the boys," but evidently they were extremely bashful for not one appeared. Pardon me—some did muster up enough courage to appear timidly at the locker-room door. However, when our loyal president, Miss Gertrude Burns, trudged bravely up to them with a tray-full of tempting wares, their fears got the best of them, and they dashed wildly away! Poor dears!

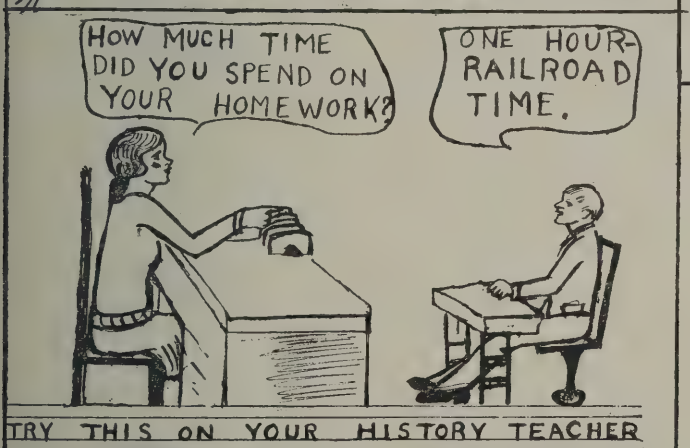
There really isn't much more news for this issue, girls, except that the big dance of the year—the "Real Boy" Dance—is going to take place sometime in May, and that someone of these days, you're going to be surprised by seeing an honest-to-goodness Play!

Au revoir — 'til next time.

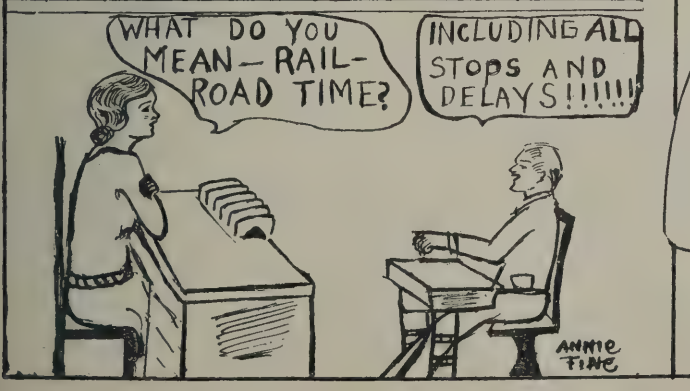
MARJORIE LEIGHTON, '30.







TRY THIS ON YOUR HISTORY TEACHER



Miss McCaffrey: "Where are you going to find that word, Ruth."

Ruth Scott: Look it up in my appendix.

They walked the lane together;
The sky was studded with stars;
And when they came to the end of the lane,
He lifted for her the bars.
She turned her brown eyes toward him;
There was nothing between them now
For he was the farmer's hired boy,
And she was a Jersey cow!

Teacher: "Who can give me a sentence using the word 'Avaunt'?"

Little Abie: "Avaunt vhat avaunt vhen avaunt it."

The following letter was received by a company which manufactures corn syrup:

"Dear Sirs: Though I have taken six cans of your syrup, my feet are no better now than when I started."

One: Jones is going to retire from business for five years.

Two: Aw, I heard him say that before.

One: Yeh, but this time the judge said it.

Customer: That coat isn't a very good fit.

Clerk: Well, what do you expect for twenty dollars? An attack of epilepsy?

Teacher: If your father promises a man twenty dollars a week, how many weeks will it take the man to get $200?

Senior: Two hundred weeks.

Teacher: Senior, you don't know your lesson.

Senior: No, you don't know my father.

They say that Washington never told a lie, but now he's lying in his grave.

During Roll Call

Teacher: I shall now call your names.

Freshman (not quite understanding): Teacher, call Frank a monkey.

Heard In Room 88, Period 6

J. Krukonis: Do you think my hands show any sign of toil?

E. Freedman: The one with the engagement ring on it shows that you have been working.

Mr. Sullivan: Why is John Hancock a name to be remembered?

B. Olney: If you wish anyone to sign a document it is good form to say, "Put your John Hancock on the dotted line."

Vera Johnson: I was born in Sweden.

Review Reporter: What part?

Vera: All of me, of course!

"Sawyer," bawled out the conductor, as the train approached the town of that name.

Ed. Lynch: "Don't care if you did!"

G. Lallas: I've never kissed a girl before in my life!

M. Flynn: Let's go home, I'm not running a prep course at this school.

Policeman (to tramp sleeping on a bench in the subway): Hey! Get up! You can't sleep here!

Tramp: No wonder. You let the trains go rumbling back and forth.

Judge: Didn't I tell you I didn't want to see you here again?

Arrestee: Yes, Your Honor, that's what I was trying to tell the officer, but still he brought me here.

May: What two letters do boys delight in?
June: Two t's.

Husband: You don't mean to tell me you paid $50 for that hat?
His Wife: Oh, no! I left that for you to do.

Teacher: Did you open the window wider?
Freshman: You bet I did! I pulled the top-half all the way down, and pushed the bottom-half all the way up.

Norah: What's wrong, Sonny?
Sonny: I b-burnt my h-hand in h-hot water.
Norah: Serves you right, ye little fool! Why didn't ye feel of it before ye put your hand in it?

Freshman: Aw, she's like a music book.
Soph: What do you mean?
Freshman: She's full of airs.

Woman: What should a polite little boy say to a lady who gave him a penny for carrying her parcels?
Modern Lad: I'm too polite to say it.

First Grad: How do you like Paris?
Second Ditto: Aw, they speak too much French there?

Have you heard of the Scotchman who brought a gold-fish as a present at a golden wedding?

Poor Jenkins. He's so absent-minded, he slammed his wife and kissed the door goodby.

Son: Oh, Ma, which would be worse? To lose my fur coat, or to be run over by an auto?
Ma: Why, darling, to lose your coat, of course.
Son: Now, isn't that fine! I've just lost my new coat.

Heller: "Why do you address the letter carrier as 'professor'?"
Haverty: " Merely an honorary title, I'm taking a correspondence course."

"What is your religion?" the rookie was asked.
"Militia, sir," answered the rookie.
"No, no! I mean your religion!"
"Oh, my religion,—I'm a plumber."

His Honor: "Get the culprit's name, so we can tell his mother."
Clerk: "He says his mother already knows his name, sir."

Would You Think It?

Tennyson could take a worthless sheet of paper, write a poem on it and make it worth $65,000. That's genius.

Some men can sign a check and make it worth $50,000. That's capital.

The government can take an ounce of silver worth 50 cents and make it worth $50. That's money.

An artist can take a 50 cent piece of canvas, and paint a picture on it worth hundreds of dollars. That's art.

A merchant can take an article costing 75 cents and sell it for $1.00. That's business.

A girl can buy a hat for $2.99 but prefers one that costs $29.90. That's vanity.

The author of this can write a check for $5,000, but it wouldn't be worth a cent. That's tough.

A—"I know a good joke about oil."
B—"Spring it."
A—"It's not refined."

A real bright freshman has discovered why seniors part their hair—All blocks have alleys—what ho?

Teacher: What are the "Classical Unities."
Student: All the classics written in one volume."

Many a high school student goes to sleep a Freshman and wakes up to find himself a Freshman.

"Follys" of 1933.

Willie Jefferson	Bigger and Better
Peg Hudson	The Man Hater
Mary Peters	Has She Got Naughty Eyes
Richard Mandell	Halfway to Heaven
John Knight	The Shiek
Dot Haverty	Dangerous Women
Peter Johnson	The Vagabond
Mary Rankin	Sunny Side Up
Nathalie Brigham	Baby Face

If all the American tourists were laid end to end, it wouldn't solve the Tariff problem.

Mr. Derry's theme song: "A little quiz each morning a little quiz at night."

Stude: My dad says that he thought nothing of studying for hours at night.

Ditto: Well, I don't think so much of it myself.

Senior: "When were you born?"
Freshman: "On the second of April."
Senior: "Late again."

Joe (at art gallery): "Why did they hang that awful picture?"
Jim: "I expect they couldn't find the artist."

Teacher in Geometry Class: Who will define a circle?

Johnny: A circle is a round straight line with a hole in the middle.

Dora thinks because a roadster has a one-man top, all the rest gets wet when it rains.

When you hand the street-car conductor an old five-dollar bill and he asks you if you haven't something smaller, be nonchalant and hand him a new five-dollar bill.

What "Flunk Means

F—ailed to understand.
L—ack of interest
U—nexpected company
N—ot prepared
K—icked out

A woman recently fasted 21 days. During the last week of her fast she is said to have received proposals of marriage from 28 Scotchmen.

Have you heard of the Scotchman who crossed his bees with lightning bugs so that they might do night work?

Then there was the Scotchman who wouldn't even pay off a grudge.

A Scotchman was found dead in front of a punching machine. On it was a sign reading: "Your penny returned if you punch hard enough." He died of over exertion.

Also there's the Scotchman who goes to the hospital the first of every month to escape the bill collectors.

And the Scotch brothers who had a double wedding to save taxi fare.

Not forgetting the Scotchman who never tells jokes in his wife's presence because she invariably gives the ending away.

Or the buffalo on the Scotchman's nickel which was seen to blink its eyes because it had been kept so long in the dark.

And last but not least is the Scotchman who fell in front of a steam roller, but managed to turn on his side so as to have his trousers pressed.—*The Pathfinder.*

A Scotch Joke

Lady in a hotel to clerk:

Lady: There are two mice fighting in my room!

Clerk: How much did you pay for it?

Lady: Two Dollars.

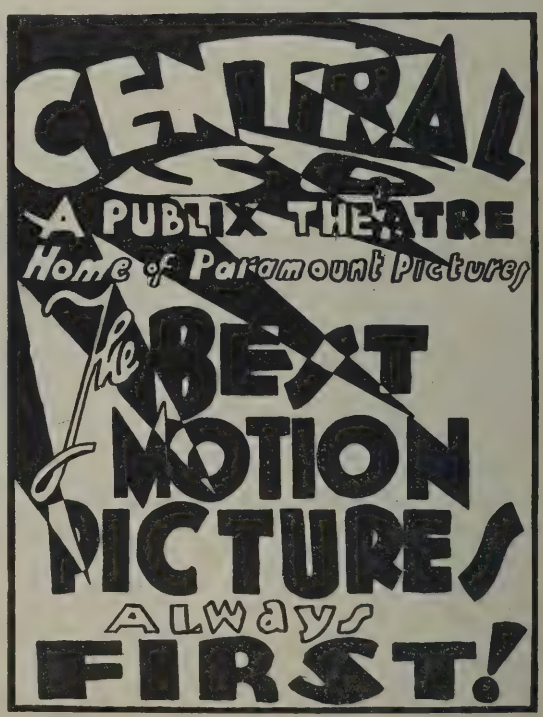
Clerk: Well what do you expect, a bull fight?

A Scotchman's Invitation:

You are cordially invited to attend my tenth anniversary party to be held on February 29, 1930.

Teacher: Tom, can you give me an example of the paradox?

Tommy: Yes, sir. A man walking a mile and only two feet.



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WELL! Well! Well! if it ain't spring again, with its robins and roses, mosquito bites, and report cards, and less than 21 more cases of nervous collapsion in Cambridge High School. Meanwhile, this is Balser Spudd stringing you along over the circulatory system of Station C. H. L. S., Intoxicated. It has often been said by Noah Lotski, the great rushin' halfbacks that "He who hesitates is sunk," so what d'ye say we go on with the program.

To begin with, I'll give you the general idea of the help wanted and not wanted adds which have been sent to us by the courtesy of the "Hysterical Bathtub Corporation," of this city.

Wanted:—A horse, wagon, and driver to take the G. A. A. up to Waverly where they will play the members of that institute in a threefold game of fishball. No salary required.

Wanted:—A man; see me about it.

Wanted:—A shemale Tomcat of good build, any complexion, to drive the rats out of the Public Gardens. Salary:—Board, room, and living expenses.

Wanted:—A big, strong, American girl to take care of Ping Pong, my trained horsefly, while I am out buying its food. Girl must be faithful, honest, trustworthy, reverent, etc. Salary, 13 francs.

Now, by my courtesy, you'll hear the lost, found and recovered advertisements.

Lost:—Thirteen cents in change, somewhere between Garfield's water wagon and Ching Wow's hot dog stand. No reward requested.

Found:—A pair of red silk knickers at the Commander Hotel, after the Freshman Frolic. The initials G. A. R., were carved in one of the arms.

LOST:—A toot for calsar, by one of the Latin teachers. If found, please return immediately because the owner is very fond of her pony, and she can not get along without him.

Lost:—A tortoise-shelled tooth brush, of excellent quality, in good working condition (no srings attached). Please return.

Well, for cryin' out loud, if it isn't a fresh supply of news bullets just sent in from last week's "Boston Daily Dozen." Now if you'll please control yourself for a minute, I'll exultricate these to you in alphabetical order. Hey! Hey! The K. B. girls have recently organized a new roarority, spagority, or what have you, which they have named the "Kwarta Breenze," meaning in Greek, "Whoopie." Dances are run every morning in the Broadway Bowling Alley, and all the profits, if there are any, are contributed to the noble cause of buying baseball uniforms for the old Ladies' Home. Music is furnished by Greta Garbo and her "Grateful Grabargians," of Tootville, Alaska.

Colonel Corn, at the head of 4,000 well-trained troupes of the Salvation Army, openly declared war on the Cambridge Lodge of Horses, today, on the charge of illegal use of aspirin tablets. Captain Kidd, of the Lodge, stood up boldly before the onrushing army and delivered the following speech:—"Be on with you, cowards, or I'll call my uncle which is a cop." This audacious announcement spread much fear and panic among the members of the army, who took to their heels, fled through the Harvard Square, tore up to the Charles River, boarded the first steamer for Greenland, and haven't been seen since.

The Cambridge Latin Mothball team added another name to the long list of conquered victims when they won a remarkable defeat over their powerful rivals of Radcliffe, by the unanimous score of 40-love. The Concoba, or contabs (as you like it) were clearly the aggressors throughout the game, with "Porley" pine driving a circuit clout over the goal-post with nine men on the base. The struggle ended when a Radcliffe warrior drove the puds clear over the piano, under the radiator and through the window of a neighboring horse-car, thus causing the game to be broken up by the police.

And thus end the new flashes for another month or two. Please bear in mind that these new ziterns are supplied under the auspices of

the "Banana Oil Mining Co., of South Stringbean, Wyoming. We will now turn the microscope over to the "Friendly Dames," who will do their darndest to bring to you a program of after-breakfast dance music. Please hang by.

I'm pleased to meet you. This is Barbara Screetchy and the "Friendly Dames," outcasting a program of inter-collegiate dance music. Gosh, I'm so excited I-I will anyway our little band is composed of Kate-on the bugle; Mary Ellen, Evangeline, who is the composer of "When You and Me Was Young, Maggie," "The Hearing of the Green," and many others of the latest song flops. Hepzibah, the hazooist; and last but not least myself the vocal organist. Our number will be as follows: "Pick a Lily Pete," "Fairy-land my Fairyland," and "Giddyap Garribaldi," "We Ain't Done Yet." This is Barbara Screetchy still holding on! All set; Shoot May Ellen. And that, Ladies and Gents, is enough from the "Friendly Dames" for today. You might be pleased to know that they will be back with you again tomorrow. They prefer that you should not send in any convenets on their playing.

The Watershoals Rubber Boot man says:—rain tonight ,and tomorrow, followed by rain in the afternoon, with increasing rain towards evening. Why not be prepared. Stop in on your way to school and purchase a pair of these non-stop "Watersoals Rubberboots." They are a sure cure for spring fever, weals tonsils, and goose pimples, while they guard you against wind storms, sand storms, and brain storms. Be the snappiest one in your crowd, be the first one to show up in a pair of the ultra-modern, non-stop, fireproof, "Watersoals Rubberboots." Housewives recommend them. Babies cry for them. We make them.

And now friends, as you see, I'm getting rather hoarse, and I think I'd better hand up and give you a rest. Give my best wishes to the family.

Toodle-do,

DAN DOHERTY, '31.

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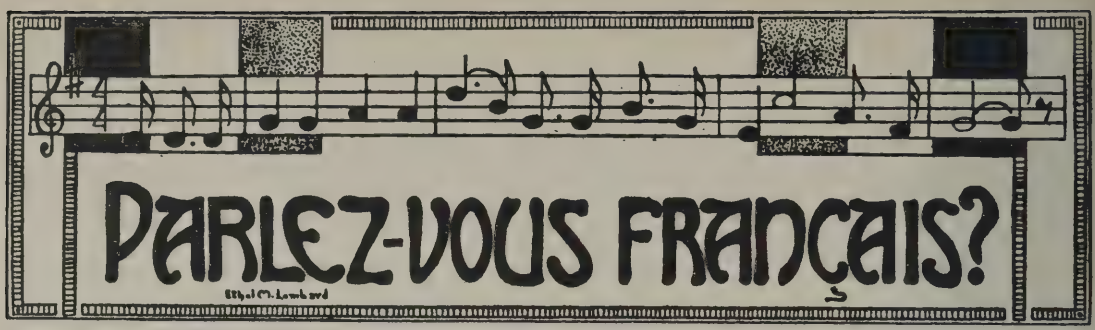

L'ARRIVÉE du film-parlant est quelque chore d'extraordinaire. Songez quel triomphe elle montre dans le monde scientifique; c'est à dire dans le monde entier, car je crois que le film-parlant va dans tous les coins du monde. Ce genre de film est très instructif. On voit tout ce qu'il se passe dans le monde et en même temps on entend parler les peuples différents. C'est une mainère excellente pour acquérir une prononciation correcte dans toutes les langues. A mon avis l'industrie cinemtographique a atteint l'apogie de sa gloire.

C'est depuis l'arrivée du film-parlant que tant d'acteurs produisent des films. L'écran en profite, et pas seulement l'écran, mais la foule qui s'intéresse au cinéma. Nous passons de bonnes heures au cinéma avec des acteurs comme George Arliss, Ruth Chatterton, John Barrymore, Dennis King et bien des autres. Malheureusement le film-parlant a chassé de bons acteurs à cause de leur accent. Nous avons perdu, ainsi, Emile Jennings un des meilleurs tragédiens du monde entier.

Je ne conseillerais personne d'aller au cinéma trop souvent, car ce n'est pas bon pour la santé, et quelque fois, pour l'ésprit même. Néanmoins je conseillerais à n'importe qui d'y aller de temps en temps pour se changer d'idées pour voir ce quie ce passe au monde, et pour profiter de notre âge scientifique.

FERNAND THIERRY, '30.

L'OFFICER américain beau et viril, se hâta de monter dans son avion et de décoller. Il avait un aéroplan rouge avec une croix allemande sur son aile la plus basse, et il était désireux d'ajouter encore un avion de l'ennemi á son honneur. Une fois l'officier jeta un coup d'oeil sur tout le terrain d'aviation et les escadrilles d'aéroplans. Ensuite il fit toute son attention á l'aviateur allemand, Von Pfoall le plus adroit des aviateurs allemand. Von Pfoall vit américain et se tourna pour le renconter L'Américain monta plus haut en l'air, et ensuite il se précipita sur son ennemi, en tirent sa mitrailleuse. Les balles glissèrent le long du côté de l'avion, mais elles manquèrent de percer une partie vitale de la machine. Puis l'Allemand audacieux attaqua son adversaine.

Les avions firent un grand fracas, mais Américain évita le choc. (Les spectateurs soupirent.) Cette bataille de l'air dura quinze minutes. Le célèbre Von Pfaoll avait enfin rencontré son pair et son supérieur méme! Comme les balles de l'aviateur américain trouvèrent le reservoir d'essence de l'aéroplan allemand! Le rouge de l'avoin qui tombait comme une feuille morte, était fait plus rouge par les flammes qui jaillirent. L'Américain salua son ennemi et retourna vers l'aéroport.

Les lumières éclatèrent tout a coup et Passistance se leva. "Les Aviateurs de Destin," drame pe plus grand de l'air, avait fini.

HAROLD RUBIN, '30.

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Univ. 5242 Open Evenings

MELROSE 5 CAMBRIDGE 0

Cambridge Latin could not stop Keough or the Melrose gang at Ell Pond, Melrose, and was forced to take a five to nothing whipping. This win pushed Melrose to a close trailing position on Arlington, who at the time of this writing, is leading the Suburban Hockey League. Keough scored three goals and his mates looked fine in their passing and skating.

Keough, Kinney, and Allman were very instrumental in leading their team to a victory, while Swisher, Kendall and Morgan put up a wonderful defensive game for the Cantabs.

Summary:

MELROSE 5	CAMBRIDGE 0
Allman, rw.	ld. Hovenian
Russell, lw.	rd. Reardon
Kinney, g	g. Swisher
Keough, c	c. Borjeson
Keating, rd	lw, Morgan
Kidd, ld	rw. Burke

CAMBRIDGE 22 MILTON ACAD. 5

Cambridge Latin's close guarding basketball team defeated Milton Academy 22-5, at Milton. Milton did not score a basket from the floor, all five points being tossed from the foul line. Blair was the high scorer for the Cantabs.

In a preliminary game, between the second teams of both schools, the Cantabs again showed their superiority in winning by, 18 to 6. Allan and Ranieri featured for the Cantab second team.

Summary of the main game:

CAMBRIDGE 22	MILTON ACAD. 5
Muti, Plausky, rf	lg, Courier
Blair, Stewart, lf	rg, Davis, Bartlett
Daly, Lekakas, c	c, Upton
Matursivitch, rg	lf, Fay, Gray
Rynne, Cohen, lg	rf, Robert, Pierce

ARLINGTON 3 CAMBRIDGE 2

In a game, which required two extra periods to decide the winner the Arlington High School Hockey Team registered a close win over a fast Cambridge Latin sextet, at the Arlington Rink, 3 to 2. Thomas made the three goals for Arlington. Cosgrove and Borjeson scored one each for the Cantabs.

Summary:

ARLINGTON 3	CAMBRIDGE 2
Thomas, Acker, rw	ld, Kendall
Bankstele, lw	rd, Reardon
Patch, g	g, Swisher
Fox, c	c, Borjeson
Darrington, rd	lw, Morgan
Hagermann, ld	rw, Groden

NEWTON 2 CAMBRIDGE 0

Newton High, using aggressive tactics throughout, blanked the Cambridge Latin six, 2 to 0, in a fast hockey game on Bullough's Pond, Newton. Kelly made both goals for the winners, on each occasion taking a pretty pass from his teammate Schipper,—near the Cambridge goal.

Only one casualty occurred during the game, when Swisher, the Cantab goalee, was hit by the puck on the back of his neck. It seemed, for a while, that he would be out for some time. He soon recovered, however, and continued the game.

Summary:

NEWTON 2	CAMBRIDGE 0
Kelly, Colby, rw	ld. Kendall
Hildreth, Chase, lw	rd, Reardon
Moore, g	g, Swisher
Schipper, c	c, Borjeson
Linberg, rd	lw, Morgan, Lovett
Billings, ld	rw, Cosgrove

ST. MARKS 5 CAMBRIDGE 0

In a one sided game, St. Mark's hockey team defeated the Cantabrigians, 5 to 0, at the rink of that school. The Cantabs never had a look-in during the entire game. Choate and Peck scored the goals for the victors. The latter scoring three.

Summary:

ST. MARKS 5	CAMBRIDGE 0
Hallowell, rw	ld, Kendall
Peck, lw	rd, Reardon
Hall, g	g, Swisher
Boardman, c	c, Borjeson
Waters, rd	lw, Morgan, Lovett
Choate, ld	rw, Cosgrove, Burke

EVERETT 32 CAMBRIDGE 25

Everett's fast basketball team beat the Cambridge Latin team, 32 to 25, at St. Mary's Gymnasium, Cambridge. The lead see-sawed back and forth from one team to the other during the entire game. It was, however, a very close and hard fought game throughout.

Kavanaugh and Smith of Everett and Daly and Blair of the Cantabs, were the high scorers for their respective teams.

The Cantab second team, won a victory over the Everett team by the margin of one basket, 13 to 11. Allen featured for the Cantabs.

Summary of the main game:

EVERETT 32	CAMBRIDGE 25
Smith, Foberg, rf	lg, Rynne
Kavanaugh, lf	rg, Matursivitch
Reagan, Rogers, c,	c, Daly
Del Isola, rg	lf, Plausky
Merriman, lg	rf, Blair, Muti

STONEHAM 30 CAMBRIDGE 15

Led by Johnson, a tall, blonde youth of no mean ability and who was in a great measure responsible for his team's victory, Stoneham crushed the Cambridge Latin quintet to the tune of, 30 to 15. This lad is six feet two inches tall, and the hard working Cantab quintet could not, no matter how hard they tried, stop the aggressive blonde from shooting basket after basket with inconceivable rapidity.

Johnson, Kent, Adzigran starred for Stoneham while Plausky and Muti were the oustanding players for the Cantabs.

In the second team game the Stoneham five was a little too fast for the Cantabs and they won by a close margin, 22 to 16.

Summary of the main game:

STONEHAM 30	CAMBRIDGE 15
Adzigran, rf	lg, Rynne, Cohen
Thoroux, lf	rg, Matursivitch
Johnson, c	c, Muti
Marston, rg	lf, Blair
Kent, Hanne, lg	rf, Plausky, Lekakos

WOBURN 2 CAMBRIDGE 1

Woburn High School defeated Cambridge High and Latin at Library Field, Woburn. Cambridge High and Latin put up a flashy attack and threatened Woburn High on many occasions. Owing to the goal tending of Kelleher and Backman, the visitors were unable to score more than one goal, which was made by Reardon. Kelleher at center ice and later at goalie put up a star game for Woburn. He was ably assisted by Backman at the net.

Summary:

WOBURN 2	CAMBRIDGE 1
Wheaton, rw	ld, Borjeson
Houd, lw	rd, Reardon, Kendall
Backman, g	g, Swisher
Kelleher, c	c, Hovenanian
Walsh, rd	lw, Morgan
Hamilton, ld	rw, Burke

CAMBRIDGE 2 BELMONT 2

Belmont and Cambridge Latin sextets turned in the first tie game of the interscholastic league race when they clinched at two all at the Belmont High rink. The latter part of the game was spoiled by a heavy snow which cluttered the ice and prevented the boys from showing their wares as puck carriers.

The Cantabs took a two-goal lead in the opening session and appeared to have things all their own way. Captain Kendall and Borgeson assisted by Morgan counted on long shots. In the second period Belmont packed into Cambridge territory and on a pass from Captain King, Smith tallied. Then Murphy slung away a long board shot to tie it up. Neither could register again, although both sides had pile-ups in front of their goals. Two extra periods were played.

The summary:

CAMBRIDGE 2	BELMONT 2
Cosgrove, rw	ld, Powers
Burke, lw	rd, DeStana
Sullivan, g	g, Pounder
Morgan, c	c, King
Reardon, rd	lw, Smith, Burke
Kendall, ld	rw, Mulvahill, Ecker

EXETER 9 CAMBRIDGE 0

Exeter's hockey team ran away from Cambridge High and Latin by a score of 9 to 0, at the Exeter rink, New Hampshire. The winner's team play featured in most of the goals and as usual Captain Frank Spain, former Newton High star, was high scorer with Arthur Lane second, both working well together. Cambridge's offense was futile against Exeter's solid defense. Captain Kendall, Reardon, and Morgan played well for the Cantabs.

The summary:

EXETER 9	CAMBRIDGE 0
Lane, Tufts, rw	ld, Reardon, Kelleher
Duff, Willis, Muther, lw	rd, Kendall
Weston, Whittemore, g	g, Sullivan
Spain, Parker, Richardson, c	c, Hovenanian
Adams, Borret, Clark, rd	lw Bernard, Borjeson
Bennet, Clapp, ld	rw, Cosgrove, Groden

CAMBRIDGE 21 SOMERVILLE 18

Playing its best basketball of the year, the Cambridge Latin quintet trimmed Somerville High 21 to 18. The Cantab schoolboys were pressing most of the way and were always on the job to take advantage of any breaks that came their way. Linquist of Somerville and Muti, Rynne, and Blair, of Cambridge featured for their respective teams.

The Cantab second team defeated the Somerville seconds by 27 to 20. Corbett excelled for Somerville while Beaton and Finstein, for Cambridge.

Summary of the main game:

CAMBRIDGE		SOMERVILLE 18
Plansky, rf	lg,	Mathewson
Tekakas, Blair, lf	rg,	Vitiello
Muti, c	c,	Mourin, MacDonald
Matursivitch, rg	lf,	linquist, MacCarthy
Rynne, lg	rf,	Goff, Corbett

CAMBRIDGE 20 NEWTON 13

Cambridge Latin's basketball five won from the Newton High quintet in a fast Suburban League game, 20 to 13. Plausky, Blair and Muti were the high scorers for the Cantabs while Seaver of Newton led his teammates in the scoring.

The Newton seconds won, 32 to 10.

Summary of the main game:

CAMBRIDGE 20		NEWTON 13
Plausky, Daly, rf	lg,	Boswell, Patterson
Blair, lf	rg,	Blair, Vasolotti
Muti, Lekakas, c	c,	Chipman
Rynne, rg	lf,	Sever, Bailey
Matursivitch, lg	rf,	Scholl, Gulian

ARLINGTON 33 CAMBRIDGE 19

The Arlington High basketball team beat Cambridge Latin at the Arlington Gymnasium, 33 to 19.

Arlington displayed a fine passing attack, which enabled them to bring the ball up the floor for closeup shots. The Cantab defense was slow in forming and several times one or two Cantab players were forced to combat an assault on three Arlington players. The outstanding feature of the game was the shooting of Davidson and Gallucci, both of Arlington. Matursivitch played well for the Cantabs.

In the second team game the Cantabs fared better. They won over the Arlington seconds, 15 to 12. Lekakas of Latin and Lionetta of Arlington played well for their respective teams.

Summary of the first game:

ARLINGTON 33		CAMBRIDGE 19
Murphy, Danielson, rf	lg,	Matursivitch
Olexie, Galucci, lf	rg,	Rynne
Agilvio, c	c,	Plausky, Daly
Adams, rg	lf,	Blair, Tekakas
Quinn, Pinney, lg	rf,	Muti, Rogert

CAMBRIDGE 16 LAWRENCE 13

The Cambridge Latin first and second basketball teams beat the Lawrence teams in the gymnasium of that school. The score of the first game was 16 to 13 and of the second, 20 to 12.

Muti, Daly and Rynne starred for Latin while Madey and Gonet featured for Lawrence High in the main game. Lekakas was the high scorer for the second team.

Summary of the main game:

CAMBRIDGE 15		LAWRENCE 13
Muti, rf	lg,	Sczapa, Giles
Plausky, Lekakos, lf	rg,	Gonet
Daly, c	c,	Madey
Matursivitch, rg	lf,	Gronda
Rynne, lg	rf,	Perry

SOMERVILLE 35 CAMBRIDGE 29

Somerville High came from behind to nip Cambridge Latin, 35 to 29, in a see-saw basketball game played at the Somerville High gymnasium. The Cantab quintet led at the half, 14 to 10, with Somerville tying the score, 25 to 25, at the close of the third period.

Lundquist and Matheson of Somerville and Rynne, Matursivitch and Daly played superbly for their respective teams.

The second team score was in favor of the Cantabs with Somerville on the losing end, 26 to 20.

Summary of the main game:

SOMERVILLE 35		CAMBRIDGE 29
Lundquist, Corbett, rf	lg,	Rynne
Pitiello, lf	rg,	Matursivitch
MacDonald, c	c,	Daly
Mathewson, rg	rf,	Plausky, Blair
Ross, lg	rf,	Muti, Rogert

CAMBRIDGE 36 NEWTON 26

Cambridge Latin's basketball team defeated the Newton quintet, 36 to 26 at the gymnasium of that school, before a large crowd. Prior to the varsity game the Cantab second team defeated the Newton seconds, 23 to 20. Displaying their most brilliant attack of the year the Cantabs completely outplayed their opponents.

Rynne, Daly, Plausky all of Latin and Seaver and Bosworth of Newton starred in the Varsity

game. In the preliminary game, Goulon of Newton Beaton and Lekakas of Latin played well.

Summary of the main game:

CAMBRIDGE 36	NEWTON 26
Muti, Blair, rf	lg, Blair, Elrod
Plansky, lf	rg, Bosworth
Daly, c	c, Vassalotti, McCarthy
Rogert, Matursivitch, rg	lf, School, Chipinan
Rynne, Cohen, lg	rf, Seaver

RINDGE TECH 33 CAMBRIDGE 18

Rindge Tech defeated Cambridge Latin, 33 to 18, before a capacity crowd at St. Mary's Gymnasium. In the preliminary game the Cantabs turned the tables by defeating the Rindge second team, 23 to 17. In the main game, Deluse of Rindge and Plausky of Latin were the high scorers for their teams. In the second team game Dwyer of Rindge; Beaton, Vaughan of Latin were the outstanding players for their respective teams.

Starting lineup for the main game:

RINDGE TECH 33	CAMBRIDGE 18
Boyle, lg	rf, Plausky
Horris, rg	lf, Muti
Saurausky, c	c, Daly
Deluse, lf	rg, Rynne
Parker, rf	lg, Matursivitch

CAMBRIDGE 18 SALEM 17

Cambridge Latin's varsity and second basketball teams nosed out the Salem teams for a victory by the small margin of one point, in both games, at St. Mary's Gym., Cambridge. The varsity score was 18 to 17; the second team, 16 to 15. Daly of Latin was the individual star of the varsity game. Brennan of Salem and Beaton of Latin were the high scorers for their team in the preliminary game.

Summary of the main game:

CAMBRIDGE 18	SALEM HIGH 17
Muti, rf	lg, Curtin, Gallo
Lekakas, Rogert, lf	rg, Manning, Grad
Daly, c	c, Edzmund
Matursivitch, rg	lf, Whitehead
Rynne, Blair, lg	rf, Brennan, Pzenny

CAMBRIDGE 19 EVERETT 14

The brilliant playing of Walter Plausky, dimunitive left forward of Cambridge Latin, carried his team to a win over the Everett High quintet, Suburban League Champions, by the score of 19 to 14. Plausky garnered eleven points for his team and incidently he was the star of the game.

In the preliminary game the Cantab second team lost to the Everett seconds by 23 to 12.

CAMBRIDGE 19	EVERETT 14
Muti, Blair, rf	lg, Conrad, Rogers
Matursivitch, Plausky, lf	rg, Foberg Harrington
Daly, c	c, Rogert
Lekakas, rg	lf, Smith
Rynne, lg	rf, Kavanaugh

RINDGE TECH 37 CAMBRIDGE 16

The Rindge Tech varsity basketball quintet, in a one sided game, beats its ancient rival, Cambridge Latin by the overwhelming score, 37 to 16. Boyle and Saurausky, football stars, were the high scorers for the winners.

In the second team contest the Rindge boys again pinned a defeat on the Cantabs, 37 to 12. Dingian and Waitkux were the stars for the winning team. The former scored six baskets and the latter five. This game ended the basketball season for both schools.

Summary of the main game:

RINDGE TECH 37	CAMBRIDGE 16
DeLouise, rf	lg, Lekakos, Muti
Parker, lf	rg, Rynne
Saurausky, c	c, Daly
Horriss, rg	lf, Plausky
Boyle, lg,	rf, Matursvitch, Blair

ATHLETIC EDITOR'S SPORT COMMENTS

Your correspondent in an interview with Mr. Oscar F. Hedlund, head track coach at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, was able to obtain some very valuable information on the much talked of "Diet."

Mr. Hedlund's opinions on this subject will be published in the next Review issue and will not only be of especial interest to the athlete but also to th average person. Be sure that you read this article.

William "Bill" Hogan former three-letter man, in football, hockey, and baseball, is now a freshman at Boston College.

"Bill" is now working out with the freshman baseball candidates at the Heights.

If his past baseball playing, in high school, is used as a criterion he should easily impress Coach Frank "Cheese" McCrehan with his stick work. "Bill" hits them far and often.

In addition to his athletic ability he has won a number of prizes as a speaker and a debater. He easily made the Marquette Debating Society at Boston College.

At a meeting of all the football and hockey letter men, in Room 6, two major sport captains were elected for the season of 1930.

John "Tweet" Reardon was the choice of the football men and William "Bill" Swisher was elected to lead the hockey team.

Coach MacDonald was fully satisfied with the election. "These boys are consistently good players and are always dependable," said the coach.

Walter Plausky the dimunitive left forward of the basketball team (exactly 100 pounds and 4 feet 11 inches) has been one of Coach Kozlowsky's best and most dependable players during the past basketball season. Despite what he lacks in height and weight he more than makes up in speed and an accurate eye for the basket.

Mr. Foley, Faculty Athletic Manager, issues the cheerful statement that there has been a decided improvement in our "School Spirit."

Hockey letters were awarded to the following men: Captain Kendall, Edmunds, Reardon, Kelliher, Captain-elect Swisher, Burke, Lovett, Sullivan, Cosgrove, Mahoney, Blais, Hovenanian, Morgan, Bernard, and Manager George Mullins.

Alexander Beaton, star basketball player, did a remarkable piece of work in presenting his speech on "Washington and Lincoln" to the sophomore and junior assemblies in the school hall. He was ably coached by Miss Mildred E. Ford, elocution teacher. The audience voiced its approval by giving him a tremendous applause.

THE REVIEWER

(*Continued from Page 4*)

Ranlett Ross as director of "Our Theatre" introduced the element of informal ease so necessary to the truly successful Talent Night. In the first one-act play presented, "The Good Theatre," a cast including the redoubtable Roy Erickson was given splendid opportunity for genuine acting.

"The Bachelor's Reverie," a pantomime, graceful and rather light, was ably performed chiefly through the merits of Florence Williams and Eddie Dillon. We had not realized before that Eddie was harboring plans for a terpsichorean career. Although the various girls were all enchanting, the palms go to Kay Haugh and Eleanor Gray.

Anna Sedorchuk's vocal selections were both splendid, but we think "Dreamy Sevilla" deserves special mention.

The last play was the ever popular "Florist Shop" which was apparently the hit of the evening. Ken Daly as "Slovsky" brought down the house more than once, and Lynne Wyeth's "Maude" was execellent.

We nearly forgot to mention Palmyra DaCamara's finished and sensitive interpretation of "Polinchinelle" by Rachmaninoff. Hers was quite the most distinguished performance of the evening, and personally we enjoyed it more than all the rest of the program combined.

C. F. W.

THE Liberty Prize Speaking Contest took place in our school hall on Friday, April 11, before a large and interested audience.

Those who took part in the contest did so creditably that the judges had much difficulty in choosing the winners. After a deliberation of forty minutes the judges finally announced that Carol Waite was the winner among the girls and Joseph Olivo, among the boys. Miss Waite's rendering of the third act of "Friend Hannah" was a finished piece of work. Her interpretation and characterization were more than good, but it was her graciousness that particularly attracted her hearers. Joseph Olivo came out the winner because he possessed all the qualities essential to a good speaker — confidence, sincerity, poise, and articulation.

Unlike all the others, Eleanor Campbell was the only one to provoke mirth by her characterization of the old woman. Edward Dillon also did splendidly with "Richelien" as depicted by Bulwer Lytton.

The rest of the contestants, Anastasia Kirby, Noreen Leahy, George Curtin, and Ned McKenney, received much praise from both the judges and the audience. In fact, the competition was so doubtful that the judges deemed it unfair to pick out two contestants as recipients of the customary honorable mention.

G. M.

THE Blue Owl," Attleboro, Mass.

Your Valentine issue is a very jolly magazine. There is lots of spice on all your pages. Wouldn't an enlargement of your Literary Department improve the quality of the "Blue Owl?"

"The Red and White," Rochester, N. H.

Here we have an all round well-balanced journal. Your Poetry Department is superior to any we have seen in our Exchanges. Why not reach out for a few more class notes?

"The Sea Chest," Nantucket Island, Mass.

The "Shea Chest" is crammed full of interesting things. The marine atmosphere is pleasing to us mainlanders. We suggest some cuts or illustrations to add to the general appearance of your magazine. Let us hear from you again.

"The Western Hills Maroon," Cincinnati, O.

In this we find the best school magazine of the year. "Triolet—For a Lady" is a fascinating piece of modern poetry. "The Treasure of The Almagros" ought to be read by anyone who likes a good short story. We are looking forward to your next issue!

"The Mirror," Waltham, Mass.

A neat, interesting paper. "The Ghost of the Rhododendron Path" is an excellent short story. Can't you get a little more school news into your paper? Your write-ups on sports are well done.

"The Record," Littleton, N. H.

Your Latin Department meets with our hearty approval. Why not comment, if only briefly, on some of your Exchanges. We should like to know what you thing of the "Review."

"The Phoenix" Leicester, Mass.

"Grendel Wins Again" displays a successful effort by a young poet. Keep it up! Seniors, you have our best wishes for a good time on your Washington Trip.

"The Aegis," Beverly, Mass.

We like the write up by an alumna from Jackson College. Articles about Colleges are of interest to a good many students, especially those who have aspirations in that direction.

"The Goddard Record," Barre, Vermont.

Your production of the "Pirates Of Penzance" sounds like a great success. Rifle practice looks like fun.

"The Hebronian," Hebron, Maine.

Your students always seem to have something to say and what's more always say it in an interesting way. Your Winter Carnival appears to have been a grand success. Congratulations to all the hardworkers who made it such.

"The Broadcast," Everett, Mass.

A very newsy Bi-Weekly.

"The Tauntonian," Taunton, Mass.

"The Hi-Newsette, Vandergrift, Pennsylvania.

"The Orediggeг," Colorado School of Mines.

"The Acropolitan," Montana School of Mines.

"The Brown and Gold," Haverhill, Mass.

"The Harvard Crimson," Harvard College

"The Boston News" Boston University

"The Bowdoin Orient" Bowdoin College

"The Massachusetts Collegian" Amherst, Mass.

As Others See Us

"In the Upper Left Hand Corner" is a cleverly written story, probably requiring a great deal of thought and planning. The personal essays are written well also. "The Aegis."

"The Cambridge Review" is another well-balanced journal. The annual wards are listed. This is helpful to the freshmen, for they are often too timid to ask about what they do not understand. We wish them luck in competition.

"The Blue Owl."

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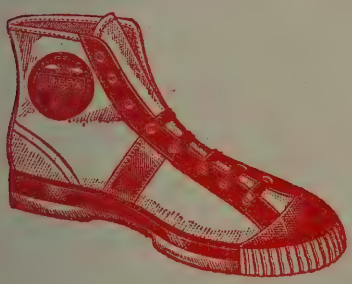

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JUNE, 1930

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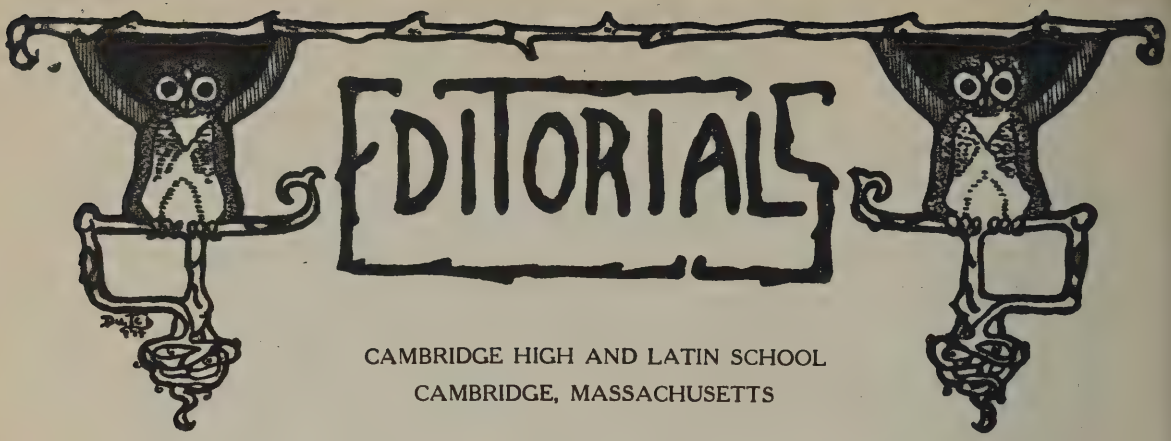

CAMBRIDGE HIGH AND LATIN SCHOOL
CAMBRIDGE, MASSACHUSETTS

MEMORIAL TO WORLD WAR VETERANS OF CAMBRIDGE HIGH AND LATIN SCHOOL

A SMALL bronze statue of a knight on horseback, symbolizing the crusading spirit of the boys who made the supreme sacrifice during the World War, is to be set in a niche in the inside wall at the left of the Trowbridge Street entrance to the High and Latin School as a memorial to the boys from the school who gave their lives during the war.

The statue is the work of Cyrus E. Dallin, world famous sculptor, best known for his "Appeal to the Great Spirit," which stands in front of the Boston Museum of Fine Arts. Beneath the statue will be a plaque bearing the names of the boys who died during the war. It is expected that the memorial will be dedicated next Memorial Day.

The following account of the selection and significance of the memorial has been written for the Chronicle by Leslie L. Cleveland, headmaster of the school:

A nation's call to arms has always been a challenge to our youth. In the great World War high school boys from the all over the country accepted that challenge, and among them was a goodly number from the Cambridge High and Latin School. Eleven of these boys did not return.

The students in school at the time wished to provide a suitable memorial. They and their teachers approached this task with eager enthusiasm. They succeeded in raising a considerable sum. For various reasons the choice of a memorial has been postponed until this year.

A committee was chosen, consisting of Superintendent M. E. Fitzgerald; Edmund McGreenery of the School Committee; Louis Doyle, art instructor in the school; L. L. Cleveland, headmaster, with Alfred Burke, director of art, as advising member. The committee desired, if possible, to get a man of eminence to make this memorial, so that the school might possess a fine object of art in its tribute to the boy who made the supreme sacrifice. They therefore visited Cyrus Dallin, known nationally as an eminent sculptor and locally as the man whom the Museum of Fine Arts authorities selected to model the prominent and beautiful equestrian statue, 'The Appeal to the Great Spirit.' Mr. Dallin submitted a memorial which the committee accepted. He feels that this memorial is the best of his life's work, while the committee feels it represents the noble and spiritual side of the boys who made the great sacrifice.

The English Department of the School has submitted the following as a memorial inscription:

This memorial is erected in honor of the Sons of Cambridge and Latin High School who gave their lives for their Country in the great World War.

The memorial will include a tablet on which will be engraved the names of the boys who died during the war. If war can ever be justified, it must be in the righteousness of its cause,

The meaning of the memorial, as it grew in the mind of the sculptor may best be expressed in the following statement by Mrs. Cyrus Dallin:

"So nigh is grandeur to our dust
So near is God to man
When Duty whispers low, "Thou Must"
The youth replies, "I can."
—Emerson.

The crusader of today does not go forth clad in shining mail with waving plumes upon a charger gaily caparisoned. He has no hope of winning some neighboring castle and its fair lands. He pauses not in the desert or the wide plain to pray for the destruction of his foes and thank God for his goodness in aiding him in slaying his victims.

The modern crusader wends forth to war no golden crowns to gain, but hoping that he may

help at last to end war. The modern crusader's prayer is voiced more like the following:

"Depart, O hated goddess, from the earth;
For pestilence and famine, fire and sword,
With death and ruin, follow in thy train!
Leave to the past her pride in warlike deeds;
A better, nobled pride our age should boast.
The world has suffered long enough from thee
And all thy dreaded brood. 'Tis time that spears
Were beaten into prunning hooks; 'tis time
That Peace, borne on a radiant cloud, should come,
Attended by her handmaids, wisdom, love,
Justice and liberty; spread wide her wings
Above the earth, and by her battle shout
Draw round her standard all the sons of men,
To fight against sin and ignorance and crime,
The fitting crusades of the coming age,
Opening mens' eyes to all her loveliness,
By wakening deeper sympathies and love,
Till, knit in one by ties of brotherhood,
The nations far and wide, as ne'er before
Shall sing of "peace on earth, good will to men!"

—*Reprinted from the Cambridge Chronicle.*

THE REVIEWER

ANOTHER dear friend has been taken from our midst. Andrew Delaney, a Junior, met his death suddenly at his home. Andrew was a regular fellow, greatly loved by those who knew him. To his family, our school extends it sincere sympathy.

——x——

With genuine gladness we welcomed our headmaster, Mr. Cleveland, on his return from his trip across the Atlantic. He told us that he enjoyed the experience very much and recommended that we visit Europe, if in the future we should be able to do so.

——x——

What with tests and three-hour examinations, everybody has had a hectic time during the past month. But no one was busier than the Year Book Committee. The editor-in-chief of the Year Book could be seen rushing hither and thither, prodding his assistants to speed up the work. To him, as a brother of the trade, we offer our sympathy.

——x——

Taking a survey of the year 1929-1930, we may make a list of the outstanding events in our school:

1. Mr. Cleveland's trip to Europe.
2. The Senior Drama.
3. The Memorial Statue.
4. The announcement that we would graduate in Colonial costumes.
5. Reports every seven weeks.
6. The introduction of new pieces in our school orchestra.
7. The day we went to have our pictures taken.

——x——

This is intended to encourage the graduates-to-be. Some have already taken some examinations and know how it feels. Others have not, and are apt to become a trifle frightened. Uncertainty and nervousness may cause them to make errors they would never dream of making were they in a normal situation. Concentration and common sense will enable them to come out unscathed. And then, the world is theirs—maybe.

——x——

Some four hundred and fifty of us will graduate from Cambridge High and Latin this month. Graduation will be for us the most important event in our life thus far. After that, no one knows what Fortune has in store for us. Some may become renowned personages to whom our school will point with pride. Some may follow a moderate path, which leads to mediocre accomplishments. And some may find life too strenuous or too apathetic to be enjoyed. Yet, no matter what our lot, we shall always remember our high school days as ones of real enjoyment. Since we were neither too young to understand nor old enough to be vexed with worldly problems, we fully appreciated our pleasures, although now and then they were clouded by disappointment and report cards. And we shall ever be grateful to those men and women, our teachers, who endeavored, no matter how hopeless the task, to instill in us the rudiments of knowledge. Patient, courageous, gentle, sympathetic — they shall remain in our memory till memory departs from us.

——x——

This is the last issue of the "Review." The year 1929-1930 has been successful, all sides of the publication considered. Every member of the staff wishes to thank all those who in any way have aided in making this task easier. To our successors we wish, "Good luck."

A BRIEF HISTORY OF THE CAMBRIDGE HIGH AND LATIN SCHOOL

By Cecil T. Derry

ALTHOUGH the Commonwealth of Massachusetts from its earliest days fostered education and passed progressive laws to make education widely accessible, it was not until the early decades of the nineteenth century that the free public high school in the modern sense began to thrive in this country. There had been provision in Cambridge for the teaching of those boys who were preparing to enter Harvard College, but this instruction seems to have been given partly in private schools and partly as an addition to the duties of certain elementary schools.

"The Cambridge High School" seems to have made its first appearance as a separate institution in the year 1838. It was housed in a small building at the corner of Broadway and Winsor Street. After five or six years, part of the high school work was again being done in different elementary schools in several parts of the town. In 1847 a reorganization led to the combining of all the high school work in the institution, which has had a continuous existence ever since that year. Mr. Elbridge Smith was the master, and he had one assistant, Miss N. W. Manning. In 1848 the school moved into a new building on Amory Street, and the city (for Cambridge had in 1846 attained the statuts of a city) was surprised at finding 107 pupils enrolled in its high school. When Mr. Smith resigned in 1856, there were 200 pupils and six teachers. Mr. Smith had done much to help the growth of the school library, for there was as yet no free public library in Cambridge, and the school still possesses a few books that were once the property of Mr. Smith. It was during this period that Professor C. C. Felton of Harvard, a member of the School Committee, introduced into the school the plan of making a serious study of English authors, a plan which soon spread all over the country. From 1857 to 1862, and from 1870 to 1881, Mr. Lyman R. Williston was master of the school, and from 1862 until 1868 the master was Mr. William J. Rolfe, whose editions of the plays of Shakespeare are still widely used. In 1881, Mr. William F. Bradbury became master of the school. He had already been teaching here since 1856 in the assembly hall. Mr. Bradbury so vigorously maintained high scholastic standards and was so long at the head of the school, that his name is deeply imbedded in its annals. In 1864, the school moved to its third home, which is now the Merrill School.

From its beginning the school had for one of its main purposes the preparation of boys (and later of girls, also) to enter college. As the school grew, however, it appeared wise to separate the college preparatory department from the increasingly important work of the other departments. In 1886, the division was therefore made into the Cambridge English High School and the Cambridge Latin School. During the period of this separation, which lasted from 1886 until 1910, Mr. Bradbury continued at the head of the Latin School, whose function was to prepare for college. Mr. Frank A. Hill became head of the English High School, and developed there the other courses of high school work for which there was a growing demand. An old church on Lee Street was for a time the home of the Latin School, but in 1892 the English High School moved to the fine building at Broadway and Trowbridge and Ellery Streets, leaving the older building at Broadway and Fayette Street to be occupied by the Latin School. Within a few years, however, the need of a more commodious building for the Latin School led to the erection of the structure now known as the Latin School, which was first occupied in April, 1899. When Mr. Hill left the English High School to become the Secretary of the Massachusetts State Board of Education, he was succeeded by Mr. Ray Greene Huling, who continued at the head of the school almost until it was merged with the Latin School in 1910. When this merger took place, it was intended by the School Committee to call the school the Cambridge High School. So strong, however, was the desire of the graduates of the Latin School that the name of their Alma Mater should not die completely, that they persuaded the authorities to name the

enlarged institution the Cambridge High and Latin School, the appellation which is still retained.

In 1910, Mr. Leslie L. Cleveland came from Quincy to direct the newly reorganized school. During these twenty years there has occurred, not only in Cambridge, but throughout the country, a very remarkable expansion of the high school population, and a corresponding extension of the scope of the high school. Our school is not only much larger than it was in 1910, but it is far more cosmopolitan, and has greatly changed its curriculum, or rather, its curricula. It has been a time of change, which has called for intense and alert endeavor to make the needed adjustments to new conditions. We cannot see the likelihood of any reduction in the necessity for such effort to make the future responsive to the new requirements of unpredictable situations.

Of the faculty of the school there is no space to speak. Many of the teachers, however, have been real personalities, and some have been notable. Of the graduates of the school we have a right to be proud. Among them have been men and women who have served well this city and the world. There are merchants and bankers, clergymen and missionaries, social workers, doctors, lawyers, judges, a host of teachers, not a few college professors (at the present time, for instance, graduates of our school are teaching at Harvard in departments as various as those of business, mathematics, social ethics, and Sanskrit, and one of the best-known of M. I. T. professors attended C. L. S.), a small group of college presidents, and a host of men and women who are doing a great number of other useful tasks. It is a goodly heritage into which we have entered. Our school has stood among the leaders in secondary education. If it is to continue to do so, it must have, as it has had in the past, the cooperative activity of a host of persons, pupils, teachers, parents, school authorities, and the community.

If there were space, it would be pleasant to fill in these dry statistical outlines with some record of detailed events and personages. One could tell of athletics and debating and *The Review,* of the social life of the school, of dramatics and music and art, of the growth of particular departments of the school, such as physical training, the household arts, and the whole range of commercial subjects, of the increasing use of machines and laboratories and pictures, of libraries and of cooperation with the Public Library, of the changes in the methods of teaching in the past few decades, of the appointment of deans and masters and department heads to help meet previously unrecognized needs, of the valuable work of the school nurse. One would describe the building of the Annex, a dozen or more years ago, as well as the later remodelling of parts of the building to make more space available for classrooms. The activities of the school during the World War, with the lengthy list of graduates and undergraduates who served in the war, would be included. An adequate history would devote a chapter to each of these matters and to various others. The mere enumeration of these topics, however, suggest to us how very far we have come from the simple little school of 107 pupils and two teachers to the school of the year 1930, with about 2800 pupils and about 125 teachers, which is trying to apply the resources of modern civilization to the arduous task of furnishing to this host of pupils the best possible educational facilities, educational guidance, as well as inspiration for effective and serviceable living.

THE TORY MAID

First Prize

THE evening of Monday, April 16, 1775, was the closing of a typical New England middle Spring day. Fitful, drenching showers and keen blustering winds had kept cautious inmates of Cambridge homes safe within the warmth of roaring fireplaces and under the shelter of rain-spattered roofs. Few persons had ventured out into the muddy roads besides this scarcely distinguishable figure of a young girl making her way with difficulty in the face of the adverse winds. Faith Baldwin was returning from the home of her aunt and uncle in the town, after spending some hours there listening to Uncle Timothy's recital of several fascinating sea stories. Uncle Timothy, who had sailed since he was a lad, had always a plentiful stock of stirring anecdotes, "made more th' intrestin'," as he said, "by little facts o' me own, heer and theer." The recital of these tales, more than anything else, fascinated Faith and never failed to increase her intense longing to actually do something very daring, very romantic. Of course, being a girl was the unfortunate circumstance which rendered her absolutely useless to accomplish anything of real importance.

Especially bitter she felt that night returning from her uncle's home. Timothy and Hannah Bedford were both ardent supporters of the Colonial cause and Faith's visits and conversation with them made her feel very resentful of her position as a daughter of a strict Loyalist, a Tory. Why should *she* be denied the opportunity of aiding the Colonists in their search for Englishmen's rights? Why should Fate have made *her* father a Tory and, worst of all, *her* a girl?

If she had been a boy, she would have run away, but, being a girl, she must stay at home, sew, and be a lady. With an impatient gesture, Faith loosed her heavy cape. In a second a blast of roaring wind had swooped down upon her and, clutching at the contorted garments, almost swept the girl off her feet. Breathless, she regained her balance and tore herself away from dreamland, straining every muscle toward reaching her home on Tory Row.

Scarcely able to see her way, she turned down the road and, guided more by instinct than by reason, took the front walk she believed to be hers. Wondering at its unusual length, she was just about to lift the knocker on the door when something made her hesitate. The howling wind had ceased just for a moment, and in that short time Faith saw and heard enough to prove to her that she was not at the door of her own home. The laughter of soldiers and the sight of a uniformed figure behind the light in the window told Faith that she had stumbled not upon her own front path, but that of General William Brattle, neighborhood friend of her father; the general was entertaining General Gage ,the Commander-in-Chief of the British forces at Boston. Perhaps it was just feminine curiosity, perhaps an intense desire to learn something which won out again her reason. At any rate, she walked very quietly toward the window from which the light was pouring.

General Brattle was, as usual, entertaining a group of British officers at dinner. Faith recognized Percy, Clinton, Burgoyne, and a number of subordinate officers, evidently just finishing the meal. Ale had been served, and the officers were pledging and drinking toasts as successively as they could shout and swallow. Faith shivered in the sharp rain for some moments. Then, realizing with a sudden shock how unbelievably unladylike her conduct was, she wrapped her cape more tightly about her and turned to retrace her steps. As she was so doing the laughter and shouting ceased suddenly, and Faith glanced again through the window. Gage, at the head of the table, had motioned for silence and was addressing the soldiers.

"It is time, sirs," he spoke slowly and pompously, "that we adopt the business of the evening."

A serious quiet spread over the men; a serving man left the room, closing the door behind him.

"Business of the evening?" What could it mean? Faith forgot the rain and the wind in the expectancy of hearing what Gage had to say. It might be worth nothing; it might be worth everything.

"I have been informed," the General continued, "by a trustworthy subject of His Majesty that the so-called Committee of Safety, a petty group, as you know, of tongue-stirred rebels—"

"Tongue-stirred rebels, indeed!" Faith repeated to herself indignantly. "'Twould be different if *his* liberty were threatened by monarchy and *his* peace by haughty lobster backs!"

"—Together with the aid of a number of other Colonists, has secretly stored an amount of arms and ammunition at Concord. Hitherto, we have done nothing to quell the ribaldry and insolence of the rebels, but now action is to be taken! What is the meaning of this fiendish preparation, as they say, to defend their liberty against the invasion of monarchy? I say this germ must be crushed before it spreads further! Orders for a secret march to Concord will be issued to the officers as soon as plans are definitely made."

Faith was not willing to trust her ears. Surely such an invasion was not being contemplated by the redcoats! The girl would have left, believing it all to have been a dream, had not the talking in the room continued. Gage's words had stirred a low murmur of protests. Most perturbed was Lord Percy, a small, nervous man exceedingly dubious about making any adverse advances against the colonists.

"But, I say, General" (Gages policies always seemed to oppose his), "suppose we do seize the ammunition on this march, do you for a moment believe these Colonists are going to lie down and whimper for forgiveness like whipped dogs? They are just as much Englishmen as we, and 'tis my fancy, England has no desire to repeat a display of arms such as Preston gave in Boston." The Boston massacre had proved to be of greater importance than a mere street brawl.

"Lord Percy," Gage was as considerate of his lordship's rank as his pompous manner allowed him to be, "I have already received orders to quell any spark of rebellion evident in the country, and I shall act accordingly. Also, Sirs," turning toward the other officers, "silencing some of the rebellious tongues and agents may assist in subduing these people enough to make them realize their position as subjects of His Majesty, the King of England. Therefore, a suggestion has been submitted that we serve to such agents creating disturbance in the immediate vicinity: one, Samuel Adams, the other, John Hancock. Orders concerning their arrests will be issued at the march."

The General's words produced a slight shock on the assembled officers; but he was cheered lustily as he seated himself. On Faith his message acted as a bolt of electricity. She knew she was not dreaming, but it seemed incredible that such action should be taken when they must have known the Colonists would certainly react unfavorably. Gone was all sense of time or bad weather in her silent, panicky wonder of what to do, to whom to go. Had not her uncle said some things to her this afternoon about Adams

—why, everything was arranged just right for her! As she sped down the road, the wind had abated considerably, and she recalled Uncle Tim's mention of a visit Adams was making with patriot friends in Cambridge. She succeeded in recalling the name of the street and family and it was not very long before she reached the house.

Samuel Adams, a tray of untouched supper lying within reach, was scribbling away with a great quill pen, a look of profound concentration on his face. In the feeble candlelight, the wrinkles of care lining his cheeks and forehead seemed deeper and more pronounced; his great brown eyes more tired. At the noise of four sharp knocks on the door, Adams hastily shoved his papers into a tiny pigeon hole, closed the desk, and smoothed the worn old red jacket he was wearing.

"I did not wish to disturb you, Mr. Adams," his hostess was speaking, "but this maid insists she has most important news for you."

"I believe I have, indeed," confirmed Faith, after he had greeted her. "This evening I was returning to my home on Tory Row—"

"You live on Tory Row and yet you call it that?" Adam's look of astonishment proved he knew not many Loyalists snatched at the opportunity to call themselves Tories.

"I will not profess to be in sympathy with the rest of my family. The Colonists need the consideration their King refuses to give them, and I am willing to help them fight for it." Faith had few chances to express her opinion, but made herself quite clear when an opportunity did present itself.

"Well said, my child!" Evidently her words pleased Adams. "The information you are about to give me I know will prove your position. Let me have it."

Faith related to him what she had seen and heard at Brattle's home. Oddly enough, she felt not the least abashed at confessing her curiosity to see what was going on. Instead of a prying maid, she was a spy, a real war spy, it seemed.

Samuel Adams listened attentively to every word she said, especially to the almost exact reproduction of Gage's speech. When she had finished, he questioned her thoroughly.

"If this thing is true," and he could not for a moment doubt such a sincere and straightforward presentation, "it will be, of course, of great aid to us. Understand, we have had numerous rumors concerning a move to seize the Concord stores, but this is the first fact story received. Of course," he added, after a moment of meditation, "you will repeat this to no one. He, Gage, mentioned no definite plan, did he?"

"No," Faith replied, "but he spoke as if he intended to take action very soon."

"Keep always on the watch for any information; if you learn anything of importance, carry it to my friend, Dr. Warren. I am leaving Cambridge soon." He gave her the address of the doctor, who according to plans arranged that afternoon, was to be at the home of Abraham Hill that evening to make a visit of several days. "Living near the general, you may be able to gain for us such news as we need, though I won't suggest standing outside windows on rainy nights for it." His brown eyes sparkled, and they both laughed at Faith's bedraggled bonnet. "Being a maid, you are not expected to endanger yourself, especially since, if your fellow-Tories knew you were aiding the 'rebels,' you would be hopelessly mired in troublesome complications, and we wouldn't be able to help you." He was now holding the study door open for her.

"Who knows," replied Faith, somewhat provoked by his frank statement of her disadvantage as a girl, "but that my being a maid will bring you just the information you need!" It was a statement lacking in forethought, but overflowing with prophecy.

* * * *

During the next two days, Mistress Baldwin guessed, counterguessed, and worried with which one of the gentlemen on her daughter's calling list Faith had fallen hopelessly in love. In spite of her resolution to act as if nothing had happened, Faith gave every evidence of being deeply upset. Her meals were hurried, her actions were nervous, her opportunities to leave the house were unhurriedly snatched, and more excuses to be out-of-doors fashioned. Of course, her real intention was to watch Brattle's house next door, and if vigilance counted, certainly not a person or gathering usual or unusual, was unaccounted for. However, she had been unable to discover any extraordinary or supicious occurrence.

The evening of April 18, 1775, was as tranquil and balmy as its predecessor, the 15th, had been noisy and blustery. A kind, warm sun had just vanished, and twilight calm had settled. Faith Baldwin had delivered to a neighbor a small package of threads for her mother. She was strolling home, enjoying the sight and sweet fragrances of the scores of tiny wild flowers growing on the edge of the road. The path of her own home was bordered with forsythia bushes, and she stopped to pick a bouquet of the golden blossoms. In the midst of her task, she saw the door of the Brattle home open, and Lord Percy appear. That in itself was not an unusual thing, but the frown that wrinkled his forehead and the precipitous manner in which he sped down the path made Faith wonder. When he had covered about two-thirds of the walk, he was hailed by the portly general, who advanced from the house down the path toward Percy. When he reached the lord, they were both standing directly opposite Faith. Maid Baldwin, coming to the conclusion that she needed a bigger and

better bouquet, picked away very carefully and slowly, hoping that they had not noticed her, yet appearing to be innocently engaged if they should.

Gage was conversing with Percy, but in a tone so low that Faith was quite unable to hear what he was saying. By straining her ears and leaning over the bush, ostensibly to pick a rather large cluster of the blooms, she managed to catch a few words.

"Also, final orders have been issued to officers concerned to send one detachment of soldiers to seize the Concord stores. Under command of Major Pitcairn, they will leave Boston tonight and return tomorrow morning. Of course, Lord Percy, this march has been contemplated and prepared in the utmost secrecy, as we wish to accomplish our mission with as little disturbance as possible."

There! The information for which she had been waiting forty-eight hours was given to her by the General himself. Faith felt a wild desire to drop the flowers and run just as fast as she was able. Percy, with nervous gestures, was evidently endeavoring to dissuade the General, but Gage remained courteously firm. Suddenly Percy wheeled, as if to continue down the path, catching sight as he did so of Faith. Quickly he clutched Gage's arm and the General turned toward the girl. Glancing up with a feigned expression of surprise, Maid Baldwin smiled dutifully, curtsied primly, and continued to rob the bushes. Gage, smilingly confident, turned back to Percy, and Faith caught snatches of words, "daughter of Baldwin," "couldn't hear me," "only a maid." Lord Percy seemed satisfied. As they were parting, Faith, feeling like a traitor, entered the house with her bouquet. A few moments later, certain that the General was safe within his own home, Faith walked down her path and turned into the road. She yearned to run, but realized that any display of speed or eagerness to reach her destination would not only incur her mother's reprimands, but also perhaps excite suspicion. It seemed hours rather than minutes before she reached the home of Doctor Warren, whose address Sam Adams had given her. At first she feared there was no one at home, but at her second knock the door was opened and she was conducted to the doctor's waiting room.

Faith waited for some time for the doctor to appear. She wondered how she would tell him, whether he knew what she had told Adams, whether he would believe what she had heard. Who was she but the daughter of Tory? Why shouldn't they suspect it was just a trap for them? In the midst of her musing, Doctor Warren entered. His calm, pacifying appearance belied the fire and fighting spirit that was to gain him a death on the battlefield. Faith, thinking he was expecting to hear of physical ailments hastened to make known the purpose of her visit.

"Oh, I have not come because I am ill, Doctor Warren. Perhaps—well—I thought Mr. Adams had spoken to you about me. You see—"

"I understand," Doctor Warren's voice was trained to be soothing. "Samuel has told me about you, the Tory Maid, as he calls you, although you have proved you are anything but a loyal subject of His Majesty."

Faith winced at the words. She was proud to be able to say she was a Colonial patriot, but to be declared an outright rebel to her King seemed different. The doctor saw the evident effect his frank words had upon her, and explained them.

"There is no use, my girl, to keep postponing the inevitable break. Only a few can see it, although it is not far away. It is this very reluctance to sever bonds with England that stops the hands of the Colonists. The British soldiers will strike first, but that first blow will summon every man in the Colonies. But now, you would not be here if you did not bear important tidings. What are they?"

Faith told Warren all that had taken place, repeating, as to Adams, almost every word that Gage had spoken. Warren saw the need of hasty action, and immediately after she was through sent a dispatch to Adams and the Committee of Safety, who had prepared riders to warn the countryside of the approaching British.

As Faith was leaving, the doctor detained her and spoke for a moment.

"Of course, not a word of this will be breathed to anyone, at least before tomorrow, and then, never, for your own sake. If the British ever learn how the Committee was warned to take action, especially to hide Adams and Hancock, your life will be miserable, to say nothing of endangered. Besides, a break with one's parents is hard and your father is stern—oh, I have had a slight acquaintance with him. Leave what you have done in the minds and memories of those who know and will appreciate it; forget it yourself. For your sake, my child, we promise never to mention your connection with this incident. You can be quite certain that no one will ever suspect a maid."

* * * *

You all know the story of Paul Revere's ride, the two lanterns, his warning to the countryside, and when you wonder why Revere should have chosen that night to ride, or where he received the information that sent him riding then, you discover that there are numbers of vague, ungrounded stories and rumors concerning the informer. But we who know can readily understand with what secret pride and heartfelt joy the news of Cornwallis' surrender at Yorktown was received by a certain maid, Faith Baldwin, living with her family in a tiny Canadian village, inhabited for the most part by former, ousted Colonial Tories.

Evelyn Cummings, '31.

A PURITAN CINDERELLA

Second Prize

Episode I

"Please, mother, do let me go! The spinning is over, and there is only a little work left to do in the house, so I can miss but a few chores." Sixteen-year-old Deborah Hosmer looked imploringly into the set face of her mother and sighed. When Mistress Kezia Hosmer was opposed to anything, no power on earth could change her mind.

"Let me see the letter again," her mother commanded. She lifted the dainty, perfumed missive gingerly, as if it might explode, and read it aloud slowly—

" 'My Dear Coz:—

I write this in great haste, for there is much ado in the house. This letter is merely to entreat you, if your honored mother will permit it, to come to my house for the week of Christmas. I have a great surprise for you here. Do come if you can.

'Your loving coz,

" 'Priscilla Hutchins.' "

"Oh, mother, do let me go," cried Deborah again. Priscilla always has such nice surprises for me. Father is going down with the ox-sledge day after tomorrow to bring blankets and supplies to the soldiers, and I can go with him. Besides, I can see Brother Dan in the hospital. It is a long time since he has seen any of us, and I can bring him some home-made food. Surely a wound in the shoulder does not hinder him from eating," she finished with a merry laugh.

"I would be willing," Kezia replied, " if I were but sure of thine own demeanor. Were thou older or hadst thou but a more serious countenance, I could trust thee to go. Nevertheless, I shall permit thee, if thou will only promise me to be circumspect in manner, and not be tempted by the gauds of the city. Tomorrow I will beg especially at family prayers that thou mayst remember thy maidenly reserve."

To Deborah, the time till the awaited journey seemed to drag itself out unendurably. At last, however, she climbed sedately into the sledge, listened to her mother's parting injunctions, and sat quietly but with starry eyes until the two long days which it took to cover the 30 miles between her little country home and Cambridge had passed. Then she reached her destination, the stately Brattle Street home of her cousin, Priscilla Hutchins; the great door under its fan-light swung open, and Priscilla, at the head of a laughing group of her friends, ran out to greet her cousin.

Episode II

The week passed merrily enough. Not even Deborah's mother, for all her fanatically grim hatred of Christmas festivities, could have objected to the sports of Priscilla's clique, and Deborah enjoyed herself to the utmost. She visited her seventeen-year-old brother, Dan Hosmer, who had been eight months in the hospital since he marched away on the morning of the Concord fight, playing "The White Cockade" on his fife; she went on sleigh rides; she popped corn in front of the wide hearth.

Here is an excerpt from the letter which she found opportunity to send to her mother by ox team in the middle of the week,

". . . . and, dear mother, do not be angry. I went to the Church of Christ at Harvard Square. I could not refuse, for 'twould be discourteous to Priscilla, but my heart troubled me. General Washington was there. He is a most fine figure of a man, tall and stately and the cynosure of all eyes.

"I saw him again, when we went down to Fort Washington. 'Twas a bitter cold day and I was almost frozen, though I was wrapped in a fur cloak of Priscilla's. The General, however, did not seem to fear the cold. How I wish I might come close enough to him to touch his hand! But that is impossible!"

Episode III

Then, on Thursday morning, Priscilla called her into the big sewing-room. There were two women, and on the table lay a heap of soft, gleaming, blue brocade.

"Deborah," laughed Priscilla, here is your surprise. Saturday evening, there is to be a great Christmas ball, and here is your gown. You can learn a few simple dancing steps before Saturday and have a good time."

"Oh, I dare not," gasped Deborah. "Mother would never forgive me, and I would lose my soul besides. All dancing is sinful."

"Do you really think that?" demanded Priscilla. "Then, of course, there can be no ball. You may go seamstresses."

In silence, Deborah watched the women gathering up the lovely goods. She knew that Priscilla was bitterly disappointed in her and she wanted—oh, how she wanted—the fun of the ball. The sewing women moved toward the door. Then Deborah found her tongue.

"Oh, come back, come back!" she cried.

Episode IV

To Deborah those three days till the ball seemed full of hectic excitement. She tried on

her dress; she went to a dancing master; and then tried on her dress again. She was naturally graceful and learned to dance easily, but her conscience troubled her, none the less.

Finally the great night arrived. Priscilla had loaned Deborah her French maid, Hortense, for the occasion, and, with Priscilla's willing assistance, Deborah donned her first party dress.

When Deborah looked in the great mirror, she scarcely knew herself. Her abundant brown hair had been curled and hung in great ringlets over her shoulders; the blue brocaded gown set off her creamy skin to perfection; she wore Priscilla's pearls; and — crowning glory — her tiny pearl-covered slippers had heels of at least four inches in height.

Episode V

The ballroom was the one part of the house which Deborah had not seen. It seemed another world from her farmhouse home with its unpainted walls, low ceilings and hard pine, handhewn furniture. Here, the walls were covered with rich tapestry depicting a hunting scene; the white and gold ceilings seemed enormously high above her head; and the furniture was of richly polished and inlaid mahogany.

Her first partner was Tom Hutchins, Priscilla's brother. He quickly divined his young guest's shyness, and as quickly dispersed it with his gay talk. Soon Deborah was laughing and chatting, quite at ease, but she could not help thinking of how angry and disappointed her mother would be if she knew. This slight uneasiness did not quite pass away, though she was having a good time and indeed was quite the belle of the ball.

Then came the minuet. Deborah, sitting alone for the moment, was aroused by an excited murmur about her, and looked up. Standing before her, bowing low, was that stately gentleman whom all Cambridge knew. What was he saying?

"May I have the honor?"

Deborah rose, murmuring a dazed acceptance. For a while she was confused and danced mechanically, then she looked up, and caught the eye of a tall lady who had just entered. Her mother!

Her mother, whom she had supposed to be two days' away by ox team! What would she think! And what would she do! Then Kezia smiled, an understanding smile, and formed with her lips the words: "Go on. Do your best; I'm proud of you!"

Deborah rallied. Head held high, dipping and swaying, she moved to and fro in the measures of the most graceful dance the world has ever known, with all the poise of the seasoned belle.

Surely, this was a moment for any girl to remember with pride—a dance with Washington!

THEODORA LOUISE HUBBARD, '30.

THE POWDER TRAIL

Honorable Mention

THE Spring of 1775 came upon New England like a green blanket laid upon the somber landscape. The country was stirred by the menacing aspect of the Indians and the British. Spies were harbored on every hand. Loyal Tories were in danger of being driven from their homes by the now angered Colonists. A show of patriotism and self-respect had been made in the events of the Boston Massacre and the Boston Tea Party. Boston and Cambridge were seething with unrest due to the presence of the British troops and their insolent attitude toward the citizens.

It was visitors' day at the Boston guardhouse. Carl Williams had been under suspicion and held by the British for nearly a week, but hoped to be released soon. For the first time since his capture he had been allowed to see his friend, who had walked over to see him from his home on Linnaean Street in Cambridge.

"Listen," said Carl. "I've got some information. I think that old fellow Lefton is no patriot, but a traitor and a spy. Watch him closely to make sure. Tell Crosby, so he can be on his guard."

"Snap out of it, you with the curly hair," ordered the surly guard.

"Good-bye, Carl."

"See you next week, Stan, if I'm not out of here by then."

Carl's information puzzled Stan and now as he walked home he was thinking and pondering.

Stanley Brewster, like his pilgrim ancestors, had a strong sense of right and wrong and in the present outlook of strife had taken the part of the Colonists. He and Carl had joined the Minute Men and although they were only nineteen, they were valuable and trusted members.

Near the center of Cambridge Stan turned into Mr. Brattle's home, a large frame building. He inquired of a man who came to the door whether he might see Crosby, the leader of the organization of Minute Men, and was led through a dark corridor to a room in the rear of the house. He was told to wait outside the door, but having been there before, he knew the

procedure. Presently his conductor came out and asked his name, and shortly after that he was admitted to the headquarters of the Minute Men.

"Good afternoon," the businesslike Crosby greeted him. "What can I do for you?"

"Mr. Crosby, Carl Williams told me this forenoon that he heard a remark to the effect that Lefton is a spy and needs watching," began Stan.

"H-m, interesting indeed. Do you know where he found it out?"

"No, sir, but I think he probably heard one of the guards speak of it. My father knows Lefton and I think that I might get that job as coachman for him. With my father's influence and a pretense of wanting a job for the summer, I think I could get the place and keep my eye on him."

"Well, Brewster," replied Crosby, "you have my permission to try and if you discover anything that seems suspicious, let me know directly, but be careful about letting him see you come here. Now go."

* * * *

A week had passed with Stanley as coachman for Mr. Lefton. Stanley did not go home at night, so he had ample opportunity to watch Mr. Lefton, and although he followed Lefton on many occasions he found no evidence of treachery or falsehood. Carl was still detained under lock and key in Boston.

One evening Mr. Lefton told Stan that he wanted to be driven to Boston and called for about eleven o'clock. He suggested that Stan amuse himself in Boston during that time. They left home about seven o'clock and when they arrived in front of the postoffice at Boston, Lefton descended and left instructions for Stan to meet him there. Stan drove rapidly around the corner, put the horses in a livery stable, and hurried back just in time to see Lefton walking rapidly down the street.

After a few minutes walk, Lefton knocked at the door of a low stone building and was immediately admitted. Stan, seeing the light go on, crept toward the window. On looking in, he saw a man in British uniform earnestly conversing with Mr. Lefton. He could neither see them clearly nor gain from their actions any hint as to their conversation. As he crouched below the window, the man in uniform got up and walked toward him. Thinking he was discovered, Stan made ready to run at the slightest occasion, but the man only raised the window and remarked to Lefton that it was very hot in the room. Stan breathed a sigh of relief and thankfulness. He was certainly lucky; every word they said was now plain.

As Lefton got up to leave, Stanley slipped away from the window and got the coach. He met Mr. Lefton in front of the postoffice as they had arranged and they drove home. He could not understand the meaning of the expression, "the powder trail," which he had heard through the window several times. After many sleepless hours he finally decided upon a plan. The first thing to be done was to get Carl out of prison before Friday night.

On Thursday evening Stan went to the prison with a flask in his pocket. Upon arriving he easily persuaded the guard to take a drink of the opium-doped whiskey. Before many minutes the guard was in a deep stupor. Then, taking the keys Stan slipped to Carl's cell and unlocked the door. The two boys slipped quietly away leaving the keys with the sleeping guard. Although a company of soldiers was sent to Cambridge to retake Carl and capture Stan, they neither expected nor received any information as to the whereabouts of Stanley and Carl.

At dusk on Friday, two young men might have been seen coming out of the headquarters of the Minute Men. They were modestly dressed, but each carried a pistol. They went silently through the still streets, crossed the Common, and proceeded down an obscure lane.

"This is the place," said Stan, as they arrived in front of a dilapidated old barracks near Harvard University. "You hide here and I will go across the street and when they come I will join you again."

After waiting a half-hour the boys saw a coach draw up and two men get out. The men proceeded directly to the barracks and the boys followed at a safe distance. They climbed two flights of stairs and watched the men produce a key and enter a room. Five minutes later the boys were crouched at the door of the room, listening intently. They could hear the murmur from within, but could not distinguish the words. Gradually the voices grew louder and more distinct.

"Well, if you haven't got the figures, have you got the map of the powder trail?" rose an angry voice.

"Yes, in my pocket here" (Stan recognized Lefton's voice), "but I don't intend to give them up until I hear your information."

"I wonder what they are up to?" whispered Carl to Stan as they crouched, listening, in the corner.

"What I don't understand is this talk about the powder trail," returned his comrade.

The angry voices abruptly ended. There was a deathlike silence. After the tumult of a ment before, the silence seemed oppressive.

Suddenly the unfamiliar voice rasped out,

"Now hand it over, will you!"

"What now," breathed Carl.

"Let's find out. You're fairly heavy, so you run up against the door. If it breaks, I'll step in and hold them up. If it doesn't, we're lost," said Stan.

"We won't be lost," declared Carl. "It will break."

Carl backed across the corridor, ran at the door and made a lunge. There was a crash. The door splintered into a thousand pieces and Stan faced the man. He beheld Lefton standing with arms extended above his head at the point of a gun in the hands of the man he had seen with Lefton before.

"Hands up," commanded Stan, as Carl picked himself up from the floor.

The man reluctantly raised his hands.

"Drop that pistol now."

The gun clattered on the floor.

"Search them both, Carl," directed Stan.

The pockets of the men were emptied and a miscellaneous group of articles and papers were laid on the table.

For the first time Lefton spoke. "Look in the secret pocket under his arm." While the man glared at Lefton, Carl removed a leather case from his pocket.

"Better not open it now," volunteered Lefton.

"What have you to do with this anyway," flared Carl.

"I know what you boys think," said Lefton. "Crosby toll me all about you."

"About us?" repeated the boys in unison.

"Look at this," said Lefton, pulling a paper from the pile on the table.

The boys stared at each other with amazement after they had read the paper. For a long minute neither uttered a syllable.

"We apologize," they finally exclaimed with vigor.

"There are no apologies necessary," said Lefton. You were only doing what you thought right.

The boys, upon Lefton's suggestion, decided to let the prisoner go, so they released him.

They took the papers and the leather case back to headquarters and delivered them to Crosby. The case, Crosby told them afterwards, contained the maps of the road over which the British intended to march on their way to Concord. It also contained the figures giving the number of soldiers to be sent from England to disperse the rebellious patriots. Lefton explained that the powder trail referred to was the road through Lexington and Concord, along which the Colonists were collecting and storing powder. The paper which Stan and Carl had read with such amazement informed them that Lefton was one of the most trusted and clever spies of the Minute Men.

This paper is now proudly displayed among the relics and annals of the Revolutionary days in Cambridge.

Bob Benton, '31.

"THE DIARY OF A GIRL"

Freshman Prize

January 18, 1775

I went to a "candy pull" today at Nancy Lee's house. Her mother was wearing an immense string of pearls and certanly made a great impression, as they were perfectly stunning. John, Nancy's brother, looked splendid in his new suit, and made me so proud by devoting most of his time to me. I do think he's the most handsome boy . . . .

January 27, 1775

Deborah Warren was over this afternoon and we were discussing the growing dislike the grownups were showing for the British. Deb surprised me by growing excited and exclaiming she hoped there'd be a war, so that she could be a nurse. I hushed her quick, for Daddy was downstairs and would dislike such a remark. I guess that Deb didn't realize how it sounded, or all that it meant.

February 11, 1775

Last evening I overheard Daddy remark to Mother and my big brother Thomas that the Americans were beginning to act, for they feared the British might start something soon. Just then my presence became known and the talking drifted into lighter veins, which did not interest me in the least—so I graciously kissed them goodnight and retired to my room.

February 19, 1775

I went over to Nancy's this morning, but she wasn't in. I was just leaving when John called from the barn and asked me to come out there. I hurried over, eager to see what he had and there before my eyes lay six tiny, soft, golden-brown puppies. I was so happy I could only cuddle one and love it. Then I heard John saying: "You may have that little fellow, Janice, if you'd care to." I am now enjoying "Pal's" company, as I named him, for he goes everywhere with me. The little rascal is chewing my slipper now and thoroughly enjoying himself.

February 21, 1775

I'm so excited I can hardly write for Daddy just told Mother and I that he had heard that the Colonial Government was gathering valuable military stores at Concord——This, then, is preparation for war. . . . .

How little Deborah realized her awful wish

would come true. I wonder if Cambridge will be deeply involved?

FEBRUARY 25, 1775

Last evening Tom came downstairs. He is 22, and ready to serve his country when called. He looked so fine and brave I just couldn't help crying a bit for I couldn't think of losing him, we were such pals. Each night, now, I shall pray for his protection. May God spare him for us.

FEBRUARY 27, 1775

I have just come from Nancy's. When I opened the door there stood John in his uniform. This was almost too much for me and I sank into the nearest chair. John explained that both he and Tom were ready and were going together.

I just hate to think of Tom's going to battle; he seems so young and happy. I shall be so proud of him though, for he will be manly, loyal and brave. Nancy is heartbroken and fears the worst, though I have tried to console her.

APRIL 14, 1775

Reports have come that British spies suspect the military stores at Concord and we are anxiously awaiting results.

APRIL 18, 1775

Today the Committees of Safety were on the alert, making ready for anticipated events, and met at Wetherby's Tavern in Menotomy. A group of British officers dined today at a place here in Cambridge.

APRIL 19, 1775

Last evening about eight hundred troops of British landed at Phipps farm. This morning they reached West Cambridge. At the center of the town they stopped, for they realized the task was harder than they had suspected. They sent back to Boston for more men and some others pressed on to Concord.

At Lexington was a small but bloody battle and seven of our poor brave men were killed and also ten were wounded. May God rest their souls. When the British reached Concord the Minute Men were ready. The British fired and our Minute Men answered. The battle was brief and our brave men defeated the British—thank God!

In connection with this battle is a story over which I am still laughing.

It seems that a convoy of provisions found greater difficulty in crossing the bridge and became detached from the main army. An express was sent from here to Menotomy announcing their coming. A few moments later a few men, too old for service on the battlefield, posted themselves behind the wall to await their arrival. The convoy came and was called upon to surrender. The provincials fired as the drivers whipped up their horses, killing two men, when the drivers jumped from their seats and ran. They surrendered to an old women whose protection they begged.

How cowardly the British are.

APRIL 20, 1775

I have just been told of an extremely sad and pathetic incident which hurts to think of. The wife of John Hicks sent her fourteen-year-old boy, whom I know quite well, to look for his father, as he had been missing. The boy found him dead by the roadside, with Moses Richardson and William Marcy nearby. The same night these three men were buried and Moses Richardson, Jr., a schoolmate of mine, threw his father's cloak over his face for protection from the dirt. God help these lonely friends in their bereavement and rest in peace these brave soldiers.

MAY 13, 1775

At this time Cambridge is the headquarters of the American Army. All our buildings are turned into barracks and hospitals for the wounded. The commander of our army is General Ward, whom I see frequently.

MAY 23, 1775

Today is my birthday and I am seventeen years old. Mother made me a lovely silk dress of some goods she had saved which had been hers when she was a young woman. The background is white with pink roses and green leaves. The collar has lace and is ruffled. It certainly is sweet and mother was dear to make it.

JUNE 16, 1775

Oh! I'm so excited and I don't know whether to laugh or cry.

This morning news came that Gage was planning to fortify Charlestown Heights.

One thousand of the boys and men of Cambridge have been sent to Dorchester and among them are Tom and John. We all went as far as the Common with them and bowed heads as Colonel Prescott gave prayer before the boys started. I clung to Tom just as long as I could and then kissed him affectionately with a last word of comfort, cheer and love. John came up to me and to my great relief took me in his arms and let me cry on his shoulder. "If I shouldn't come back," he whispered, "always remember I love you." He kissed me hastily and was gone. . . . . O God! please bring my boys back to me, please, please do. I can hear Nancy now, for she is almost hysterical, for her brother and her sweetheart, Nathan, have gone. Please God, may her prayers be answered.

JUNE 19, 1775

I have been so busy I have neglected jotting down facts in my diary.

I am still hoping and praying over Tom and John and feel rather worried, as no particular news has reached us about them. Nancy is almost sick in bed from worry. Poor dear, she won't listen to anyone. At least the battle is over, and though our men were forced to retreat, the British loss was far greater than ours.

Tomorrow reports will come about the boys, so I am hoping and praying for the best.

JUNE 24, 1775

Again I have neglected my diary, but the reason is my sorrow.

The 20th, I heard a step and, turning around, saw——John. The next moment I was in his arms, and after a long while he told me that Tom hadn't come back. I was glad that *he* told me, for his comfort was wonderful. I am now recovering from the shock, but oh, how I miss him. God bless the dear boy and may he rest in peace.

JULY 4, 1775.

Yesterday Washington took command of our Continental troops. The ceremony took place under the shade of an old elm tree. His headquarters were at the Craigie House on Brattle Street.

JULY 17, 1775

Fortifications have been thrown up at Dana Hill and at Phipp's Farm, and Cambridge is the scene of warfare. This constant battling seems endless; I wonder if it will ever end?

AUGUST 12, 1775

The boys under General Washington are now stationed in Cambridge and are waiting for the next step of the British.

AUGUST 14, 1775

Reports have arrived that 10,000 men were stationed and a few killed when cannon shots were thrown into the place by the British.

Oliver Markham, who was one of Tom's friends, was instantly killed and his poor mother is broken-hearted and not expected to live.

The war is so cruel, so heartless; it breaks hearts, kills, destroys and makes soldier's lives a hell.

Please God, that it may pass over and may peace reign again to heal and comfort the people.

DECEMBER 25, 1775.

Here it is Christmas. Nancy and I made toys and clothes for the children and poor people during November and December and distributed them last week. The snow is softly falling, but because of the boys not being here the holiday means little to the Lee's and to us.

Poor boys, I wonder what sort of a Christmas they are having? I pray they are well.

JANUARY 1, 1776

This day means much to all, for the new flag, with thirteen bright stars and stripes, was unfurled on Cambridge Common. The sight was glorious and sent a thrill of pride and happiness to many hearts.

MARCH 3, 1776

Batteries are equipped at Phipps' farm and Fort Washington and Boston was bombarded from these points.

Washington expects an attack from the British each day.

MARCH 18, 1776

Boston has been evacuated; the Continental Army crossed the river, took possession, and now the military period of Cambridge has at last reached its climax.

* * * * *

APRIL 2, 1782

The long war is over at least; the eagle of peace has at last spread his wings over our land, and happiness is ours once again. John is home now, well and contented. I am wearing his engagement ring and we will be married a year from this June.

God bless my dear brother and all those who died for the freedom of their country.

I am closing my diary with the end of the war; beginning my new life with the beginning of love, peace and happiness.

JANICE MEREDITH, 1782.

The End.

EUNICE PATTEN, '33.

THE DIARY OF A CAMBRIDGE BOY FROM APRIL 20 - JULY 5, 1775

APRIL 20, 1775—I went to bed in my home on Garden Street night before last filled with the strange forboding that some unusual occurrence was about to take place. All day long there had been an unusual bustle about the old town of Cambridge, and strange, mysterious rumors had been floating out from Boston concerning the actions of the British, who were casting a covetous and disapproving eye at the Colonists' stores of arms and ammunition at Concord. Then, too, the company of Cambridge Minute Men, to which I belonged, had drilled longer and more earnestly than usual that day.

After a restless, troubled sleep of some few hours, I was abruptly transformed to a state of wakefulness by the discordant clanging of a bell in Christ Church. Since, of course, I immediately divined that something momentous and unusual was afoot, I bolted out of bed and into my clothes. Just then I heard a rider gallop furiously into the yard, and bawl out, "Dawes is in from Boston with the news that the British are marching to Concord to seize the stores. Colonel Thatcher's ordered out the whole Cambridge company. Hurry! To the Common!"

I snatched up my musket, buckled on my powder horn, kissed my mother good-bye, and was out the door like a flash, running toward the Common. When I arrived, some of the Minute Men were already there, priming their muskets and muttering together in low tones. I found out that the redcoats, seven hundred strong, under Colonel Smith, had landed at Lechmere Point and then marched on to Lexington and Concord.

By this time the whole company, which had been pouring in steadily, was assembled. Colonel Thatcher, our commander, called the roll and addressed us briefly and simply, exhorting us to remember that our cause was just and that we were fighting for the honor and safety of Cambridge and of America. Then came the command, "Shoulder arms! March!" and we were off just at the break of day. The whole company marched silently and steadily up Menotomy Road, the only sound being the monotonous pounding of the drum. As we neared Lexington, rumors of British atrocities came to us. These rumors were soon verified. When we marched into the town, we found out that eight men had been slaughtered on the green in cold blood by the British, who had moved on to Concord.

This news made us march faster, and in short order we arrived at the now famous bridge in Concord, where we found many companies of Minute Men from nearer towns such as Acton, Lincoln and Littleton. The redcoats were at the time occupied in plundering the town of Concord. Soon, however, the squealing of their fifes and rattle of their drums was heard, as the British regulars approached in battle array. The sight of their perfect formations and bristling array of bayonets made little cold shivers course up and down my spine.

Major Barrett of Concord, the temporary commander of our troops, put the question to us if we were willing to march across the bridge and save Concord in the face of the withering fire of the regulars. A roar of affirmation was his reply. We were accordingly lined up in fighting array, our Cambridge company receiving a place near the front of the column. As our troops filed down the verdant hill slope to the bridge, my heart was pounding violently, but I marched determinedly, not a stride faltering. I saw the British commander flourish his sword and heard the command fire! A devastating volley ensued, and I ducked involuntarily as I heard the bullets whining overhead.

Several Americans were down, but still we advanced. I found my musket going off automatically in my hands, and I loaded and fired mechanically, as did we all. Then suddenly the firing ceased. To my utter amazement I saw the regulars, their lines shattered, making off at a run. They were leaving four heaps on the grass behind them. The impossible had been achieved. The redcoats had been put to rout by the untried Colonists.

But our work was not yet finished. Lexington had not yet been atoned for. We crossed the bridge in triumph and pursued the regulars with a vengeance. By this time other companies had arrived from Woburn, Billerica and Framingham. Our augmented band soon overtook the slow-moving British, and skulking behind trees and rocks, poured a murderous fire upon the arrogant, colorful redcoat line of march. Confusion ensued in the ranks of the regulars, and their retreat became a rout, despite the efforts of their officers to maintain some kind of order.

Soon the British entered Lexington, in entirely different circumstances than when they had left it a few hours ago, where they were heartened to find re-enforcements, under the haughty Lord Percy, awaiting them. We were held off for a while by these fresh troops, who covered the retreat of the exhausted men of Colonel Smith. However, they, too, soon wilted under the volleys of the "peasants," as the British had contemptuously termed us. By this time many of the Minute Men had abandoned the pursuit, owing to lack of ammunition, but I and many other Americans kept in the chase, following the exhausted regulars and inflicting heavy damage on their lines. We pursued them as far as Charlestown, where they piled into boats, and were ignominously rowed across to safety in Boston. Now we were forced to desist. But we had acquitted ourselves nobly. I myself had come off without a scratch, although I had been in the thick of the fight most of the time.

April 22, 1775—All New England has been aroused by Lexington and Concord. All the land is echoing with tramp of marching men, and men are pouring into Cambridge from all sides. The college buildings are being used as barracks for the soldiers, the college itself having been moved to Concord. Our troops lack powder, cannon, and uniforms, and everything is in confusion, but our commander, General Ward, does nothing to remedy our needs or to bring order out of chaos. We are expecting an attack from the British, for it does not seem likely that Gage will let such a humiliating defeat of his regulars go unpunished.

June 15, 1775—Gage has not yet attacked us, but three bodies of re-enforcements have come to him from England. The Continental Army, sixteen thousand strong, lies about Boston in a vast semi-circle, cooping up the British in the town. The sound of the British cannons is almost incessant, and it is known that a great pitched battle, not merely a running fight as at Lexington, is about to begin.

June 18, 1775—Yesterday I suddenly received orders to mobilize with my company and march to Charlestown. The British were preparing to storm Bunker Hill, of which our forces then had possession. Soon we were on our way to Charlestown, marching on the double-quick. The sullen rumble of the cannon in Boston and Charlestown was much louder and more vehement than usual.

When we arrived, the New Englanders were already drawn up behind improvised barricades of rails, earth and hay. We were welcomed heartily by Colonel Prescott, and assigned to

our post. Now came the ordeal. At Concord we had been ever advancing, but here we had to endure the harder test of sitting still, while the cannon balls roared overhead and ploughed into the earth about us. Soon the British regulars lined up in formation and began to advance. Prescott had ordered: "Don't fire till you see the whites of their eyes," and we obeyed the order literally, for the redcoats were within forty yards before we opened fire. Now the slaughter was terrible. One could not miss at that range. The British lines wavered, then staggered backward. They poured red and white patches scattered on the greensward.

Again their lines were assembled for a fresh assault, and once again they were repulsed, with even more terrible carnage than before. But our ammunition supply was almost exhausted. At the third attack of the redcoats, we resisted valiantly for a time, but to no avail. One cannot fight without ammunition. We retreated in an orderly fashion, using as weapons our bayonets and the clubbed butts of our muskets. I was near Warren when he was killed and made a desperate but ineffectual effort to save him. As a reward for my pains I received a ball through my shoulder, and the pain of the wound forced me to retire from the battle. I marched the three miles into Cambridge upon nerve alone, but I made it. After my wound had been dressed, I was soon lost in the oblivion of sleep that comes from utter exhaustion.

JULY 2, 1775—By now my wound is almost entirely healed and I am able to get about almost as well as ever. Today I found momentous tidings circulating about Cambridge. A new commander of the American Army, George Washington, has been appointed by the Continental Congress, and is coming to Cambridge to assume the command tomorrow.

JULY 4, 1775—I was up bright and early yesterday morning and assembled with my company on the Common. We were spruced up in our best, and the poise of our muskets and the swing of our march drew the admiration of the raw, gaping recruits in uncertain ranks behind us.

The Continental Army was assembled in a hollow square about the monarch elm on the south of the Common awaiting the arrival of its new commander. Soon came to us the shrill snarling of the trumpets and the sound of prancing hoofs. It was easy for us to distinguish our new leader from the group of cavalry that galloped in. He was tall and strongly built and strode his steed like a centaur. Cheerfulness, confidence and strength were molded in his face. General Ward rode out and transmitted command of the army to the Virginian. Washington raised his hat, flashed out his sabre and spoke clearly and firmly: "I accept the command."

JULY 5, 1775—The war between England and her American Colonies is on in earnest, and we are in for a long, long siege of it. In the first clashes of arms the honors have gone to the Colonists, and I swell with pride when I consider that my own town, Cambridge, has played a leading role in America's first step toward independence.

ROBERT C. PEEL.

Following we publish the results of the Caroline Close Prize Essay Contest. We wish to congratulate all the winners, especially Elinor Rowe, who has won this contest for three of her four years in school.

English I

Prize

Helen Tedford

Honorable Mention

C. Josephine Herr
Nancy Hayes
Elaine Emery
Elisabeth Boehnke
Virginia Gately
Blanche Berger

English II

Prize

Anne Claflin

Honorable Mention

Flora McLean
Manes Specter
Gertrude Lancaster
Elaine Goodell
Emily Whitman
Anne Conley
Josephine Palmer
Mary O'Rourke
Lucy Lucas

English III

No prize

Honorable Mention

Theodora Hubbard
Anne Southard
Alice Coakley

English IV

Prize

Eleanor Rowe

Honorable Mention

Catharine Wakefield
Grace McGlinchey
Margot Clarke
Joseph L. Tierney

A PROFITABLE AND PLEASANT PASTIME

English I

WHAT I consider the most profitable and most pleasant of all my pastimes is reading. We never can know too much, and we can always learn. Reading, to my mind, is the easiest and best way of acquiring such knowledge.

Our reading is divided into two classes. We read for pleasure, and we read for profit. Even the light, frivolous stories, which we read merely for entertainment, teach us something. They convey some new thought to our mind that, consciously or unconsciously, we enlarge upon until we, too, have a story.

We read of the adventures of sea-faring men who lived hundreds of years ago. We read of things that happen in this day and age to men that follow the sea. In our mind's eye we picture those happenings. We compare them. We see the contrast between the methods of sailors hundreds of years ago and today. We are interested. We follow that advancement,

step by step, and we are learning, not only what happened, but how it came to happen. We read of the thoughts of those men who tamed the sea and made it practically safe for travelling. We learn of their methods and we absorb that knowledge, and in that way, we have built a foundation, a basis, for the things that we may want to do some day.

If we had no books, or if we didn't read them, how would we know these things? By intuition? Perhaps. But experience is the best and truest teacher.

Men write down their thoughts and experiences and we thrill over them, often mistaking truth for fiction. However, if we should find ourselves in a similar predicament, what should we do? Very often, we would duplicate the procedure of the hero of the book. With Lady Luck on our side, it might succeed, thus proving to us that the things we read for pleasure may very often be turned into profit.

In our social conduct with other people, we find that if we can discuss intelligently books and people and things, we are liked and respected so much more than if we imitate the proverbial clam. But to discuss these various topics, we must know about them, and this knowledge we get from our reading.

We can while away tedious hours by reading that might otherwise have been occupied with less worthwhile pursuits. We can break that despicable habit of talking too much of other people's affairs by reading of the more interesting and important things that happened long ago. We can build our characters on the firm, strong and right lines, because when we read of the marvelous courage and strength and patience of famous men it gives us a feeling of admiration for them and we respect them as we wish to be admired and respected when we have left this land for a better and happier one.

Without books and ability to read them, this world would be as destitute and barren as the dry, hot desert is to travellers who are dying of thirst.

HELEN TEDFORD, '30.

ALONE IN A GREAT CHURCH

English II

IN the early Autumn of the year nineteen-eighteen, I crossed the outer threshold of a great cathedral in France, thinking I would spend a few moments in prayer for those thousands of wounded and dying. I took one step inside the heavy door and stopped. Beauty! I caught my breath in a sob. Looking upwards and ahead for what seemed thousands of soft, amber-lighted miles, my eyes reached the altar — one great, golden cross signifying all that is beautful and pure, and lying at the foot of its pedestal, every fibre of her being in perfect submission—an old, old woman.

From a window of colors so glorious that the angels must have put them there, soft, mingling hues fell upon the lone figure, the golden rays of His crown falling upon her silver hair. Above her tired, bent form was height about height of heavy duskiness, fading into the realms of darkness ere the beams above were reached. So silent was she — I feared — but then her soft, weary eyes opened and her tired, thin lips trembled. As a glistening tear ran down her withered cheek, I caught the faint words, "—my son—." She raised her head a bit and the thin, black cape fell from her shoulders as she drew from a chain about her neck a little golden locket. Trying to see the beloved face, she raised her treasure to the light that the beautiful cross was shedding. Her eyes were dim with tears and she fought to clear them. So trembled the wrinkled little hand that the locket dropped at the foot of the shining symbol. She grasped at it quickly, pressed it in an endless kiss to her lips and seemed to crumple in a tiny heap upon the velvet covered floor. I waited. And as the sinking sun sifted through the arched windows and sent a single golden ray into the unknown darkness above the altar, lighting the carven face of an angel, I realized she had found her son.

ANNE CLAFLIN, '32.

THOUGHTS I ASSOCIATE WITH LANTERNS

English IV

IN the first place, I insist that the lanterns with which I am to associate my thoughts must be lanterns suitable for romance, for breath-taking adventures under the starry dome of heaven. On second thought, I elide the *starry* in my beautiful phrase, "under the starry dome of heaven," because romantic people who use romantic lanterns never do use them when they can get along by the light of the moon. Romantic people are always looking for a chance to quote poetry about the moon. Therefore, as I have disgressed to prove, my romantic lanterns have been used only on moonless nights and indoors. Nevertheless, my point is that they are romantic lanterns.

I also insist that there be no railroad lanterns among my assortment. I am fully aware that Kipling said:

. . . . . "And all unseen,
Romance brought up the nine-fifteen."

Nevertheless, I dare fling a haughty laugh in Mr. Kipling's face and say, "I do not like railroad lanterns!"

Now I can begin, since I have made all my conditions. My thoughts first associate them-

selves with Egypt, the land of pyramids and Pharoahs. I think of the richly adorned barge on which Cleopatra is going to meet Antony. (I think it was Antony who was given the barge treatment, while Caesar had to unroll the rug, but I may be wrong.) Statuesque maidens at prow and stern hold poles with wrought iron lanterns attached. The lanterns throw a curious yellow glow over the reclining Cleopatra, and as the boat sways gently over the yellow Nile, Cleopatra's personal poet sings a song to lanterns and the light they give.

My next lanterns are also on a boat, but it is a very different vessel. Leif the Lucky is setting out to Greenland to convert Eric the Red to Christianity. He looks half-contemptuously at the very elaborately-wrought iron lanterns which his fashionable women acquaintances have given him as a farewell present. He almost resolves to take the lanterns down and to substitute plainer ones as soon as he is at sea. Still the lanterns give a good light, so Leif decides to let them stay.

My mind next speeds to Palestine. I find myself in a massive castle, built by the Crusaders as a protection against the Turks. The Turks are without the walls striving to be within, but the Crusaders have repeatedly beaten them off. The corridors of the castle are brightly lighted with torches and lanterns, so that the Crusaders within the castle may have easy communication with each other. The lanterns are the most conspicuous objects of this scene, because without the lanterns there would be no scene but merely sounds.

There are many more romantic scenes in which lanterns played an important part. Lanterns are the tools of practicality. Lanterns are never thought of as merely giving light; they always give light to some special scene. Lamps are merely light-givers, and are anathema to all but the realisticly romantic. As for me, I like to associate my thoughts with lanterns, but I greatly fear that unromantic moments hail the electric light with rejoicing.

I have just been inspired. There are electric lanterns! I can be both comfortable and romantic.

ELINOR ROWE, '30

KATHARINE GIBBS

A School of Unusual Character With a Distinctive Purpose for Educated Women

ACADEMIC EXECUTIVE SECRETARIAL

One-Year Course includes technical and broad business training preparing for positions of a preferred character.

Two-Year Course for high school graduates. First year includes six college subjects. Second year intensive secretarial training. The cultural background provided in this course develops in the young woman of refinement, the well-balanced and resourceful mind required for the higher type of position.

Also Special Course for College Women

NEW YORK
247 Park Avenue

BOSTON
90 Marlboro Street

PROVIDENCE
150 Angell Street

Resident School in Boston

How To Be Rid of These Annoying Salesmen

Salesman (with the customary greeting): "Good morning, Sir; how are you this morning?"

Victim: "Good morning, indeed! It is a very fine morning. I think it's the brightest and cheeriest morning since the beginning of April. Why, this is a perfect Spring morning. Just listen to the birds sing (and did you notice the beautiful green coming on the trees) and the refreshing Spring air? Why, it just makes me feel like dancing—and that reminds me, how I am today. Well, I must confess that I feel a hundred percent better than yesterday. Why, yesterday, I felt as if I would die at any minute. And all last night I had a gnawing in my chest; and I started to cough and I almost choked before I got some water. I was terribly frightened because those were the symptoms of my wife's sister's husband when he died. And my wife keeps telling me how much I look and act like him that—"

(He'll be gone long before this.)

"——Now look here, I fired three girls for revising my letters, see?" said the Boss to his new Steno.

"All right, now take a letter and TAKE IT THE WAY I TELL YOU."

"Yessir."

And the next morning, Mr. O. J. Squizz of the Squizz Soap Company received the following letter:

"Mr. O. K. or A. J. or something, look it up, Squizz, president of the Squizz, what a name, Soap Company, Detroit, that's in Michigan, isn't it? Dear Mr. Squizz, H-m-m-m. You're a heck of a business man. No, start over. He's a crook, but I can't insult him or the bum'll sue me. The last shipment of soap you sent us was of inferior quality and I want you to understand —no, scratch that out. I want you to understand—H-m-m-m—unless you can ship—furnish —ship, no, furnish us with your regular soap, you needn't ship us no more, period, or whatever the grammar is, and pull down your skirt. This darn cigar is out again. Where was I? Paragraph. Your soap wasn't what you said — I should say it wasn't. Them bums tried to put over a bit of hooey on us. Whadda you flappers want to paint yer faces up for like Indians on the warpath? We're sending back your last shipment of soap tomorrow. Sure we're gonna send it back. I'd like to feed it to 'em with a spoon an' make 'em eat it, the dirty bums. Now read the letter over—no, don't read it over, we've wasted enough time on them crooks; fix it up an' sign my name. What do you say we go out to lunch?

—*Cleveland Trust Monthly.*

Yule: "I don't think I should get zero on this exam."

Mr. Harrington: "I don't either, but that's the lowest I could give you."

Heard In History

Mr. Sullivan: "It gives me great pleasure to give you 60 in History."

K. Daly: "Why don't you give me 90, and have a better time."

Man: "Rastus, is pants singular or plural?"

Rastus: "Pants is an uncommon common noun. It is singular at the top and plural at the bottom."

Dugan: "What would you do if you were in my shoes?"

Marie: "Shine them!"

Jerry: "Janet and Harold are pretty thick, aren't they?"

Lynne: "Yes, both of them."

Lynne: "You should alter your style of dancing."

Bill S.: "In what way?" L

Lynne: "You might try stepping on my left foot for a change."

Gail: "If you were seated in a trolley car, every seat of which was occupied, and a lady entered, what would you do."

Staffon: "Pretend I was asleep."

Freshie: "I see there's a report from Holland that concrete bases for German cannon have been found there."

Senior: "Don't believe a word you hear from Holland. Georgraphy says it is a 'low-lying' country."

Boy: "Give me Main three-O-O-O."

Central: "What's the matter, something biting you?"

He: "Believe me, I'm no quitter."

She (yawning): "Yes, I know it."

For Sale—One Jersey cow giving milk, also real estate, car, and library.—Insane Hospital.

Raining "cats and dogs" is bad enough, but when it comes to "hailing street cars" it is time to hunt a dug-out.

Bill: "Do you like mushrooms?"

Martin: "I don't know; I never slept in one."

Freshie: "What brought the War of 1812 to a close."

Bright Senior: "Oh, they just stopped fighting."—M. M. S., H. R. 77.

"Why Didn't You Say So"

—A One-Act Play—

Scene—Mr. Bramhall's office.

Characters—Mr. Bramhall and Ken Daly.

Time—At the close of a marking period.

Mr. Bramhall: "Now, listen here, Ken, you've flunked in every subject—You got V in history. You're terrible in English. You got 20 for a mark in—"

Ken: "But Mr. Bramhall—I—"

Mr. Bramhall: "No, I won't listen to any of your stories. You got the lowest mark in—"

Ken: "But I—"

Mr. Bramhall: "Don't but me. You got V in Georgraphy."

Ken: "That's not my—"

Mr. Bramhall: "DON'T INTERRUPT! You got—"

Ken: "But—"

Mr. Bramhall: "WELL, WHAT DO YOU WANT?"

Ken: "I just wanted to tell you that that's not my card—it's the other Ken Daly's."

Mr. Bramhall: "Well, why didn't you say so?"

(There is a grave silence as Ken walks out of the office. Mr. Bramhall picks a choice apple from his desk draw and munches unconcerned as he looks out the window at the cruel, cruel world.)

"Do you like codfish balls?"

"I don't know. I never attended one."

Teacher: "Willie, can you give me an example of paradox?"

Willie: "Sure, a man can carry a lot of mortgages and still not be able to lift any of them."

Senior: "What is news?"

Bright Freshman: "It is material used by the newspapers to fill in the space between ads."

Then There Was the Scotchman—

Who would'nt attend a baseball game because he heard that the players sometimes passed the plate.

Who went crazy trying to invent a method of taking inkstains out of blotters, so he could use them again.

Girl: "Why you wicked boy! I never heard such awful language since the day I was born."

Boy: "Yeah, I bet there must have been a pile of cussin' the day you were born."

Girl (after receiving the engagement ring): "That's the prettiest engagement ring I ever had."

Her Fiance: "It should be. It's the most expensive one I ever bought."

Ship's Cook (to new helper): "Ever been on a ship before?"

Helper: "Sure, I was a gunner in the Navy."

Cook: "Well, start right in and shell the peas."

Englishman (speaking over the telephone): "Is that the fire station? May I speak to the captain? Oh, really? Good evening—or rather good morning. Reginald Renfrew of Babmoral Mansions, Nasturtium Road, speaking. Sorry to trouble you at this unholy hour, but the fact is, we have a beastly conflagration here, and we'd like you to put it out, if you arent' terribly busy."

Aviator: "Wanna fly?"

Young Thing: "Oo-oo-yeh!"

Aviator: "Wait, I'll catch one for you."

Father: "My boy, think of the future."

Son: "I can't; it's my girl's birthday and I must think of the present."

To Make A Long Story Short

The little worms were boring in dead Ernest .. .. .. (poor Ernest).

Willie: "My teacher told me today that Rome wasn't built in a day." ?

Silly: "That's not true. The Hollywood carpenters could build Rome in a day."

CLOSE THAT DOOR- THE WIND'S BLOWING MY HAIR IN MY EYES!
(NIZE BALD)
MR CAIN
These Puritans!
HUH?
The HEIGHT of IMAGINATION!
Swanson
DUMBEST REMARK (BY A STUDENT) OF THE YEAR-
BUT MR CAIN-- THAT DOESN'T TELL US THE REASON-- JUST TELLS US WHY!
TELL THEM GENTLY, SENIORS!
-I'M GONNA GRADUATE, MOM!
WHAT?
WELL, I MUST BE OFF!
YEAH-YOU MUST BE!
SWANSON
I'VE BEEN SITTING HERE ALL DAY TRYING TO MEMORIZE THIS POEM AND THIS IS THE THIRD TIME I'VE BEEN WOKE UP!
AU REVOIR!
S'LONG- I DON'T THINK I NEED E'M ANYMORE!
A (BIG MAYBE)
ASH
MESELF
The LAST SWANSON?
SWANSON
There's A HIGH SCHOOL GIRL for YA!

GREETINGS, Greetings, Lots of Greetings. This is the Slaughterhouse Station of C. H. L. S., with offices all around the school and with Hector MacPuppe doing the barking. This is an up-to-date broadcasting station, conducted for charity, with all the latest facilities and paragorics, including vacuum tubes, vacuum cleaners, parachutes, windmills and monkey wrenches.

We have a little surprise to spring on you today, folks. Every three hundred years the kids in the freshman class have put on a little one-horse play, entitled, "Grandma's Tercentenary." But this year it seems that no one would supply the dandruff, so we hadda call off the play and give a prize for the best theme written on the tercentenary. The prize, which was awarded by Judge Jippem Summoa was a cute little bottle of Snyder's catsup, won by Givvum Summoa, granddaughter of the judge. We will now read the theme, but please go easy on the applause, because the guy upstairs is sick in bed. The theme:— Oh! Oh! Oh! there sat the poodle, nearly frozen to death. 'Twas two hundred in the shade, but not a creature was stirring, not even an elephant. Suddenly, the little boy seized the ham sandwitch, as a shout of applause escaped the frost-bitten lips of the coal-heaver's daughter. The whole building was in flames. Where was the captain? Ah! there he was, playing solitaire with the villain and his gang. Up jumped grandma; a look of extermination swept over her sun-tanned brow; her brawny muscles expanded for miles around, as she uttered the fatal words, "Three cheers for the Tercentenary."

The Judge attributed the success of his granddaughter to her unlimited knowledge of domesticated animals, but she herself modestly stated, "I owe my success to Hinze' fifty-seven varieties."

And now we have the fat people's hour. Get your cards open to page 36 and we will start the exercises magnaminously. The first exercise is the neck stretching exercise. Already, begin: One, two, three, head between heels and the right leg over, snap it up there; nine, ten, first toe forward; seven, eight, right ear downward; two, three, come on, you horses, eleven, twelve, arms around tonsils; seven, eight, mouth shut, head straight, neck up, chin between knees; place, one step upward, fly; blow me down, the Victrola's busted; thirteen, fourteen, so we'll have to put it off till tomorrow, four five. Your diet for today will consist of one raw stringbean and a glass of lilac water.

We are very sorry, folks, but I. Warner Napple, who was to give a lecture on "The Fundamentals of Cowology." fell into a ditch on the way over to the studio, so instead we have hired Minnie Squawk, chairlady of the "Scrubwoman's Brigade," who will sing for you. By popular demand, Minnie's selection will be her own composition, "The Spine Song," otherwise known as "Scrub Till the Rafters Gleam." O. K., Minnie, let's hear ya.

And now that that's over with, we have a specialty in the line of announcements to make: At a recent convention of the Chealsea Women's "Grabba Bita Pi" Club, Mrs. Mad Anthony Wayne, the wonderworker of the kitchen, set the heart of many a newlywed into palpitations of delight when she introduced the following recipes:

1. Rotenschnobble Pie—Grind up three gondolas and spread this over a French fried beer bottle. When there are signs of recovery, moisten with a drop of corned beef and cabbage. Put this through the wringer of the washing machine and it is ready to serve, hot, crisp and crunchy.

2. Gumption Chowder—Purchase a pound of grass stain in the nearest hardware store. Mix with a small quantity of Spirits of Iodine. After the explosion, patch the remnants with a little Essence of Ignorance. This done, place it in the snow to keep the gasoline from evaporating. The next morning a delicious gumption chowder will be awaiting you with open arms.

3. Convulsions on Toast—Make it in three minutes. One bag of Epoleptic Hair Fertilizer, one barrel of O'Tweezer's' Vanishing Cream. Mix, stir, stretch, flatten. An ounce of flea powder. Roll, press, and apologize. Repeat this until daybreak and the hardest part is over. Try it on the dog before you try it yourself.

We have just received a special news crosspatch from Washington, D. C., which, as I translate, reads: Mr. Sinker Swimme, Secretary of the Ulterior, met with a serious accident and was rushed immediately to the Animal Rescue League in the fruit wagon of Sellum Banana, who happened to be strolling by. It seems that Mr. Swimme was entering his house on Junk Street when suddenly, in a moment of agitation, his false teeth leapt out and bit him severely on the northern extremity of the thirteenth parabula. Scientists say that the rebellion of the teeth was caused by various volcanic eruptions taking place in Mr. Swimme's windpipe. Swimme, himself, when questioned by the World Court, semi-consciously stated that he hoped his next set of teeth would not be quite so false. Poor old Sinker. And he always said that man's best friend is found in his false teeth.

Now what? Oh, yes, I almost forgot that I had been seized by the outstretched arms of poetic cantalogimetica. Ya see, folks, in my journeys through East Boston and the other far eastern ports of the world, I was so expired by the rythmic force of nature, that I contrived the following poem for your benefit. It is written in diabolic oxameter, in other words, three feet to a yard. Here goes!

STUDENTS' LULLABY

Oh June! Oh June! Oh June!
Why cometh thou so soon?
Must we throw away the books and things so dear?
Why it is we must part,
From the school so near our heart,
When we hate to see vacation drawing near?

And the teachers! Ah, the teachers!
With their kind and loving features,
To leave them gives me pain and grief untold;
So I yearn and yearn and yearn,
For September to return
To get back to my books and thinks of old.

Oh Me! Oh Me! Oh My!
Though I never tell a lie,
I admit I do say things that are quite phoney;
Though my little verse be fine
And with beauty may it rhyme,
No matter how you cook it, it's BALONEY.

Sweet, ain't it?

Well, friends, I suppose in another coupla weeks you'd be roostin' up in a haystack or shootin' pine needles at goldfish, or doin' some other of the various summer sports, and say! speakin' of haystacks, I think I'll give y' all a break and sign off till the fall. S'long.

DAN DOHERTY, '31.

ALUMNI NOTES

1925

Martin Canavan is a senior at Boston University, where he is attaining a high scholastic standing.

1926

Loretta Evans, a graduate of Lowell Normal, is now substituting in the Cambridge schools.

Joe Curtin is a junior at Yale.

1927

Billy Brooks is a sophomore at Harvard.

1928

Madelaine Navien, Catherine Boucher, Helen Good and Ruth Mahan are sophomores at Emmanuel College.

Bob Dunn, George Foley, Gilbert Motla are sophomores at Harvard.

Isabel Brooks is taking a course at Miss Farmer's.

Fred Hoffman is in business with his father and he is also taking an art course.

Jack Hughes is a freshman at Harvard. Catherine Ryan is taking a course at Burdett's.

Anne Martin is a freshman at the Boston Art School.

Bill Ryan is at Burdett's.

Corinne Wyche is in training at the Mercy Hospital.

1929

Clarke Fisher is taking a course at the Albany Business College.

Catherine Dwyer entered St. Joseph's Order in Framingham in the fall.

John Dore is a freshman at Holy Cross.

Wilhelmina Crowley is a freshman at Massachusetts Art School.

Henry Forbes is a freshman at Technology.

Mildred Craigwell is studying at the New England Conservatory of Music.

Ada Callum is a freshman at Salem Normal.

Helen Madden is a freshman at Framingham Normal.

Carolina Ciana is at Salem Normal School.

Clare Campbell is working in the Woolworth's store.

Leslie Adams is working in Jordan Marsh Company. She also is studying music.

Charles Rundlett and Anthony De Vito are freshmen at Harvard.

Robert Burdick is a freshman at Technology.

Helen Gately was on the reception committee for Junior Day at Emmanuel.

Harold Browning is now preparing for his entrance to West Point in July.

Anne Dempsey is a freshman at Emmanuel.

Dorothy O'Connell is at the College of the Spoken Word.

WELL, girls, the year is nearly over! In a few more weeks we'll all be leaving dear old Latin once again. Before parting, let us review briefly what we've accomplished this year. We surely have had a lot of fun, all in all, haven't we?

Basketball took up a great deal of our time. We certainly had some great old games, too!

Then we've had quite a few parties and dances. Among these, the outstanding were the "Freshman Party," the "Girl Dance," and the last, "Real Boy Dance."

By the way, I almost forgot to say what a marvelous time we all had at that last dance on May the ninth. Everyone came, it seemed! There were ever so many pretty frocks in array! Herbert Brown's orchestra was dandy, and the floor was crowded every moment. We had as guests of honor—Miss Brown, Miss Foss, Miss Hurlihy, Miss MacLaughlin, Miss McElroy, Mr. Cleveland, Mr. Cunningham, Mr. Garrett Foley and Mr. William Foley.

To continue our review — we've had tennis, baseball, and—oh, so many jokes and laughs!

The baseball games, so far, have been causing a great deal of interest. At this time, the championship has not yet been decided. The Seniors and the Sophomores have each won a game. The first game, the Sophomores were victorious 8—7. In the second game, the Seniors rallied back nicely with a score of 16—5. Both games were very well played. The first Freshman-Junior game was played on May 20th. The Juniors won, 10—9. The final winner of this combination will play either the Seniors or the Sophomores. Then the champions will get silver baseballs, as always. May the best team win! The various team captains are as follows: Seniors —Myrtle Lawrence; Juniors—Gertrude Davis; Sophomores — Sarah McKenney; Freshmen — Emily Long. The election of G. A. A. officers and the Tennis Tournament are both unfinished as yet. In the election, the nomination ballots show these results: President, Phyllis Grace and Ruth Hibbard; Vice-President, Barbara Farwell and Sarah McKenney; Secretary, Clara Cormier, Philomena Di Lallo and Gertrude Lancaster. Only time will tell who the lucky ones will be. We're sure they're all very efficient girls!

The smashing climax to this term's activities is on the way. On Saturday, June 7th, if all turns out well, we shall all launch forward on our annual picnic at Miss Brown's farm in Kendal Green. There, among the chickens (and other pets, including Lady Guinevere and Jacob, our lattest addition, a snappy little pup), we shall "raise the roof," per usual! For goodness sakes, don't miss this picnic, members! We always have *such* a good time!

There isn't much else to write. However, I'm sure you all join me in wishing the best of luck to the G. A. A. officers of 1931, whoever they may be. We're sure, if they manage as capably as this year's officers have, we shall ask for nothing better. Good-bye, then, until next year. A pleasant Summer to all!!

Note—The election returns have just come in! Ruth Hibbard is our new President, Sarah McKenney our new Vice-President, and Gertrude Lancaster our new Secretary! Congratulations, girls!!

MARJORIE LEIGHTON, '30.

C. H. L. S. DIRECTORY — 1930

Popular Girl	Katherine Haugh
Popular Boy	Eddie Lynch and George McInnes
Prettiest Girl	Eleanor Gray
Most Sociable	John Hoffman
Class Musician	Herb Brown
Woman Hater	Ed O'Callahan
Heartbreaker	John Scully
Talkative Girl	Jerry Leighton
Happy-Go-Lucky	Ken Daly
Class Grind	Couldn't find one!
Most Talked About	Hilda Matthews
Famous Talker	Ned McKenny
Best Actor	Eddie Dillon

BASEBALL CANDIDATES CALLED OUT

Cambridge Latin's squad of baseball candidates, numbering about fifty, reported for their first practice session April the 1st, at Russell Field, North Cambridge. Coach Leander MacDonald gave his charges a lengthy talk on the importance of getting in condition.

The coach realizes he has a tough proposition to face this season because most of his candidates are inexperienced. Of the number who reported, Capt. John Casey, pitcher; Peter Lekakas, pitcher; Oliver La Ronde, center field; Irving Finstein, catcher, are the only veterans back from last year.

With these boys as a nucleus, Coach MacDonold hopes to build up a good ball club.

Others who have shown up well are John "Tweet" Reardon, catcher; John "Junior" Sheehan, first base; John Carson, left field; Irving Kendall, center field; Edward "Eddie" Barry, right field; Tom Morgan, second base; John Daly, first base; Francis Sullivan, shortstop.

BROOKLINE 6 CAMB. LATIN 2

The Brookline High baseball team defeated the Cambridge Latin boys by the score of 6 to 2 at the Cypress Street Playground, Brookline.

The Cantabs scored two runs in the first inning and held the Brookline team, which was a heavy favorite to win, scoreless until the seventh inning, when Mahan started a batting rally by finding Casey, the Cantab pitcher, who up to this inning was pitching superbly for a two-base hit. Mahan's teammates followed suit and at the end of the inning the Brookline team had registered five runs. Brookline added one more run in the first half of the ninth inning, making a total of six runs.

Summary:

BROOKLINE HIGH

	A.B.	B.H.	P.O.	A.
J. Timmons, ss	4	1	3	2
Woleck, 3b	2	1	2	0
W. Timmons, 2b	4	0	7	4
Larkin, cf	4	1	0	0
Madden, p	2	0	1	3
Mahan, rf	4	2	1	0
Noonan, lf	4	3	1	0
Jamieson, c	2	0	7	1
McCone, 1b	4	1	8	0
Totals	30	9	30	10

CAMBRIDGE LATIN

	A.B.	B.H.	P.O.	A.
Lekakas, rf	4	1	1	0
Sullivan, ss	2	1	1	2
La Ronde, cf	3	0	4	0
Casey, p	2	1	1	4
Reardon, c	5	0	7	0
Conlon, 3b	4	2	0	0
O'Keefe, lf	4	2	0	0
Morgan, 2b	1	0	1	2
Sheehan, 1b	4	1	9	0
aCosgrove	1	0	0	0
Barry, 2b	0	0	0	1
Totals	30	8	24	9

Innings	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	
Brookline	0	0	0	0	0	0	5	0	1	—6
Cambridge	2	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	—2

a—Batted for Morgan in 8th.

Runs—J. Timmons, Larkin, Madden, Mahan, Noonan, McCone, Lekakas, Sullivan. Errors—W. Timmons, McCone. Two-base hits—O'Keefe, Larkin, Mahan, Noonan, McCune. Three-base hit—J. Timmons. Stolen bases—Woleck, Lekakas, McCone, Sullivan 2, La Ronde. Sacrifice hits—Madden, Jamieson, Sullivan, Sheehan. Base on balls—By Madden 8, by Casey 3. Struck out—By Madden 4, by Casey 5. Passed ball—Jamieson. Hit by pitched ball—By Casey (Jamieson). Umpire—Cleary Time—2h, 10m.

CAMB. LATIN 5 NEWTON 1

The feature of the game was the effective pitching of Captain Casey. The Newton boys, ranging from 5 feet 10 inches to 6 feet, could not touch the diminutive pitcher. He registered thirteen strikeouts. Not a bad day's work.

CAMBRIDGE LATIN

	A.B.	B.H.	P.O.	A.
Lekakas, rf	4	2	0	0
Carson, rf	0	0	0	0
Sullivan, ss	4	1	2	0
La Ronde, cf	4	2	1	0
Casey, p	4	0	4	3
Conlon, 3b	3	1	4	4
O'Keefe, lf	4	2	3	0
Cosgrove, lf	0	0	0	0
Reardon, c	4	0	4	0
Sheehan, 1b	4	1	6	3
Morgan, 2b	3	0	3	2
Totals	34	9	27	12

NEWTON HIGH SCHOOL

	A.B.	B.H.	P.O.	A.
Doucette, 2b	4	0	3	2
Appleyord, 2b	1	0	0	0
Elrod, cf	4	1	5	3
Dalton, rf	4	0	3	1
Colby, rf	1	0	0	0
Bennett, 3b	4	1	1	2
Hildreth, lf	4	1	2	0
Butler, 1b	4	2	6	1
Barry, ss	4	1	2	1
Champ'ne, ss	3	1	1	0
Fine, c	1	0	0	0
Kraber, p	3	0	1	1
Rhodes, p	0	0	0	0
Totals	37	7	24	11

Innings	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	
Latin	0	2	1	0	0	2	0	0	*	—5
Newton	0	0	0	0	0	0	1	0	0	—1

Runs made—By Sullivan, Conlon, O'Keefe, Sheehan, Hildreth. Errors—Doucette, Bennett, Butler, Champagne 2. Two-base hits—Butler 2. Stolen bases—Hildreth, Doucette. Bases on balls—By Casey, by Kraber, by Roach 2. Struck out—By Casey 13, by Roach 2, by Rhodes 2. Double play — Conlon, Sullivan and Sheehan. Umpire—"Smokey" Kelliher.

EXETER 4 CAMBRIDGE LATIN 2

On April the 26th the Cambridge Latin baseball team journeyed up to New Hampshire and was defeated by Exeter's fast nine, 4 to 2.

The score:

EXETER

	A.B.	B.H.	P.O.	A.
Spain, ss	2	2	2	3
Martin, 3b	3	1	0	4
Merrill, 3b	2	0	0	0
Bennett, c	2	0	2	0
Clark, c	2	2	4	1
Parker, lf	4	0	0	0
Adams, 1b	3	1	14	0
Weston, 2b	4	1	4	5
Curtin, rf	4	1	1	0
Lynch, cf	4	3	0	0
Roundey, p	1	1	0	0
Westby, p	3	1	0	3
Totals	34	13	27	16

CAMBRIDGE LATIN

	A.B.	B.H.	P.O.	A.
Lekakas, rf	4	2	1	0
Carson, rf	0	0	0	0
Sullivan, ss	3	0	3	2
La Ronde, cf	2	1	0	0
Casey, rf	3	1	5	0
Conlon, 3b	2	0	1	0
Reardon, c	3	0	5	2
Sheehan, 1b	3	0	2	0
Morgan, 2b	2	0	4	1
Finstein, 2b	2	0	2	0
Kelley, p	2	0	1	0
Cosgrove, p	2	0	0	1
Totals	28	4	24	6

Innings	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	
Exeter	1	0	0	0	0	3	0	0	*	—4
Cambridge	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	2	0	0—2

Runs—Spain, Curtin, Lynch, Westby, Lekakas, Sullivan. Errors—Spain 2, Adams. Stolen bases—Adams, La Ronde, Conlon. Sacrifice hits—Adams, Casey, Conlon. Bases on balls—Off Roundey 1, off Westby 3. Struck out — By Roundey 2, by Westby 4, by Kelley 4. Double plays—Martin, Weston, Adams; Westby, Spain, Adams. Passed ball—Kelley. Hit by pitched ball—By Kelley (Spain); by Roundey (Conlon). Umpires—Bannon and Walsh. Time—1h, 52m.

CAMBRIDGE LATIN 10 GROTON 7

A ninth inning rally enabled Coach Leander MacDonald's boys to come through a winner over Groton, 10 to 7. Up to the eighth inning the score board read, 7 to 7.

In the ninth inning Sanger, Groton pitcher, was a bit wild and let Cambridge Latin fill the bases. Webb then relieved Sanger, but Lekakas hit a single, which, combined with a wild throw, scored three runs. This game was played at Groton.

The score:

CAMBRIDGE LATIN

	A.B.	B.H.	P.O.	A.
Lekakas, rf	4	2	1	0
Sullivan, ss	5	0	1	0
La Ronde, cf	5	2	1	0
Casey, p	4	2	1	3
Conlon, 3b	5	0	1	3
O'Keefe, lf	3	0	4	0
Reardon, c	3	0	6	0
Sheehan, 1b	4	1	10	1
Morgan, 2b	3	0	1	1
Finstein, 2b	1	1	0	0
Totals	37	8	26	9

GROTON

	A.B.	B.H.	P.O.	A.
Weekes, ss	4	1	2	0
Smith, 2b	4	0	1	0
Thorpe, 1b	4	2	10	1
Paul, c	3	0	2	3
Sanger, cf, p	4	0	6	2
Kelley, lf	4	1	0	0
Webb, cf, p	4	1	3	0
Pratt, rf	4	0	3	0
Totals	35	5	27	6

Innings	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	
Cambridge	1	0	4	0	0	0	2	0	3	—10
Groton	1	0	0	2	0	2	1	1	0	— 7

Runs—Lekakas, La Ronde, Casey, O'Keefe, Reardon 3, Sheehan 2, Finstein, Weekes, Smith 2, Thorpe 2, Crocker, Kelley. Errors—Sullivan 3, Sheehan, Weekes 2, Smith, Crocker, Paul, Kelly. Two-base hits—Finstein, Thorpe. Home runs—Thorpe, Kelley. Stolen bases—Weekes, Sanger, Crocker. Sacrifice hits—Smith, Sullivan. Bases on balls—By Casey, by Sanger 6. Struck out—By Casey 5, by Sanger 3. Time—2h, 20m. Umpire—Brickley.

LAWRENCE H., 6 CAMB. LATIN 1

Lawrence High won its third consecutive baseball game at the expense of Cambridge Latin by the score of 6 to 1. The Cantabs scored their lone run in the first inning when Lekakas hit a home run. He also made a two-base hit.

Eli Kalilip gave a marvelous exhibition of twirling as he held the Cantabs to four hits, while his teammates collected eleven off Kelley's delivery. The score:

LAWRENCE HIGH

	A.B.	B.H.	P.O.	A.
Trickett, 3b	4	1	1	0
Donovan, rf	3	1	0	0
Driscoll, rf	0	0	0	0
Linehan, 2b	3	1	3	3
McComiskey, cf	4	3	4	0
Clegg, lf	3	1	0	0
Gonet, 1b	3	1	11	1
Weis, ss	4	1	1	4
McCann, c	4	2	6	2
Kalilip, p	3	0	1	1
Totals	34	11	27	11

CAMBRIDGE LATIN

	A.B.	B.H.	P.O.	A.
Lekakas, rf	4	2	0	0
Sullivan, ss	4	0	0	2
La Ronde, cf	3	0	0	0
Casey, lf	4	0	1	0
Conlon, 3b	4	1	2	3
Sheehan, 1b	4	1	8	1
Reardon, c	2	0	1	1
Morgan, 2b	2	0	1	1
Finstein, 2b	1	0	1	1
Kelley, p	2	0	1	2
Totals	30	4	24	13

Innings	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	
Lawrence High	3	0	0	0	0	0	0	3	*	—6
Cambridge Latin	1	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	—1

Runs—Linehan 2, McComiskey 2, Donovan, Wooles, Lekakas. Errors — Linehan. Two-base hits—Lekakas, McComiskey. Home runs—Lekakas, McComiskey. Stolen bases — McCann, Wooles. Sacrifice hits—Gonet. Double plays—Wools to Linehan to Gonet; Gonet to Wooles to Gonet. Bases on balls—Off Kalilip 4, off Kelley 2. Struck out—By Kalilip 6, by Kelley 9. Umpires—Cronin and Lee. Time—1h, 45m.

RINDGE TECH 7 CAMB. LATIN 1

Rindge Tech defeated Cambridge Latin, 7 to 1, at Russell Field, North Cambridge.

In the first inning Coach McLaughlin's boys made four runs when Saurauskey, the all-round star athlete, pitcher and outfield, clicked out a three-bagger with the bases loaded. He scored on a wild pitch.

Casey, Cantab pitcher, hurt a finger in the third inning fielding a fly bunt, the ball just tipping his gloved hand. Kelley relieved him and Casey went out to right field.

The score:

RINDGE

	A.B.	B.H.	P.O.	A.
Normile, 2b	4	3	1	3
Anderson, cf	4	2	2	0
Boyle, lf	4	3	1	0
Saurauskey, rf	4	2	0	0
Barbul, 3b	3	1	0	2
Reddick, c	4	0	0	1
Harris, 1b	4	0	12	0
Hilliard, ss	3	0	1	3
Deluise, ss	1	0	0	0
Gilligan, p	4	1	1	4
Totals	34	12	27	13

CAMBRIDGE LATIN

	A.B.	B.H.	P.O.	A.
Lekakas, lf	5	0	0	0
Sullivan, ss	4	1	0	3
La Ronde, cf	3	0	1	0
Casey, p	2	0	0	1
Finstein, rf	1	0	0	0
O'Keefe	0	0	0	0
Kelley, p	2	1	0	4
Conlon, 3b	3	2	1	4
Sheehan, 1b	3	0	13	0
Reardon, c	3	1	8	0
Morgan, 2b	2	0	1	1
Totals	28	5	24	13

Innings	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	
Rindge Tech	4	0	0	2	0	0	0	1	*	—7
Cambridge Latin	0	0	0	1	0	0	0	0	0	—1

Runs—Normile 2, Anderson 2, Boyle, Saurauskey, Gilligan, Casey. Errors—Normile, Barbul, Conlon 3, Morgan. Two-base hits—Saurauskey, Gilligan. Stolen bases — Anderson, Boyle. Sacrifice hits—Barbul, Boyle, La Ronde, Conlon, Morgan. Base on balls—By Gilligan 6, by Kelley 2. Struck out—By Gilligan 7, by Casey 5, by Kelley 2. Double plays—Conlon and Sheehan. Passed ball—Reddick. Wild pitch—Casey. Time—2h, 5m. Umpire—Kelleher.

CAMB. LATIN 5 ST. JAMES HIGH 4

In a closely contested game, Cambridge Latin nosed out a winner over St. James High by the score of 5 to 4, at Haverhill.

A spectacular play by Sheehan, Cantab first baseman and a home run clout by Lekakas, featured the game.

The score:

CAMBRIDGE LATIN

	A.B.	B.H.	P.O.	A.
Lekakas, rf	4	1	2	0
Sullivan, ss	5	0	2	5
La Ronde, cf	4	1	1	0
Casey, lf-3b	4	1	0	0
Conlon, 2b	3	1	3	1
Sheehan, 1b	4	2	10	0
Reardon, c	4	2	8	1
Morgan, 3b	2	1	0	0
Finstein, 3b	0	0	0	0
O'Keefe, lf	1	0	1	0
Cosgrove, p	3	0	0	0
Totals	34	9	27	7

ST. JAMES HIGH

	A.B.	B.H.	P.O.	A.
Lafey, lf	4	1	1	0
T. Dorsey, ss	4	3	2	1
Horgan, c	5	0	6	1
Fenlon, rf	4	1	2	0
Farley, 3b	4	1	1	1
Collins, p	4	2	0	3
Mullin, cf	4	1	3	0
Bradshaw, 2b	3	0	1	3
aRegan	1	1	0	0
Donnelan, 1b	2	0	9	0
Dorsey, 1b	2	0	2	0
Totals	37	10	27	9

a—Batted for Bradshaw in ninth.

Innings	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	
Cambridge	0	1	1	0	0	0	1	2	0	—5
St. James	1	0	0	0	0	1	0	0	2	—4

Runs made by—Lekakas, La Ronde, Casey, Conlon, Sheehan, Lafey 2. Two-base hits—La Ronde, Sheehan, T. Dorsey. Home runs—Lekakas. Stolen bases—Morgan, Lafey 2, Horgan, Fenlon, Collins. Sacrifice hit—Conlon. Base on balls—By Collins 3, by Cosgrove 2. Struck out—By Cosgrove 7, by Collins 6. Passed ball—Reardon. Wild pitch—Cosgrove. Time—2h, 5m. Umpire—Donnelly.

CAMB. LATIN 2 EVERETT 0

With "Muggsy" Kelley, Cantab pitcher, giving one of the finest exhibitions of pitching in schoolboy ranks this season, Cambridge Latin defeated Everett High, who was favored to win, 2 to 0. The Cantab pitcher received credit for eleven strikeouts.

Lefty Vacca, reputed at the time of this writing to be one of the greatest of schoolboy sluggers, was struck out three times by Kelley.

Casey, playing third base for the Cantabs, shared honors with Kelley. He performed faultlessly in the field accepting several chances.

The score:

CAMBRIDGE LATIN

	A.B.	B.H.	P.O.	A.
Lekakas, rf	4	1	0	0
Sullivan, ss	3	1	3	1
La Ronde, cf	4	1	2	0
Casey, 3b	3	0	1	8
Reardon, c	4	1	2	1
O'Keefe, lf	3	0	3	0
Sheehan, 1b	3	1	0	0
Kelley, p	3	1	6	0
Conlon, 2b	2	1	0	1
Totals	29	7	27	11

EVERETT HIGH

	A.B.	B.H.	P.O.	A.
Yavanow, ss	4	1	1	1
O'Brien, lf	4	0	2	0
Vacca, p	4	0	1	1
Lund, rf	2	0	1	0
Gaghard, 2b	3	1	0	3
D'Gola, cf	3	0	4	0
Devenuti, 3b	1	1	0	1
Conley, c	2	0	8	1
Rogean, 1b	2	0	6	0
Plausky, c	1	1	1	0
Hilary, ss	1	0	0	0
Totals	27	4	24	7

Innings	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	
Cambridge Latin	0	1	0	0	0	0	0	1	*	—2

Runs—Conlon(Casey. Errors—Sullivan, Rogean 2, Yavanow 2. Two-base hits—Conlon. Stolen bases—Casey, O'Keefe, Sheehan. Sacrifice hit—Sullivan. Base on balls—Off Vacca 1. Strikeout—By Vacca 8, by Kelley 11. Hit by pitched ball—By Kelley (Devenuti). Umpire—"Doc" Mooney. Time—1h 50m.

BASKETBALL LETTERMEN

Mr. Garrett Foley, faculty athletic manager, announces that the following men will receive their varsity letter for the basketball season just completed, 1930: Joseph Matursivitch, Walter Plausky, Joseph Blair, Dominic Muti, Abraham Cohen, Peter Lekakas, Roy Vaughan, Alexander Beaton, Edward Rynne, Edward Finstein, Joseph Ranieri, John Daly, Hyman Rogert and Manager Leo Bergin.

Second team letters will go to S. Katz, Francis Harrington, Frederick Rynne, Warren Stewart and Wesley Allen.

ATHLETIC EDITORS SPORT COMMENT

The following are former Cambridge Latin athletes who are making a name for themselves.

"Jerry" Sullivan's stay at Georgetown University was quickly terminated. Because of illness he was forced to leave. He intends, however to return this coming Fall.

When in this school he captained the football team, played on the varsity hockey team, was a member of the baseball team, and "Gerry," as he was popularly known to every one, was well liked by all his classmates. Even his adversaries on the athletic field expressed their admiration for his sportsmanship. "Gerry" was a regular fellow.

"Frankie" Davis and "Hughie" McCusker are attending Fordham University, where they both played on the football team this past season.

"Hank" Barber is making quite a name for himself at Dartmouth. He starred on the football and baseball teams. On the former he starred in the line, while on the latter he is one of Dartmouth's best ball players. He is one of the heaviest hitters on the team.

This is quite an honor for "Hank," because when in high school he was used as a substitute.

"Larry" Gibson and "Johnny" Temple are two mainstays of the Boston College baseball team. The former covers left field, while the latter plays the same position as he did in high school, third base.

"Larry," in addition to his baseball talent, has a marvelous singing voice. He is a member of the College Glee Club.

"Freddie" Meuse and "Joe" Maloney, when attending this school, were two of the best schoolboy half-milers in Massachusetts. Both have negotiated this distance in two minutes flat.

"Freddie" has graduated from Tufts College and at present he is studying law at Boston College. He was a member of the cross-country and track teams while at Tufts. He was finally forced to discontinue his running activities because his classroom work required more of his personal attention.

"Joe" is a senior at Harvard College. He had a narrow escape from death a few summers ago (because of illness) and was advised by his doctors to give up running. Undoubtedly "Joe" could now, if he was running, be as famous as some of the present Harvard track stars, namely, Record, Sutermeister, Captain Mason, Nisson, Cobb, Munroe and Hallowell.

"Joe" Langone, star track man when in this school, played football with the North Cambridge Catholic Club, a faast semi-pro team, this past football season.

"Ed" Walsh and "Bob" Burdick are members of the freshman track team at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology. The former was a mediocre performer while competing under the colors of Cambridge Latin, but since then he has improved tremendously. His special event is the "440." He is capable of doing this in 54 seconds. This is stepping right along.

The latter has never run before; this being his first year. He made the cross-country trip to New York for the I. C. A. A. A. A. championships. His favorite distance is the mile. He has been clocked in 4m, 50s for this distance, and that is fast time, considering this is his first year.

"Freddie" Hilliard, the colored football star, and often termed the "Red Grange" of schoolboy football, is a freshman at the University of New York. He was two times "All Scholastic" halfback while a student at Cambridge Latin.

AN INTERVIEW WITH MR. OSCAR F. HEDLUND

By Joseph A. Olivo

YOUR correspondent, in an interview with Mr. Oscar F. Hedlund, was able to obtain very valuable information on how to attain and keep in good physical condition. Before continuing allow me, first, to give you a brief introduction to Mr. Hedlund.

Mr. Hedlund, in his day, was one of America's best middle-distance runners. He at one time held the world's record for the mile run. At the present time he is head coach of the track team at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology.

On asking Mr. Hedlund to give me a few "pointers" on training, he said:

"Most persons have an entirely wrong conception of what 'diet' means. To most people it conveys the idea that it is some special preparation of foods to be partaken of only by athletes in training or sick people. I have always claimed, and my experience has borne it out, that the kind of dieting I recommend is the best food not only to keep athletes in good condition, but to keep the average man and woman healthy. It is simply the application of common sense to the

food that we eat, the regulation of food for the stomach.

"And I wish to say that a healthy stomach is not only the surest guarantee of health that one can have, but it is indispensable to success in athletics. And in the same proportion that a healthy stomach is necessary to success in athletics so is it also indispensable to the best work in the intellectual and business world. It will increase the physical and mental efficiency of any man, women or child one hundred percent.

"It is a mistake to imagine that the sort of diet I recommend here is expensive or requires preparation by a high-priced chef. The beauty of it is that any competent housekeeper can prepare it. In addition, I will guarantee that it will not only put the candidate for athletic honors in good physical condition, but it will benefit in a surprising manner every member of the household.

"The best training diet that I know of consists of the following:

Breakfast

One chop or piece of beef.
One or two soft-boiled eggs.
One baked potato.
Toast or bread.
Milk or mild tea.
Prunes or apple sauce (no cream or sugar added).

Dinner

Light soup.
Roast beef, lamb, mutton or fowl.
Baked or mashed potato.
Vegetables and fruits in season.
Boiled rice and milk or cornmeal mush.
A light pudding.
Toast or bread.

Supper

Cold meat (roast beef), lamb, mutton or fowl, or one small steak. (One one kind of meat.)
One baked potato.
Toast or fresh graham bread.
Prunes, apple sauce or baked apple.
Mild tea.

"It will be noticed that in the foregoing I have included several kinds of meats from which one may make a selection. It should be understood that this diet is merely a suggestion and may be varied to suit one's taste. Fruit is always good, but should be eaten only in its proper season.

"I always caution athletes to abstain from fish and rich meats such as ducks. Milk is unusually good for most athletes, though it should be remembered that, particularly for distance runners, it is likely to cut and the wind, and should be taken sparingly or not at all in the height of the training season. There is nothing better to keep the bowels in good shape than prunes and they may be eaten at any meal.

"An athlete should never think of drinking ice-water with his meals. My experience is that ice-water taken freely with meals is responsible for more indigestion than any other combination of causes. Water may be cooled a little, but it ought not be taken ice cold, especially with meals. I have always advised the drinking of as little water as possible during meals, for the reason that it impedes digestion.

"Another cause of bad stomachs among athletes is the tendency to mix various fruits such as oranges and grapefruit with cereal covered with sugar and flooded with cream at breakfast. The combination is enough to sour the strongest stomach and ought to be avoided.

"I wish to emphasize the fact that these rules of dieting are not hard - and - fast regulations. Every person should study his own physical condition and govern what he eats and drinks accordingly.

"The principle end sought by the young athlete is to keep the stomach and bowels in good condition. These two things are as important as the actual training itself. The average person does not pay nearly as much attention to his food, his stomach and bowels as he ought, and if what I have said induces you to pay more attention to these things, and form correct habits concerning them, it will be of lasting benefit to you.

"Any boy or young man who takes up athletics of any kind without acquiring habits of personal cleanliness misses one of the principal lessons which athletics ought to teach. The more attention paid to such matters, the better athlete one will be, and the better man he will develop into.

"Considerable attention should be paid to the diet during the 2 hours before the athletic contest. The athlete should not eat anything hard to digest. On the night before the contest he need have not fear about eating his usual hearty meal, providing everything on the table is easily digestible. Assuming that the contest is to be run in the afternoon, the athlete should eat a moderately good breakfast, toast, a medium cooked egg, cereal, potatoes. Assuming, furthermore, that the contest is to take place in the afternoon and is to be run off at 3 o'clock, the athlete should take his midday lunch not later than 11:30. This should be a light meal, the best diet being toast, one or two soft boiled eggs, possibly a little light tea, but no dessert of any kind.

"The main object of all this care about diet is to have the stomach and bowels in good condition. Constipation is the cause of nearly all the illness and general "out-of-sorts" feelings, not only among athletes, but among other persons as well. Particular care should be taken to have these organs in good condition before a race or any other athletic contest."

EXCHANGE numbers, sad but true, have not been pouring in like water through a sieve this Spring, despite the many copies of the Review which have been distributed over the country from the Atlantic to Pacific. READERS, one and all, you should be interested in this Exchange Page, for through it you can become acquainted with the work, organization and co-operation of other school papers. We also endeavor to publish criticisms of the Review, whether good, bad or indifferent, from our exchange issues. In this manner we try to improve our own work. Do you have the faintest inkling of an idea what the functions of the Exchange Department are? Perhaps, if you understand, you will be a bit more enthusiastic, not merely passing this page over each time you receive a copy of the Review, as a dull, matter-of-fact department. Well, it is just this—We send our magazine to the editors of other school papers, to schools not only in this locality, but far and wide throughout the United States and often even to foreign places. For example: to Coleman, Texas; to Fort Wayne, Indiana; to Seattle, Washington; to Syracuse, N. Y.; to Manila and numerous other scattered centers. In turn, these schools interchange their papers with us. We read our Exchanges, often to get new ideas, to discover methods of improvement, and last but not least essential to derive considerable enjoyment from the contents as pure reading matter.

Here are just a few brief criticisms on some of our Exchanges:

The Saint Joseph's Prep Chronicle, Philadelphia, Penn.: Your Easter Number is an excellent piece of work. The stories, particularly "The Miller" and "The Sky Bird," are very entertaining, also "Ye Olde Tourney." Your Exchanges are so well written we should be proud if you would give the *Review* a word or two in that department. Yours is the only magazine in which the absence of jokes is not unpleasant, for the simple reason that "The Chronicle" has so many fine and often humorous articles.

The Lawrence High Bulletin, Lawrence, Mass.: The article on South Lawrence is interesting. Where are your Exchanges? We suggest that you add a little "school news," for this is always enjoyed by everyone.

"The Mirror," Waltham, Mass.: The poems, "The Opera Glass" and "Silent Majesty," show ability. Your Department, "Through Magic Portals" is of a nature which is quite rare and therefore we are glad to see it.

Here is what the *Enfield Echo* thinks of us: "We enjoy reading your magazine very much. "In the Upper Left-Hand Corner" was very original, and we liked your Friends' Department."

We gratefully acknowledge the following:

The Haskell, Cambridge, Mass.
The Hebronian, Hebron, Me.
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Lehigh Reporter, Bethlehem, Penn.
The Periscope, Carlisle, Penn.
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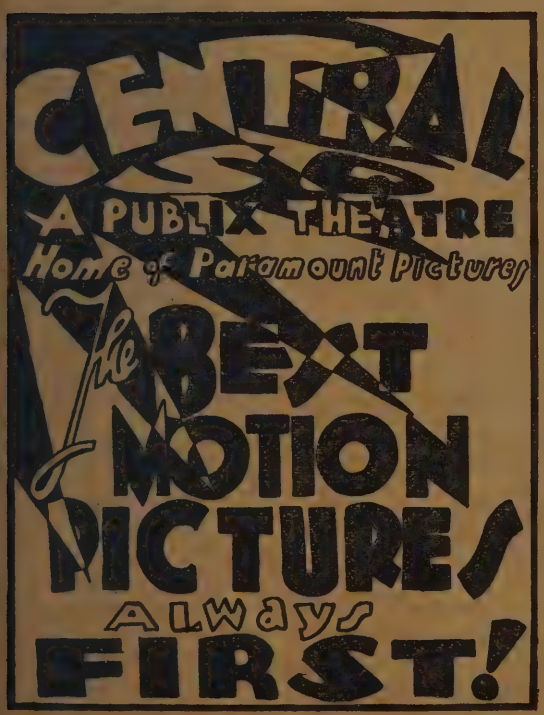

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